

PHASES OF MY LIFE







# PHASES OF MY LIFE

BY

FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.

DEAN OF BRISTOL

FOR SOME TIME ONE OF HER MAJESTYS CHAPLAINS

POPULAR EDITION



LONDON

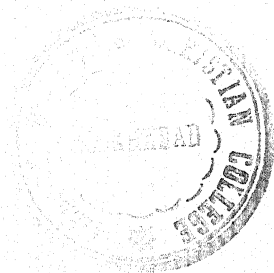
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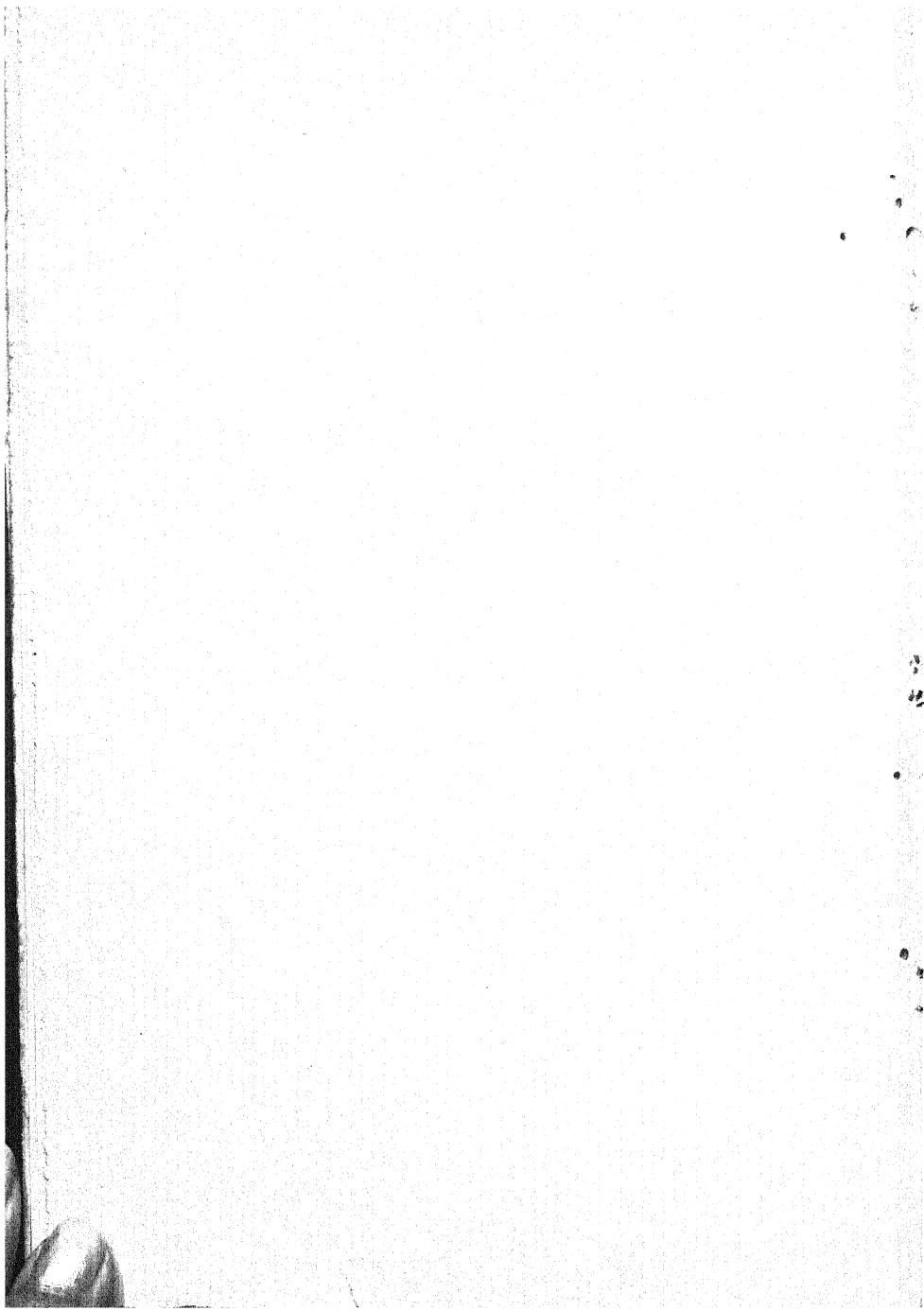
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1900



TO THE  
DEAR AND CHERISHED MEMORY  
OF  
MY FATHER,  
TO WHOSE CONSIDERATION AND SOLICITUDE  
HIS SON IS, UNDER GOD,  
LARGELY INDEBTED FOR WHATEVER SUCCESS HE MAY  
HAVE ATTAINED,  
THESE  
'PHASES OF MY LIFE'  
ARE GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.





## PREFACE

REMINISCENCES! What excuse or 'apologia' shall I make for adding yet one more volume of 'Reminiscences' to the many that have of late years flooded bookstalls and lending libraries, and called forth vehement protests on the part of the recognised organs and representatives of literature, who maintain that autobiographies should be as rare as remarkable persons are rare? My apology must be the wise (or unwise) suggestion of 'troops of friends' who, knowing that I have had a perhaps singularly varied experience of ministerial life, have urged me to 'put in print' what has been of interest or amusement to themselves, and are confident it may be the same to others.

To those who affect to dislike or disapprove of autobiographies, I can only tender, *mutatis mutandis*, the advice of Mr. Punch to persons contemplating marriage, 'Don't read them.' It has been well said, 'There is no sin a man need commit.' There is no necessity to peruse Reminiscences.

The difficulties of writing an autobiography are not realized until you attempt the task. You have to crowd into a few pages the experience of many years. You have to think what will, or will not, be of interest to others, however interesting it may be to yourself. The late Bishop Thorold remarks, with a touch of humour, 'that he found that his own children did not read his books, *notwithstanding that they*

*were illustrated.* You have to avoid that kind of apparent egotism which, unintentionally, is suggested to the reader by the frequent but inevitable use of 'I.' There is, however, a difference between egotism and egoism.

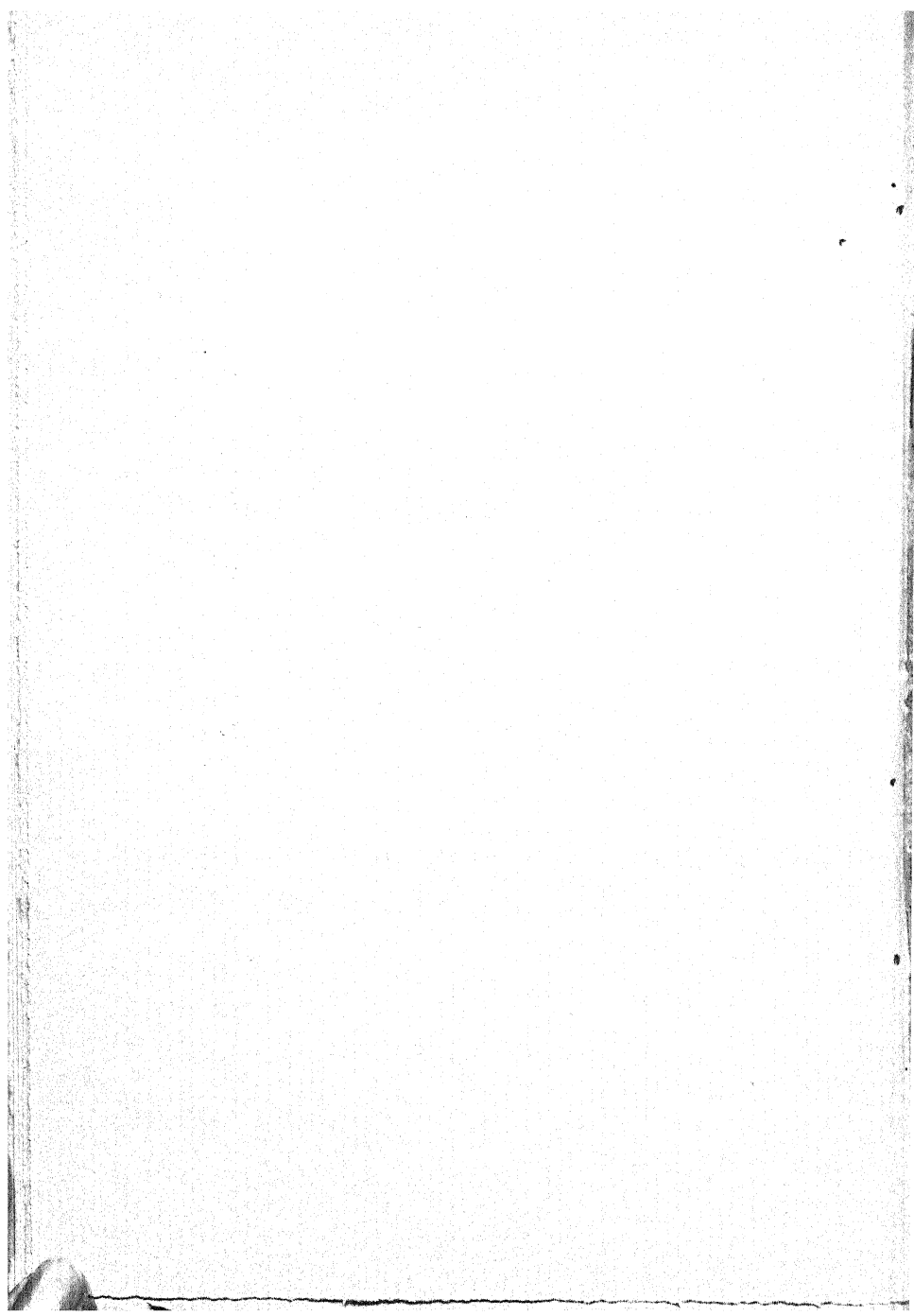
Again, much that you would fain tell must remain untold lest it should give pain or offence. Not a few biographies are marred by the repetition of stories about personages, living or dead, which hold them up to ridicule, or deal, by way of criticism and comment, too freely with their names. Much one could tell would lose point if you may not mention by name the one of whom the story is told.

Is it well or not to have a sense of the ridiculous? To have it is, at times, very trying and embarrassing. Would not life, however, be very commonplace without it? Who can look on life as all tragedy? To have a sense of humour is not without its temptations and limits. May we not, however, see the humorous or sunny side of life without necessarily incurring censure when 'no harm was meant'? I should have wished to give to my *Reminiscences* the title of 'Grave and Gay,' for life is made up of both. This title is 'used up.' A friend well known in the literary world suggested 'Phases of My Life.' 'It is a title,' he said, 'hitherto unused; it commits you to nothing, and has a certain piquancy.' Acting on his suggestion, I set to work to ransack 'the home of the past,' recalling and recording what I trust shall offend none, and for the perusal of friends who, because of the pressure put upon me by them, must share with me what in this critical age may be said, good or bad, of yet one more 'Autobiography.'

FRANCIS PIGOU.

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# PHASES OF MY LIFE

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY

'MEMORY' has been variously defined. Locke, in his 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' speaks of this wonderful faculty as 'the power to revive again in our minds those ideas which, after imprinting, have disappeared, or have been, as it were, laid out of sight.' Fuller defines memory as 'the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved.' Shakespeare calls it 'the warder of the brain.' To another it is 'the bane of the wicked, the home of the past, the mind's magnetic telegraph.' Fuller, in his 'Good Thoughts on Bad Times,' thus quaintly soliloquizes: 'Almost twenty years since I heard a profane jest, and still remember it. How many pious passages, of far later date, have I forgotten! It seems my soul is like a filthy pond, wherein fish die soon, and frogs live long. Lord, raze this profane jest out of my memory; leave not a letter thereof behind, lest my conception (an apt scholar) guess it out again, and be pleased to write some pious meditation in the place thereof; and grant, Lord, for the time to come (because such bad guests are easier kept out) that I may be careful not to admit what I find it so difficult to expel.' Faber, in his poem on

'Dryness in Prayer,' expresses much the same pious lament:

'Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts  
That come without command.'

It would be interesting to ascertain from individual experience and testimony how far back memory can reach, what is the earliest recollection. Charles Dickens tells us he remembers himself in his cradle. My friend, the late Sir Frederick Ouseley, told me he had a distinct recollection of saying, when but five years old, to his father, who was suffering from a severe cold and sneezed, 'Papa, are you aware that you sneezed in B flat?' Do we ever absolutely forget? Thackeray, writing on the early association of memory, says: 'It is an old saying that we forget nothing. As people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy, we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk.' It is recorded of Pascal that, until the decay of his health had impaired his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought in any part of his rational life. Lord Macaulay was remarkable for his powers of memory. It is a faculty which may be trained and cultivated, but for want of this culture many ideas or impressions quickly fade, and often vanish quite out of the understanding, leaving no more footsteps or remaining characters of themselves than shadows do over fields of corn.

Hood's poem will recur to us :

'I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But how I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

'I remember, I remember  
The roses red and white,  
The violets and lily cups,  
Those flowers made of light.

## INTRODUCTORY

3

The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday—  
The tree is growing yet!

'I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tips  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance!  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy!'

Does not the mind correspond to a *palimpsest*? A palimpsest is a piece of parchment, crossed and recrossed when parchment was comparatively expensive. At first it was used for a portion of Scripture. It would be used again for some passage from classic authors. Notwithstanding the crossing and recrossing, scholars have deciphered beneath these crossings the original text of Scripture.

Palimpsests have contributed largely to the preservation of the sacred record. The mind resembles a palimpsest in that first impressions remain, and can be recalled, notwithstanding all that in later life has been written across it. Can we overestimate those first impressions, the effect of conversation, example, incident, influence, at the season of life when the mind is like wax, soft to receive? Naturally, the ideas that come first are those which are 'first served.' The question is large, why some have a weak and others a tenacious memory; by what subtle process revisiting some scene, hearing a familiar melody, tasting a particular fruit, inhaling some perfume, should recall the past, either with pleasure or pain. All we can say is that impressions are revived as picture-cleaners restore the faded works of old masters.

This power of reviving, re-clothing the past, has many and obvious uses, corrective and restraining, helpful and inspiring. It may sweeten or embitter life; it may avail us for giving warning or encouragement to others of less experience than our own; it may be something to fall back

upon in declining years, when life's activities are no more and its energies exhausted; when, grown gray with age, 'friend after friend departed,' children attaining the stature of manhood and womanhood, you feel your days are drawing to their appointed end. It is said with truth that you note the silent lapse of years most by 'the loss of friends and the growth of children.' The aged sit in the armchair by the fireside; they muse by flickering light and dying embers over chequered paths and bygone years. Old, they are for a while young again in the soft touch and prattling voices of children's children, they find themselves, as in imagination they recall the past, whispering to themselves:

'Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!'

## CHAPTER II

BADEN-BADEN, 1832

Birthplace—'Name this child'—Variations of my name—Earliest recollection—Dream—Fidgets—Children's services—First sermons—My début on the Stage, and fall of the curtain.

My birthplace was Baden-Baden, in the year of grace 1832. My father, of cherished memory, retired on his marriage from the army, in which he served as officer in the Queen's Bays, and, fond of the Continent, lived abroad for many years. I am one of seven. Four are with God. My eldest brother, living at Ryde, retired from the service as Major-General in the Royal Artillery. My youngest brother, laid to rest at Woking, served many years in India as Captain and Adjutant of the 104th. Two of my dear sisters died unmarried. Many of my friends will remember Ernestine and Fanny. Many in Yorkshire will remember also my dear sister Mrs. Wormald, of Sawley Hall, near Ripon, and who married a second time the Rev. James Staniforth, of

Storrs, Windermere. My fourth sister married Captain Ricketts, R.N., brother of Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, Bart.

With the exception of my eldest brother, we were all born and brought up abroad, and, speaking in my childhood little else than German, I retain the guttural, which puzzles many as to my nationality. My mother's name was plain Smith, whose brother, Dr. Pritchard Smith, practised for many years at Reading, and retired to Mortimer House, where he and my aunt, sister of the Rev. Sir Henry Dukinfield, Bart., dispensed their hospitality and charity far and wide, and died greatly lamented and respected. My first cousin, Goldwin Smith, for some time Professor of History at Oxford, is widely known and honoured in the literary world. My grandfather held for many years the living of historic Marston in Yorkshire. On my mother's side, therefore, I am half Yorkshire. Called in later life to be Vicar of Doncaster and Vicar of Halifax, I could not persuade Yorkshiremen that I was even 'half-bred.' To a certain extent, this was to my prejudice. I do not know that Yorkshire is more clannish than other counties, but Yorkshiremen love what is 'thoroughbred.' My surname Pigou bore no resemblance to familiar Yorkshire names. Originally it was De Pigou. We are of Huguenot descent, and as such are still regarded. Twice I have, by invitation, conducted and preached in French at the anniversary gathering at the Hospital for Huguenots, now situate in South Hackney. Some ancestor was evidently impatient of the prefix 'De' and dispensed with it. The story is told of an officer by name De Arcy, who made a great point of always being addressed as Mr. De Arcy. His wish was not always borne in mind; irritation reached such a pitch in the regiment that the matter was referred to the Colonel, who undertook to deal with this 'regimental trouble.' It was accordingly arranged that there should be dumplings at mess. In bright and cheery tones the Colonel said: 'Mr. De Arcy, will you have some d-umpling?' No more from that hour was heard of De Arcy.

I recall one of the name of Gamon bringing an action

against a man for calling him Gamon. The perplexed magistrate said: 'But your name is Gamon, is it not?' 'Yes,' replied the plaintiff, 'it is, but defendant *has an unpleasant way of saying it.*' One can readily understand how Gamon might be so emphasized as to wound susceptibilities. All the magistrate could do was to bind the man over to promise to abstain from pronouncing 'Gamon' in an objectionable way for the next six months.

What trouble my surname has given, as it is!—Pigue, Peikew, Bigout, Pigout, Ligou, Picue, Pigoe, Puegou (very ingenious), Pico, Pekoe, Pekew, Perigord ('Vicker of Halifax'), Puejou (a pleasing variety), and here is the address on an envelope I have preserved: 'Rev. Mr. Peggue, 16, Rue de Agoulla (!), oposite Avenue Marbœuf, Chamsalasy (!), Paris.' How much more would it have given had the 'De' not been dispensed with! In schooldays it gave no trouble. If some ancestor despoiled it of the prefix, 'ou' was considered superfluous by my schoolfellows. I have seen examiners take liberties with it and entering my name as Πηγυ. It says much for the authorities of the Bristol Post Office that a telegram addressed to the Rev. Mr. Puggie eventually reached me. I was introduced in a drawing-room in Belgrave Square as the Rev. Mr. Pickles. In vain did I endeavour to impress on Jeames Plush that my name was Pigou. He recklessly abandoned himself to 'Pickles.' It must have been he who announced the Archdeacon and his wife as 'the Archdeacon and the Venerable Mrs.,' etc. What most hurt me was, after forty years in the Christian ministry, to have a letter addressed to me, the Rev. Mr. Pagan! What trouble I should have been spared had I been allowed to retain the name of my mother, plain and simple Smith, which we never thought worth while merging into Smyth!

My baptism is the eleventh in the Register of baptisms administered in the ancient church still, I believe, to be seen in the Gerusbachen Strasse, Baden, and known as the Hospital Church. Until May, 1864, this church was used,

as is frequently the case, by the Anglican in common with the Lutheran community in Germany. Local documents exist in which reference is made to the annual payment of six florins by the English congregation for the use of the organ.

I am reminded of my birthplace by the lodgment in-  
eradicably in my throat of the German *r* and *ch*. My rendering, in fact, of the letter *r* was considered so peculiar that I was frequently called upon, for the delectation of a select circle of schoolfellows, and under threat of divers penalties, to repeat the sentence, 'Round the rugged rock the ragged rascals run.' The advice given a short time ago by an eminent physician to a vocalist suffering from sore throat was, 'Use these lozenges and *abstain from speaking German*.' I got no credit for winning the prize for German at school. As I went up to receive it, I heard voices whispering, 'Oh, he is a German!' Such scant knowledge as I retain of it has from time to time been useful. I married a couple in German in Halifax parish church, and narrowly escaped the bride's enraptured embrace in the vestry as she exclaimed in delight, 'Ach, Sie bist Deutsch!' Occasionally some German emigrants would miss their way and find themselves at Halifax when they ought to have been elsewhere. To station-master and posse of porters German was gibberish, and 'gesture language' useless. 'Send him oop to Vicar, he'll knaw,' was usually the solution of the difficulty. Should not French and German be part of the education of our clergy? How often one has felt the advantage and usefulness of even a slight knowledge of modern languages in connection with the ministry, and particularly in comparing their renderings of the sacred Scriptures!

I have ventured sometimes at a Bible-reading to give the French and German rendering of a passage or text in order to elucidate its meaning or teaching. To a majority of our people French and German are more intelligible and appreciated than Greek and Latin. I have heard in the pulpit

very learned, elaborate, and scholarly disquisitions on the 'original text,' which none but they who have had a classical education could understand. I have often been struck with the fact that so few preachers or expounders of God's Word refer their hearers to the renderings of 'modern languages.'

My personal reminiscences go back almost as early as those of Charles Dickens. I have a dim recollection of a fearful vision of weird witches nodding with antiphonal wail over my cradle, like cypresses in grave-yards, or trees in dark forests swayed hither and thither by winds. Was it a prophecy of Decani and Cantoris, and was my cradle a Dean's stall in embryo? It is an abiding reminiscence.

I have yet another recollection of child-life, somewhat curious, as touching dreams and how far they ever turn out true. I tell this as a problem for a psychologist, and wonder how Sir W. Hamilton, who gave so much attention to the subject of dreams, would have explained it. I dreamed I was a naughty boy. Perhaps I did not require a dream to assure me that I was at least mischievous and troublesome. I was sent to bed. I crept under the bed, and little black demons came into my room. The demons were, I think, suggested by the black figures that were contained in a vase filled with water, and covered with thin parchment. These figures rose and fell with the pressure or otherwise of the hand. The demons discovered me, and proceeded to distribute knives, with a view to 'making an end of me.' At this juncture there entered into the room a tall figure in white, who remonstrated with them, and said, 'We will not kill him; we will make a sty in his eye.' He proceeded to dip a sponge in my eye, and waking up with the smart, I found I had a sty in my eye. It is the only dream in a long course of dreaming that I have known turn out true. I have lately been reading a paper before a scientific society on 'A Problem in Morals: the Relation of Disease to Crime.' Seeing that I had been a naughty boy, was this intended as an early illustration of the relation of disease and naughtiness?



I have yet another recollection which may have been my first inspiration for establishing special services for children wherever I could, and endeavouring to make religion bright, cheerful, and interesting to the 'babes of Christ's flock.' I went—I cannot say how old I was, I should say five—I went to church. I was restless, and had, as most children have, the 'fidgets.' I could not understand the Service, for we feed babes with milk, and not with strong meat. Imagine the same Service, prayers, hymns, address, for one of fifty and a child of five years! Millais's celebrated picture of 'The First Service' is the unhappy experience of too many. I fidgeted. The 'fidgets' is an ailment quite *per se*, bad in bed from overfatigue, very bad in church. My restlessness attracted the attention of good Mr. de Coëtlogon. He called next day and asked particularly to see *me*. I remember to this day how, with impressive gravity and finger uplifted, he warned me that if I did not sit quiet he had given instructions that I was to be placed in the *middle of the church, before all the congregation, in a night-gown, with lighted candle in hand!* Few things made such an impression upon me. I used to cast a hurried look on entering the church, to see if this night-gown was hung up anywhere ready for use. I came to believe he took it with him, furtively, into the reading-desk, and afterwards into the pulpit. I never underwent this 'doing penance.' The threat had a sedative effect upon me and my 'fidgets.'

What a change, and for the better, has come about of late years in this momentous matter of a child's earliest associations with religion! Who shall say how many have been irrecoverably alienated from religion, and in later life have avoided the House of God, because of being compelled, when children, to attend long and unintelligible Services? How many of the poorer classes associate 'church-going' with seats in some far-off gallery or at remotest end of an aisle, where they could neither see nor hear, and where not one word reached them that could touch their hearts or awaken interest? Can we find words in which adequately

to condemn the stupidity and want of common-sense which exacted such attendance on the part of little children? Can we wonder that, so soon as they became free from the yoke of so unpalatable a service, they cared not to come again where they had so suffered? How we longed for the personal appeal, the simple prayer, the bright hymns, and for the feeling that we were thought of! How angry the preacher sometimes seemed! A child said to its mother, 'I shouldn't like to go to heaven, for teacher always looks so cross when she is speaking of heaven.' One of these gloomy preachers sought advice of an experienced clergyman in the matter of preaching. His advice was, 'If you are preaching of hell your ordinary expression of countenance will do, but if you preach of heaven I should try and look a little more cheerful.'

Parents nowadays have no excuse for subjecting their little ones to the penance of this long suffering. In most parishes special Services for children are occasionally held, at which the instruction given is simple, and within their power of comprehension. Sir Henry Thompson, in his interesting book on 'Food and Feeding,' speaks of 'infant troubles' arising from unsuitable food for children. The 'infant troubles' arising out of unsuitable services are fidgets, weariness, slumber, distaste for religion, and, in many cases in after-life, avoidance of the House of God.

Again, what a wealth of sacred literature is now within reach of all classes! There are simple prayers, hymns for infant voices, expository notes, and lessons on Bible and Prayer-Book, 'whose name is legion.' Amongst many I often recommend to parents 'Steps Heavenward.' It is a collection of prayers and hymns by one, whose children in after-years so profited by and remembered them that, when they had children of their own, they asked their mother to compile this little book. Might I suggest to clergy how well it would be if they would compile a list of religious books suitable to children, and recommend them to parents in their parishes? The laity, as a rule, I

might almost say universally, are grateful for such helps in training their children 'in the nurture and fear of the Lord.'

In anticipation of my ministry—for I always feel I may say I was called to it 'from my mother's womb'—I used to cajole and persuade my brothers and sisters to attend a 'special service for children' in our schoolroom, conducted entirely by myself. I wore a nightgown for surplice, and preached. I have reason to think I entered on my ministry too early, that my small congregation was very much bored, and that I failed to interest them. A few years later, while still a child, I was assigned the dressing-room of a dear friend, long since passed away. I put the pillows at the foot of the bed and 'delivered a discourse,' the result of which was that my kind host said 'he really could not have me again if I so disturbed his rest.' I perfectly remember acting Shylock in the 'Merchant of Venice,' and Petruchio in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' when I was about five years of age. We had 'private theatricals' at home for the delectation of English residents at Baden-Baden. The 'manager' was our governess—peace to her memory!—whom we strongly suspected of having herself at some time been on the stage. I know that some were moved to tears at one, so young as I, and apparently so guileless, standing, knife and scales in hand, and saying to the Duke of Venice:

'The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it.  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
I stand for judgment: answer—shall I have it?'

What a Bluebeard in miniature I must have been when the English colony heard me say to my crouching sister:

'I am he born to tame you, Kate,  
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate  
Conformable, as other household Kates!'

The curtain fell amid very varied feelings. The clapping of hands and the compliments showered on me afterwards

on the occasion of my début were perilous and *intoxicating*. Wine is not the only thing which intoxicates. Love inebriates, applause intoxicates. I horrified my dear father by seriously telling him that I should like to be an actor. Shakesperian plays had, even at that early age, as great a fascination for me in the direction of wishing to go to the stage as Marryat's novels have for boys whose immediate wish on reading them is to be sailors. The love of acting is innate in some. Children love to be dressed up, and take delight in acting, in charades, fancy balls, and pantomimes. How far it is well or wise to encourage this in children, which may breed a love of flattery, or engender vanity, or court admiration, is open to discussion. There is no doubt that acting marvellously betrays the love and power of imitation in children. Put one of our 'waifs and strays' into a soldier's uniform, and what a wonderful transformation of young 'arabs' is seen in the Boys' Brigade!

With the fall of the curtain on these scenes falls the curtain on my recollection of Baden-Baden.

### CHAPTER III

NEUWIED, 1838—1840

The Rhine—German boys and sumptuary laws—The art of swimming—  
Bathing parades—Conversazione of Old Neuwieders.

FROM Baden-Baden we flitted to Neuwied, situate, as tourists will have observed, on the left bank going up the Rhine, between Ling and the reputed impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

Speaking of the Rhine, will it be thought very *outré* if one ventures to say that its beauties are somewhat exaggerated? Are not happy honeymooning Edwins and Angelinas largely responsible for much that is said and sung about the Rhine? To our 'Arrys' and 'Jemimas' the Rhine must be a great

contrast to the Strand or Cheapside, but if truth be told, is there any very great beauty in those rude and ruinous castles perched on high, and in scarred banks, when not vine-clad? Is not the scenery of the Danube, less known, much more grand? From Biebrich to a certain reach beyond Lorely the scenery is undoubtedly beautiful, but 'Mittagsessen' is very wisely arranged, for at about that hour you come on very commonplace scenery. Birket Foster, with whom and his charming family I travelled some years ago, expressed to me the opinion that our discussion of Rhine salmon and Nierstein below deck was very timely.

Neuwied is *renommé* for its Moravian school, at which several English children have been educated. A considerable portion of the town itself is inhabited by Moravian Brethren or Herrnhüter, followers of John Huss. The school enjoyed considerable reputation at the time my father placed me there under Herr Von Mark. One or two reminiscences of Neuwied abide with me. I had there my first experience, at nine years of age, of my lifelong trouble—*gout*. It is a 'painful' recollection. I remember my father carrying me in his arms on board the steamer, as I could not put my foot to the ground, and the celebrated physician, Dr. Gougart, pronounced my malady to be gout, and treated me for it with cotton-wool and the usual remedies. An early experience indeed of one of the most distressing ills to which flesh is heir! I can, from sharp and at one time long-drawn-out experience of gout, understand how one suffering from it asked his son to kill a fly on the window-pane, lest it should light on his toe. In my case it was undoubtedly one of *heredity*, and the only bad thing I inherited from my father.

Of my school life at Neuwied I have another vivid recollection. As is well known, German boys affect a particular kind of cap with a stiff peak. Now, boys have very strong feelings on these matters. They have their 'sumptuary laws.' These my father ignored. What I, an English boy, wore I cannot quite describe; but it gave as dire offence as

a white hat does to undergraduates at Commemoration. I think my head-gear was in shape something resembling a Melton pie. Whatever the shape, it gave offence. My father, notwithstanding urgent entreaties on my part, had no idea of giving in to German boys, and 'German made,' and persuaded me 'not to mind.' The result was a chronic conflict of opinion, which became more and more acute. Two boys were told off to put an end to the controversy. Every morning (excepting Sundays) as I turned a particular corner, these boys lay in wait for me and knocked my offending hat over my eyes. There was a sudden blow and 'a rush of darkness.' Never do I see the traditional German cap and peak without recalling Neuwied.

Amongst other Neuwied recollections is my initiation into the art of swimming, a very valuable and necessary element in a 'liberal education.' Most travellers will have noticed the large rafts moored to the banks of the Rhine opposite towns or villages. Some of these are specially constructed with a view to natation. It is, in fact, part of the education of a German boy that he should learn to swim. It was a favourite remark of that devoted philanthropist, Mr. Williams, with whom I was for many years associated in his Home for Homeless and Destitute Children, that 'boys take to water like spaniels.'

I for one never so took to it. We sallied forth for our 'bathing parade.' On our arrival at the dreaded raft, slippery and of uncertain foothold, so constructed as to enclose squares of water of unguessed abysses, we were stripped, and a rope was bound round the waist. You were bidden 'jump in.' Before the 'leap in the dark' was taken, you were told, by way of warning, that lurking beneath the waters was a great dragon ready to seize and devour all 'leetle boys' who did not keep afloat. To me, as to others, the prospect was very fearful. How was I to keep afloat, 'having never learned,' and how avert my doom of adding to the list of 'leetle boys' the dragon's helpless victims? I solved the difficulty, cut the Gordian knot of the grave

alternative by not 'jumping,' but by letting my *lehrer* give me chevvy chase over the rafts, and locking myself up in one of the dressing-rooms. All attempts to teach me to swim were regarded as *fruchtloss*. I doubt that being the best method of teaching how to swim, by filling the mind with what the mind must get rid of.

I learned how to swim in later life, but not after Neuwied fashion; it was rather after young lady fashion, and you know, reader, what *that* is. You may see it any summer's day at our favourite watering-places. You go out ankle-deep, and as confidence is gained you go out a little further. 'The great ocean of truth (Shades of Newton forgive me!) lies all undiscovered before you.' You bend down, dashing a few handfuls of water over your head, having heard how necessary and even safe such preliminary wetting is. You clutch the sand convulsively with your hands, leaving your two other limbs free. You have been told you should learn to swim, so as in any emergency to save your life and perhaps that of others, and that to swim well you should study the easy, graceful movements of a *frog*. There is no frog near at hand. You do not find them in salt water. You have therefore to endeavour to fancy yourself, temporarily, a frog, and it is brought home to you how little resemblance there is between you and a frog. You come home after this supreme effort, never having ventured out of your depth, nor trusted yourself to buoyant wave, and say what a delightful bathe you have had, that you have been *learning to swim*, etc. It is not thus you learn. Fear, which deters so many from the enjoyment of a good swim, and from becoming possibly a member of the Humane Society, must be *got rid of*. It is only as you cease to fear that you trust yourself out of your depth. You want encouragement in this as perhaps in everything else, rather than the prospect of a devouring dragon.

*En route* some years ago to Homburg, I sauntered across the well-known bridge close to the Hotel du Nord at Cologne, and watched the bathing parade of German

soldiers. It made me shiver and shudder to see the men, at sound of trumpet, compelled to take a header from a very dizzy height. No hesitancy was allowed. Man after man came up the ladder, like the buckets of dredging machines, and at sound of the trumpet had to plunge below. Some knew how to take a header, with hands closed to break the force of the impact; some came down straight with feet closed. Some, to the infinite amusement of their comrades, floundered on their backs; some, to their great peril, came flat on their stomachs. Speaking to a German officer, I asked him if this enforced 'bathing parade' was not in many cases a most severe and trying ordeal. His reply was that there was scarcely any greater strain on pluck and obedience. 'But,' he added, 'a German soldier must not know *fear*; that must be knocked out of him.' I have heard my father say he has seen a regiment swim, in full accoutrement, across the Rhine. How difficult it must be under such circumstances to 'keep your powder dry'! I am not aware if 'bathing parades' of this nature form part of an English soldier's discipline and training.

What I actually learned at Neuwied, beyond respect for custom, has no place in the storehouse of mind; but though I may not remember what I learned, yet are we not always, consciously or unconsciously, learning? One souvenir I have lying before me as I write. I have kept it all these years as a souvenir of child-life, the inscription fading, as—peace to his memory!—the hand that wrote it has long since crumbled into dust:

Weinachtsgeschenk, für Franz Pigou  
von seinem Lehrer, Von Mark.  
Neuwied, 1840.

This small volume, bound in usual German style, is a selection from German classics. Alas! it was not of the nature of a prize. It certainly could not have been. It was simply a Christmas gift, expressive, I suppose, of general goodwill. My child-life is recalled to me so often as I look at the volume. A few years ago I availed myself of a very cordial



invitation to be present and to speak at the annual conversazione of the Society of old Neuwieders in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. After being hospitably entertained by Mr. F. W. Freese, the President of the Society, who I hope will ask me again, we adjourned to the hall, where I found myself in the goodly company of General Lowry, Professor Morley, and other Old Neuwieders. How little did I think in the days when my hat was so maltreated, and when I stood on that raft debating what course I should take, that I should, forty years later, receive an invitation to the annual conversazione! The following morning in the account of our meeting I read: 'The first address was delivered by the Dean of Chichester, who gave some reminiscences of his school-life at Neuwied some forty years ago, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the existence of such a society in which Old Neuwieders and pupils of other Moravian schools were bound together in bonds of mutual interest and affection.'

## CHAPTER IV

### RIPON, 1840—1846

Spa—My first St. Leger—Christmas fare—First experience of London—Stage coach and cab—Killin—Loch Dochart—Ripon Grammar School—Dean Erskine—Sharow Church and clerk—Sawley Hall—Fountains Abbey.

FROM Neuwied we 'flitted' to Spa, our house being the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which my father occupied for some six years. Intent on my education, it was arranged that I should be placed at school in England. As my grandmother and aunt lived at Sharow Cottage, near Ripon, it was decided that I should go to the Grammar School at Ripon. My summer holidays were spent at Spa, and Christmas holidays at my uncle's, Rev. W. Comyn, Vicar of Sancreed, near Penzance.

Well do I remember Spa, with its charming neighbourhood for walks and rides, its specialité of painted wood-work, the one-mile avenue from Pépinstere by which it was approached, and which in those days was the nearest railway-station. We travelled by diligence from Pépinstere to Spa. I have every reason to remember Spa. Situated in the neighbourhood is the old racecourse. My father engaged horses for an excursion to the racecourse. My mount was apparently of the meekest and most quiet. I was a nervous and timid lad, and there is a family tradition that I had to be led up to a rocking-horse. 'Mouton' was always bespoke at the livery stables for me. He was 'free from vice,' though he had an inconvenient habit of lying down in a stream when he crossed it. Otherwise we ambled along happily and safely. Arrived at the racecourse, my father proposed a race, to the amazement of our party, and to my own dismay. Mouton, mindful of former days—for he was an old race-horse—started off at the given signal, soon outran all the rest, and I, John Gilpin like, clinging to his neck and mane, came in first by several lengths! How could I, when I was Vicar of Doncaster, affirm with truth that I had never 'patronized the turf'? Unfortunately, I have no trophy to show in the shape of a 'cup.' It was my first and last race.

I have reason to believe that, to this day, I am remembered at Spa by the 'oldest inhabitant.' I spent one Christmas there. My father wrote and asked me to bring from Cheltenham a sirloin of beef for our Christmas fare. All who have lived abroad are aware how difficult it is to get good, well-fed beef on the Continent. I entrusted this commission to my uncle, who was residing at Cheltenham. I was to call for the sirloin at a butcher's shop in Plough Street as the coach passed by. Imagine my amazement when, on arriving at the butcher's, and asking if the sirloin was ready, amidst derisive laughter of my fellow-voyageurs, I found awaiting me, sewn up in sacking, *half an ox!* With difficulty this was hoisted to the top of the coach, with divers remarks about my general appetite. I was only a small boy in jacket and

turn-down collar. I had to encounter the same comments on board the *Antwerpen*, where I was compelled to allow that it was part of my personal luggage. I must not repeat the torrents of bad language which assailed me when it was hoisted on the top of the diligence from Pépinstère to Spa. I tried to disown the hateful package, but no one else would own it. The diligence drove up to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Father, mother, sisters, all awaited me. 'Well, Frank,' said my father, 'have you remembered the sirloin?' 'Sirloin!' I said. 'Yes, who could forget it?' And amidst general consternation it was laid down on the pavement. Fortunately, the English residents were glad of the extensive supply, and it was soon distributed amongst them. My father did not write, as did some agent to a nobleman, 'Lord So-and-So's compliments to Mr. —, and would he like a joint, as his lordship kills himself to-morrow?' but for many a day I was remembered as 'Le jeune Monsieur Pigou, qui a apporté une petite vache pour son diner de Noël!'

At the tender age of about ten years I travelled *alone* from Spa to London. Of the journey itself, not facilitated then as now, I have a confused recollection. I landed at St. Katherine's Dock, after parting with kind-hearted and well-known Captain Jackson of the *Antwerpen*. It was an early experience of solitariness in a crowd. There was no one to meet or to hold out loving hands to me. I was in London, the world's centre. How little I could have guessed or realized that some few years later on I was to have charge of one of the most important and influential West End congregations! I cannot say I came to London with any of those hopes or ambitions which, incredible as it may seem, really influence many a lad to seek London. The story of Whittington and his cat has as great a fascination for some boys as Marryat's novels and Dick Turpin have for others. Often, when in later days I was on the Committee of the Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children, have I been told by 'street arabs' that they sought London as the place where you get on, and where fortunes are made! In the

struggle for existence, of which we now hear and see so much, the chances of earning a livelihood seem greater in our cities. Hence the country is becoming increasingly depleted.

It is in these centres of life and activity that the problem of 'the survival of the fittest,' or, as I have heard said, as a new rendering, 'survival of the fattest,' has to be solved.\*

I had been carefully instructed to call a cab, and a cab I called. I was asked if I wanted a 'growler.' My innocent reply was, 'No; I want a cab.' It was explained to me by an interested group of lookers-on that a 'growler' differed from other species of the genus cab in that it went on four wheels, and *went more slowly*. This latter characteristic I have abundantly experienced. I was much impressed with cabby, and evidently he was with me. I see him now in the dress so familiar to us, a heavy dull gray cape, and slouched sou'wester, for it was very wet, and with formidable whip. It was evident he was taking stock of me, surmising probably my resources and limits of gullibility. A small portmanteau contained all my worldly goods. I had been particularly cautioned to inquire, before getting in, what the fare was to Paddington. The idea seemed new to cabby. My question required much and serious thought. Having regard to my size and height, he said it would be five shillings. He spoke in such a way as to convey to me—in which, however, he failed—that under ordinary circumstances it would be more, but, seeing that I was a youngster, there would be a reduction. It was in much the same considerate spirit as that

\* I am reminded in speaking of new renderings of two others: For R.S.V.P., 'Refusez si vous pouvez,' and yet another. A vicar of a parish was much exercised on finding that, without his consent having been first obtained, the letters R.I.P. had been engraved on a monumental brass which he had given permission to be placed in his church. He felt, being a Low Churchman, that he would be seriously compromised in the eyes of his people. He consulted a friend on the subject, who reminded him that there was another reading, 'Respected in the Parish.' For the moment this was a 'happy thought.' But the 'other reading' has a doubtful alternative: how if every parishioner wanted R.I.P. on his tombstone?

which Dickens did not fail to make fun of, and which prompted the advertisement 'established to supply the public with Alton Ale,' or of those generous and tremendous sacrifices from time to time announced in shop-windows. I got into the 'growler,' not without serious misgivings. We had not proceeded far before we came to a full stop. Letting down the front window, he said: 'By the way, youngster, we did not say anything about your portmanteau.' 'All right,' I replied, as if money were no consideration. 'How much will that be?' 'It will be half a crown more,' he replied. I held in my hand the only thing now uncharged for, my umbrella. Arrived at the station, he smilingly presented himself for payment, and I smilingly asked to see the inspector. The result was three shillings and sixpence on my part, and a 'bit of his mind' on the part of the inspector to cabby. This first attempt to impose upon me kept me much on the alert, and made me, I fear, generally suspicious. Of London cabmen I shall have more to say later on, having had many under my charge when curate at St. Mary's, Kensington.

My first resting-place was with my uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Pritchard Smith, living in Friar Street, Reading. My uncle, father of Goldwin Smith, at that time Professor of History at Oxford, had a large practice in Reading and its neighbourhood. I have in my study, as a treasured souvenir, the long gold-headed cane which medical men of those days usually carried. My uncle married a second time. My aunt was the sister of the late Sir Henry Dukinfield, Bart., Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, whose wife was known abroad as 'la belle Anglaise'; after Sir Henry's death she lived in Eaton Square. My uncle was one of the first of the directors of the Great Western Railway, and subsequently of the Metropolitan. It was when travelling with three other directors that he received those serious injuries from which he never really recovered. Two out of the four directors were killed instantaneously by his side, one being shot head foremost through the aperture made

to hold the lamp, his head becoming fixed in it. Sidney Smith's well-known remark, that 'no attention would be directed to the perils of railway travellers until a director was killed,' met with some verification.

Many a story have I heard in connection with the earlier days of the Great Western Railway: of Brunel's stout advocacy of the advantage of the broad gauge, now displaced by the narrow; of his swallowing a half-sovereign, and, in imminent danger of suffocation, doing what no physician had thought of, standing on his head, and out dropped the coin! Hardly a day passed without some fruitless effort to prevent tips to porters or to stop smoking. Smoking-carriages were unknown. Some of my readers will remember the portly station-master at Slough, who had his twin sons christened 'Slough' and 'Windsor.' The work at Slough becoming too heavy for him with increasing years, he was sent to some less laborious station lower down the line. But the force of habit was too strong! As the train pulled up there came the old cry, 'Slough and Windsor! Slough and Windsor! Change for Windsor.'

This, as may be imagined, was highly inconvenient and disquieting to passengers who had settled down for the rest of the journey, especially on wintry nights, and he had to be reinstated at Slough.

Of Mortimer I have more to say, but there lies before me, as I write, an invitation some years ago to preach the Harvest Festival sermon in Reading Parish Church, where my uncle and aunt worshipped in my boyhood, beneath whose pavement they rest; and to conduct on the day following a 'quiet day' for the clergy of Reading and of the neighbourhood, so closely associated with some of the brightest and tenderest recollections of my chequered life.

It was decided that I should be placed at the Grammar School, Ripon, partly because my father could not afford to send me to one of the larger public schools, and partly because my grandmother and aunt lived close by at Sharow

Lodge. I am old enough to remember travelling by coach from London to York. 'Ah, for the old coaching-days!' say some. Ill should we fare with their speed and comfort in this hurrying and luxurious age. Might we not as well sigh for the days when our streets were lighted by dim lamps of oil, and watchmen cried the hours? Feeble attempts are made to revive the 'old coaching-days.' The coaches which turn out in Piccadilly, which run only in the summer, and for pleasant, short trips, reproduce in imagination only the 'old coaching-days.' It took four-and-twenty hours in my boyhood days to traverse the distance between London and York. The Great Northern traverses it now in four hours! Compare the comfort of a third-class carriage on the Great Northern with what you had to endure in a coach made 'to carry four inside!' The discomfort during long distances was not compensated for by the comparative safety of travelling by coach. As regards safety, I have more than once heard it affirmed that, considering the thousands and tens of thousands travelling daily by rail, the proportion of fatal accidents in the old coaching-days was much greater than by rail. We can afford to smile at the coachman who, having spent the greater part of his life on his box, thus expressed his opinion on the comparative merits and advantages of the coach over the rail: 'It is this way, yer see—if a coach is upset, why, yer know where yer are. If a train is upset, why, where are you?'

An inside place was secured for me. Sad, lonely, and sleepy, I soon forgot my sadness in sleep. The same 'fidgets,' 'the besetting sin' of my limbs, which well-nigh brought me into such trouble at Baden-Baden, beset me in that stuffy, crowded coach. My sleep was of but short duration. I heard a voice above the clattering hoofs of horses and the rumble of wheels. Someone in the dark roared at me in this wise: 'You young devil, you, can't you keep your feet to yourself?' I had in my sleep been 'letting out' unconsciously, and I suppose somewhat freely, at the shins of a gouty, testy old gentleman opposite me. I

tried to 'keep my legs to myself,' but his seemed all over the place. Again I fell asleep, and again this awful voice woke me. The language accumulated in strength. 'You confounded young devil, can't you keep your feet to yourself? D——d if I don't chuck you out of the window!' This was as alarming as the language was select. I made renewed efforts to 'keep my legs to myself,' the result being that cramp set in, and, utterly regardless of the consequence, I had no alternative but to straighten out my limbs and make confusion worse confounded. Daylight appeared, and after so lively a night in this 'horrible pit' I was glad to get a seat outside. At our first halt the irascible old gentleman took leave of us. Extending his hand to me, I plucked up my courage, keenly resenting the grossness of his language, and said: 'Good-bye, sir, and I hope if ever we meet again you will not call me a confounded young devil.' A murmur of approval followed, and I heard: 'Well done, young un!'

At York I was met by my uncle, Mr. Place, who resided during the winter months at his seat at Skelton, near York, and in the summer months at Loch Dochart, near Killin. How welcome, how eagerly looked for, was an invitation to Loch Dochart for the summer! Grouse-shooting in those days meant being on the moors by six a.m., and not returning until dewy eve. We were not driven up the moors in waggonettes, nor did we sit behind butts to shoot at driven grouse. We had no champagne luncheons. It was all hard, invigorating, healthy exercise. Often have I toiled up Ben More after ptarmigan and white hares, content with a sandwich and a 'wee drop of mountain dew.' How pleasant the fishing on Loch Dochart, when the lake was not, as now, choked with weeds, but full of trout, and, a gentle ripple on the lake, with favourite black gnat or March brown, we filled our creels! How exciting, especially to a boy, was drawing the net for 'saumon'! We went to Killin Parish Church on the 'Sawbath,' grouse invariably coming down to see us pass. They seemed to know it was Sunday. How



trying breezy and showery Sundays are to a clergyman fond of fishing and near a trout stream! The minister at Killin offered up the same prayer every Sunday, with eyes closed and head swaying to and fro. This is a specimen of his 'pre-composed liturgy': 'Let us pray for Her Majesty the Queen, and for this great empire on which the sun never sets.\* Let us pray for all the colonies and dependencies of this great empire. Let us pray for the gentlemen's estates at home, and for all the plantations appertaining thereto.' Hereupon my uncle would irreverently nudge me and whisper: 'That is the reason, Frank, why my trees do so well.' How silent and well-behaved were the dear colliers, who knew that the blessing was about to be pronounced. It is said, I know not with what truth, that on one occasion a minister 'tried it on,' and said: 'Let us say the blessing sitting, and cheat the colliers.'

Changed and yet unchanged these scenes of boyhood, which I have more than once revisited. The old gamekeeper still remembers me. I have put up more than once at the little roadside inn at Crianlarich with some friends, as fond as myself of the 'gentle art.' Sydney Smith is credited with having said that it required nothing short of a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman. All who have read Dean Ramsay's 'Recollections' will agree that Sydney Smith was mistaken. The Scotch have a dry humour of their own, and fully appreciate a joke. I said to the gamekeeper: 'Do you know how to make a hare run? When he gets up, put your hand to your mouth, and shout, "Currant jelly."' He made no remark, but a few days afterwards as we were walking over the moors to fish a mountain lake we started a hare. 'Coorant jelly! coorant jelly!' shouted my apt pupil.

During my vicariate at Halifax I had a Scotch gardener. By some singular coincidence whenever we gave an 'at

\* Once he varied it, a *lapis lazulæ*, as someone once said, instead of *lapis lingue*: 'Who sits on this great empire, on which the sun never sets!'

home' *al fresco*, it was almost sure to rain. We invited a few friends to an 'at home,' and, of course, it rained. I remarked to my gardener: 'Our usual fate, Ogg.' 'Well, Mr. Vicar,' he replied, 'we've long wanted rain, and if you had asked a few more folk we should have had abööndant showers.' The last time I was fishing at Loch Dochart the gamekeeper said to me: 'Noo, Mister Frank, you must just give us a discourse on the Sawbath; the people is just asking for it.' I replied I would gladly do so, but 'where are the people'? It required a telescope wherewith to search the horizon for a solitary living being in these out-of-the-way parts.\* 'Oh,' he replied, 'I'll guarantee you a cöngregation.' 'Very well, but where am I to preach my sermon? You must not get me into trouble. I cannot go to the Free Kirk, and some in England would say I ought not to minister in a Presbyterian Church, notwithstanding that it is the Established Church of Scotland.' This was his reply, a charming, naïve, temporary compromise, a lull to controversy: 'Well, there's a kirk up the glen. It is clösed, for there is a long-standing cöntroversy whether it belongs to the Free Kirk or to the Established Church; but if you will just preach there, we will agree to waive the cöntroversy for that day only, and it shall belong to neither Free nor Established until you have done preaching.' The compromise lasted an hour and a half, and the building remained for the same time in this dubious status. The church was crowded. The peasantry came from far and wide. Whether it was a judgment on me for preaching in a doubtful place of worship or not I cannot say, but I shall never risk it again. A fine collie stepped out and seated himself on his haunches exactly opposite the pulpit. He was beset with fleas. He never for one moment ceased scratching himself in all reachable parts of his 'verminous' body. It was in every way a most trying illustration of

\* The hotel-keeper at Crianlarich showed me, with much glee, a letter he had received from a London 'Cockney,' asking, 'if there are any "walks and views" about Crianlarich'!

'perpetual motion.' In the evening I had a short simple service in a kind of shed. I have a sketch in water-colours, drawn by my friend and fellow-angler, Colonel Robertson, of Callander, as a souvenir of that quiet gathering, where, amid the grandeur and stillness of the surrounding scenery, the voice of prayer and praise was raised.

I heard that same evening a peculiar sound, and asked what it meant. '*It is the burns crying for rain,*' was the reply. How many, I thought, 'thirsting after righteousness' are 'burns crying for rain'!

These visits in and after my boyhood days are pleasant recollections as a set-off to my less pleasant school-life at Ripon. Over that I would fain draw a veil. Ripon Grammar School of to-day is widely different from what it was in my time. Its 'locale' was the small building close to the Cathedral, now used for the choir school, and formed, with its yellow stucco, part of the house in which I was a boarder. The present Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs, was a Ripon Grammar School boy, and we have a faint remembrance of each other there. The head-master was Mr. Plews, to whose memory a mural tablet is erected in Ripon Minster, underneath which is inscribed, 'The memory of the just is blessed.' *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*, but I fear *blessed* memories are entertained by few of his scholars. To me personally he was kind, and used to ask me to spend Saturday afternoons with him. How could he cane his frequent guest? The back part of his desk is still to be seen, at which many a lad has been caned, and from which he used, with considerable adroitness, to throw his cane, assegai-wise, at the head of a boy, who had both to pick it up and be flogged with it. Oh, what have I not seen of flogging in that schoolroom!

Nowadays, what a fuss is made if a boy be even slightly caned! Oh! those wintry mornings, when, shivering with cold, we went into that icy schoolroom, and sometimes had our benumbed fingers beaten with that cruel instrument of torture, the ferule! The day we most dreaded was Saturday,

'a day of preparation' indeed for the Sabbath. On Saturdays we had to say, and then parse, the Gospel for the Sunday following. What associations some boys must all their life afterwards have had with the 'appointed Gospels,' and with some of the sayings of our blessed Lord! I have seen boys made to stand up on a high stool, where they could be better reached, and coat and trousers cut to ribbons over the 'Gospels.' How little did masters of those days, gone like a dream of the past, realize the effect of such incongruous and painful associations! How inevitably certain portions of God's Book would cleave to the memory, not for their high and holy teaching, but because of the flogging which accompanied them!

The same may be said of boys having to write out on Sundays—as I have often, alas! had to do—hymns, instead of passages from classic authors, for any misbehaviour in church. What a compromise! Was it appreciable to a child's mind? For compromise between the Church and the world I know nothing that seems to me more naïve than this: The child of a great personal friend of mine had had a Noah's ark given to him on his birthday. On the day following he was presented with a box of tin soldiers. Sunday came. He was about to play with the tin soldiers. His mother said: 'No, dear, you must not play with the soldiers to-day.' 'Why not, mother?' 'Because it is Sunday. You may have the ark.' The child reflected for a moment and replied: 'May I take the animals out of the ark and put the soldiers in instead?'

I boarded with a clergyman and his wife, whose name I suppress. It was in very truth a 'Do-the-boys Hall.' The less said the better. The cane was rarely out of his hand, and when too indolent for the effort, he would sit by his fireside with long clay pipe and mug of beer, and, handing the cane to his wife, would say: 'You give it him, Bess; hit him harder.' He killed his own pigs in a back-yard, and his wife wrung the necks of her geese in the kitchen. He made me wheel barrows of pig stuff, and fetch barley

from the granary for his pigs, through the streets of Ripon. We were fed with food insufficient or unfit for growing lads. Every pretext was given for withholding meat. Pudding, stodgy and stuffy, always came first in our Sunday menu. I see now those huge rhubarb pies, with crust half baked, a solid inch thick and more in dyspeptic oppressiveness. There is a bell in Ripon Minster rung only on Shrove Tuesday. I never associate that bell with shrift, but with pancakes. To us boys it was the Feast of St. Pancake, and we were stuffed with them to repletion. Pancakes are very good in their way, but you may have too much of them. I do not know that I was particularly troublesome, but I loved gunpowder as most boys love it. Some in an evil hour was discovered in my waistcoat pocket, and this was the benediction which, after caning, the *placens uxor* pronounced on my devoted head: 'Go to bed, you naughty boy, and take care the devil does not come down the chimney and carry you off to hell with his three-pronged fork!' The marvel, looking back on much I could tell, is that it never occurred to anyone that this was not the way to deal with and manipulate child-life, as a rule tender, yearning, and singularly sensitive to kindness. I suppose we must account for what would not nowadays be tolerated by the fact that discipline was more severe and strict. In this light parents, if ever appealed to, regarded school-life, and rarely interfered. My father asked my master how I was getting on. His reply was in broad Yorkshire: 'He doos all I tells him.' I think it was not likely I should do otherwise.

We attended service in Ripon Cathedral. I remember the ancient bone-house, choke-full of human remains, which has long disappeared. Deep galleries defaced the beautiful choir of the Cathedral. We sat opposite Dr. Charnock's rival school, and sent defiant glances and unspoken challenges across during Divine service. The service was inexpressibly dull and dreary.

Dean Erskine was then Dean of Ripon. I have known

Deans Erskine, Goode, McNeile, and the late deeply respected Dean Fremantle. Dean Erskine was a 'character.' 'Are you aware, Mr. Dean,' said one of his congregation, 'that you are preaching all the people away from the Cathedral?' 'No,' was his reply. 'Where are they all gone to?' 'They go to Trinity Church.' 'Oh, then,' was his rejoinder, 'I will ask the Vicar of Holy Trinity to allow me to preach at his church for two or three Sundays, and I will bring them all back again to the Cathedral.' I met him at dinner at Sir William Ingilby's, Ripley Castle, at which some years afterwards the wedding breakfast was given on the occasion of my dear sister's marriage to Mr. Henry Wormald, of Sawley Hall. Some American college had recently conferred on Dean Erskine the honorary degree of D.D., of which he was secretly proud. There was a pause in the conversation, of which the Dean took advantage. 'By the way, Sir William, I suppose you have heard that the Yankees have conferred D.D. upon me?' 'Oh yes,' replied Sir William, 'I heard something about it.' 'I cannot imagine,' said the Dean—fishing for compliments—'why they should have done so.' 'Neither can I,' rejoined Sir William, with characteristic Yorkshire bluntness. 'Well, I suppose there was *some* reason.' 'Oh yes, there must have been *some* reason.' The reason not forthcoming, the Dean, somewhat taken aback, continued; 'I do not know what hood to wear, so I asked Wilberforce [Bishop Wilberforce], and what do you think he said? "*Oh, of course you must wear the Stars and Stripes.*" I cannot,' added the Dean, 'go into my Cathedral with the American flag on my back.'

I usually spent Sunday with my grandmother and aunt at Sharow Lodge. The yellow-stuccoed cottage close by the river, standing to this day, was then occupied by Mr. Newton and his family. How often have I fished in that river, which flows so sweetly beneath the old bridge! For the first day or two my dear grandmother, particularly fond of smelts, put off early dinner an hour or so later, expecting my smelts;

but only for one or two days. I confided once to a rude boy that I was very anxious to catch smelts for my grandmother. He whispered confidentially into my ear: 'Tell them that your grandmother is fond of them, and they are sure to come!' I have never revisited that old bridge without recalling how I used to run past the dry arches in a field adjoining, where gipsies encamped, and I was told how they always kidnapped 'little boys.' In a field on the right-hand side as you turn to Sharow Cottage, now occupied by the son-in-law of my lifelong friend, Mr. Sam Powell, was a red-brick cottage. The story was set about that it was haunted. I invariably closed my eyes firmly as I passed that lonely cottage. A neighbouring market-gardener stored his fruit in it, and never lost apple or pear! I used to go up to Copt Hewick with the idea and intention of giving Miss Mason (now Mrs. Reynolds) lessons in German. It ended in my losing my heart to her. Years afterwards she sent me £50 towards clearing off a debt I found on St. Philip's, Regent Street.

We attended Sharow Church, in which I was recently preaching. Oh, the inexpressible dreariness of that service with its three-decker and barrel organ! I have a lively recollection of the parish clerk. Mr. Cookson was Vicar. The clerk had before him one of those old-fashioned Prayer-Books, about two feet long. Needless to say we *said*, and did not chant, the Canticles. At the foot of the page was 'As He promised to our forefathers Abraham, Isaac, and Ja-.' The clerk read, "'As He promised to our forefathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jā." It is no Jā,' turning over the page. 'Oh, aye, there is "cōb" t'other side; it is Jācob!'

How many stories one might tell of parish clerks! A clergyman served two churches. The following notices were given out by the parish clerk, in broad Yorkshire: 'I bāg to give notice that there will be no sārvice in this 'ere church on Sōonday next, as ōor vicar will be preaching to all eternity [alternately] in t'ōother church. The second

notice I have to give is that there will be no sārvice in t'ōother church Sōonday after next, as ōor vicar will be a-fishing [officiating] in this 'ere church; and the third and last notice I have to give is that there will be a meeting of the parishioners to-morrow evening, to take into serious consideration what colour we shall *whitewash* the National Schools.'

Two parish clerks were discussing the different 'uses' in their respective churches. Said one to the other, 'Do you have matins in your church?' 'No,' was the reply; 'we prefer linoleum.'

Very recently, at a favourite watering-place in the North, my wife was attending early celebration of Holy Communion, and the pew attendant, recognising her, said: 'You will like to know, mum, that we have *muttons* at ten.'

But amusing stories are not to be limited to parish clerks. A Vicar who was somewhat deaf was anxious to introduce 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' into his church. He had also heard that several children in his parish were unbaptized. He instructed his curate to give out notices on the Sunday following on these two subjects. 'I am desired to give notice,' said the curate, 'that as we hear that several children are still unbaptized, we shall be glad if parents will bring their unbaptized children on Sunday next.' The Vicar, not hearing distinctly what had been said, rose in his Stall and said, 'And if any of you do not happen to have any, you can have as many as you want at the Vicarage, at sixpence apiece; and if you want them with strong backs and red edges the charge will be one shilling.'

A friend of mine, invited to preach in a particular church, questioned the clerk thus: 'Your Vicar, is he High or Low?' The clerk, surveying him from head to foot, replied, 'I think, sir, he is about your height.' Following him into the vestry, he said, 'I ought to tell you, sir, that there is no hymn before the sermon, but only a *sympathy*.' 'Indeed,' replied my friend; 'but I should much prefer the sympathy



after the sermon.' The clerk, equal to the occasion, replied, 'Please, sir, that ain't legal.'

All the neighbourhood of Ripon is endeared to me by many memories. Six miles distant from it was my brother-in-law's place, Sawley Hall. He had the privilege of driving through the grounds of Lord Ripon's charming seat at Studley Royal, once the property of Mrs. Lawrence, who slipped a sovereign into my hand when I visited her there as a Grammar-school boy. What ruin in England to compare with Fountains Abbey? How lovely at all seasons—so beautifully kept, so majestic in its decay! The Cistercian monks, in the Isle St. Marguerite, at Cannes, keep a map of all the monasteries built by the Cistercians, and one of their Order pointed out Fountains Abbey to me on the occasion of my visit to them. What pleasant picnics we had at Fountains!

What changes since I first knew it! It is not so long ago, when staying with Mr. William Powell, at Sharow, on the occasion of my 'preaching turn' as Hon. Canon of Ripon, that I mused on my way to the Cathedral, on a bright May morning, on the familiar bridge over the river. The ripple of flowing water below, the music of Cathedral bells above, chimed in with my pensive mood. So much around me changed, so much unaltered! How many, near and dear, have passed away in the interval between my boyhood and now, borne down the stream of time to the eternal shore! Again and again I thought how mysteriously God leads us on by paths we know not. How little can any of us foresee or forecast our future! How little could I, as a Grammar-school boy at Ripon, have thought how linked its neighbourhood should one day be with happy memories, with my dear sister's home and all its *agréments*, with an invitation to conduct the first 'mission' ever held within the walls of the old Minster and Holy Trinity! How little could I have believed that I should one day be entrusted with Halifax, one of the most important Crown livings in the diocese! How little could the boy who had the temerity,

as I had, to take the keys from under my master's pillow when he was snoring, that I might see the 17th Lancers leave Ripon at daybreak, believe that he would one day have a coveted stall in Ripon Cathedral, in which as a lad he worshipped, and should preach at Sharow Church, where he heard in years gone by, 'Aye, it is Jācob'!

Nearly all I have known in that neighbourhood have passed away; latest, not least, the saintly Dean Fremantle, a very pillar of the truth, whose face was itself a sermon, and whose memory must ever be held in reverence by all who had the privilege of knowing him. It was on the last occasion of my preaching in my turn, and as his guest, that I decided on resigning my canonry. Being no longer in the diocese, I felt I might be standing in the way of the preferment of some deserving clergyman in the diocese. The Bishop of Ripon, to my great gratification, bestowed it upon Canon Trower, Vicar of Otley, who was one of my faithful curates at Doncaster, and subsequently at Halifax.

That God should lead me back, as He has so singularly led me, in my riper years, for special work amidst the scenes of my earlier life, is in many ways to myself an impressive fact.

'O memory! Fond memory,  
When all things change, we fly to thee.  
We bid thee bring us back the years,  
The thoughts, the friends we loved so well.  
Even our sorrows Time endears:  
Breathe upon us thy magic spell.'

## CHAPTER V

## CHELTENHAM COLLEGE

Cheltenham College and the place such colleges have—Miss Cunningham's boarding-house—Perils of interrupting love-making—Turnbull's house—Live ghosts—Invitations—Punishments—Exhibitions—Temple of Varieties—Dean Close—Archibald Boyd—Frederick Robertson—School-fellows—Prizes, etc.

IN course of time, having outgrown Ripon Grammar School, my father decided on sending me to Cheltenham College, then in its infancy. I think I was amongst the first batch, with the present Lord James Hereford, of Cheltonians. The College, which has for many years held its own, and on whose walls are recorded the names of not a few who have since gained distinction in all walks of life, was cradled in Bayswater Terrace. It was, however, even then so full of promise, that the commodious buildings to which it was transferred were already in course of erection. Public schools of that description meet a great want. They occupy a middle place between Grammar-schools and Public schools, such as Eton and Harrow. They have in view parents of limited means ; for boys they mean *work*.

The temptation to idleness, arising from having wealthy parents, plenty of pocket-money, and future prospects of an income on which hard work does not depend, was not, as a rule, the temptation which presented itself to Cheltenham boys. We were all 'much of a muchness,' and of the same social grade. One of the best-known public school headmasters of our day, the Rev. Dr. Welldon, recently nominated to the See of Calcutta, told me not long ago that his great difficulty was to get *work* out of the boys under his charge. The ambition of parents seemed to be that their sons should be distinguished, not as scholars, but as athletes. So much attention is being now paid to football and cricket—boys being required *nolens volens* to join in athletic exercises—that

distinction at Lord's or at football matches is the great ambition. 'What chance have I,' said my friend, 'with a boy whose father promised him a five-pound-note for every wicket he took and £1 for every run he made in the Eton and Harrow match? My great difficulty is to get lads with such parents to work at anything else.' The same ambition seems to be creeping into Cheltenham.

Strolling across the playground two or three years ago with the then Principal, whose name is so cherished at Cheltenham, and whose departure for Rugby was so regretted, a gentleman joined us. I overheard this conversation: 'Dr. James, I have come to see you about my boy. I am most anxious to place him here under your care.' 'Is he to enter the classical or modern department?' 'Oh, I don't care much as to what department he enters, but there is one thing above all others that I desire' (above all others!). 'Yes, and what is that?' 'Why, *that he should be a first-rate cricketer.*'

Now, it is true that the Duke of Wellington said that the Battle of Waterloo was won in the cricket fields of Eton and Harrow. No one would decry or underrate athletic games. They encourage manliness, develop our physique, give room for the exercise of qualities which stand men in good stead in after-life. Heroes in the army and navy, not a few bishops, have won distinction in their school and university days as athletes. Some of my best curates were men who rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge race. This cultivation of gymnastics together with intellectual training contributes to the *mens sana in corpore sano*, but the experience of headmasters is to the effect that you do not get the same work out of boys nowadays as was got when the temptations to athletics were fewer. As a rule, Cheltenham College represented that class of boys who for the most part had to earn their own bread, independent of parents. We had no 'swells' amongst us. The utmost any boy at our boarding-house had of pocket-money was about 2s. 6d. This was regarded as representing considerable wealth. His parents

were supposed to be millionaires, and for himself the supply of 'tuck' unlimited. My pocket-money was limited strictly to threepence weekly. The difficulty was how to lay it out judiciously. I gave a boy in London a penny, bidding him not to be extravagant with it. His reply was: 'I tell you, sir, what I will do with it: I will buy a pennyworth of sweets and give you the change.' But this was not as sharp or as good as a newsboy at a railway-station, who said to me: 'To-day's *Times*, sir?' 'No, I want to-morrow's.' Without a moment's hesitation, touching his cap, he replied: 'So sorry, sir, I cannot oblige you; I sold them all yesterday.' I felt worsted in this duel.

I was placed at Miss Cunningham's boarding-house, and, as under 'petticoat government,' we were generally labelled as 'milk-sops.' Miss Cunningham herself was 'well stricken in years,' of uncertain age, such as I have heard described as an 'elderly young lady,' and which sounds more hopeful than 'spinster.' My endeavour to steer clear of the word 'spinster' is to this day remembered at Sheffield. I read a paper at the Church Congress on 'Woman's Work in the Church.' After pointing out in detail different spheres of usefulness for women, I proceeded to say, 'Our next thought is the worker. First there are widows, "who are widows indeed," whom God has called by sorrow into His ministry. Next'—I did not like to say 'there are *spinsters*,' so I thought I would tone it down, and said—'there are those whose prospects of marrying are slowly fading.' There were roars of laughter, in which Archbishop Thomson, the chairman, heartily joined. As the subject was serious, I deprecated this merriment, and proceeded to say, thinking of families where there are many unmarried women: '*Many of whom I have in my mind's eye.*' The laughter was again uproarious. Someone sitting next my wife asked her if she could explain what all this meant, and on my return home she said: 'You dear old stupid, why did you not say unmarried women?'

Mr. Ayre, the usher, was known to be 'sweet' on Miss

Cunningham, and our great delight was to surprise him in his love-making. For this I once paid dearly. I recall the room in which it all happened. We had gone to bed and heard sweet strains proceeding from the drawing-room. She was accompanying his violin on the piano. I crept stealthily downstairs and rapped violently on the door, believing it to be closed. Alas! it was ajar! I fell prostrate, and experienced to what use a fiddle-bow, applied with considerable vigour, may be put.

I soon learned what a training public school life is for the greater world outside it. You can quickly discern if a boy has been to a public school or not. What in after-life you look upon as 'bagatelles' are very real troubles to a boy. My German cloak, with large gilt clasps, was a red flag to my fellow-boarders. It had to be discarded, as I discarded my head-gear at Neuwied. My father, who had never been at a public school, thought that a German-plated spoon and fork were quite good enough for a boy. So they were for all practical purposes, but somehow they always painfully and conspicuously asserted themselves when set out on the dinner-table amidst *silver*. I could see boys pointing at them with unmixed contempt.

A boy's life may be made very miserable by what in after-life we regard as trifles, but they are not trifles to a boy. I remember one boy, to whom, his parents being poor, a relative sent some under-clothes; they were bran new, but did not fit their own son, for whom they were originally intended, and in kindness they passed them on. Unfortunately, the name had not been erased from the waist-band. As long as he remained in that boarding-house he was known as 'Cheap-Jack,' and generally credited with wearing 'second-hand clothes.' Few things, perhaps, so try a boy—I do not intend to pun—as to be 'boycotted,' or sent to Coventry. Boys can be desperate bullies. Of course, the sooner a lad shows fight and pluck the better, and practical jokes come to a natural end if he take them good-humouredly. All boys 'try it on,' and woe betide the boy who has any

eccentricities, is wanting in spirit, or has been petted and spoiled at home. I remember one such who used to receive from home consignments of cakes, and jams, and even sugar, as his dear mother thought they would not be provided regularly at the common table. These we always immediately appropriated and greatly enjoyed. The supply was of a sudden discontinued, because we were short-sighted and misguided enough to insist on his writing to his mother to assure her, 'with our very best thanks,' how thoroughly we appreciated her kind thought for us.

We had one unmitigated, cowardly, lubberly, red-haired bully. No Anarchist or Nihilist conspiracy was more carefully plotted or successfully carried out than was ours. I never see sparrows chasing a sparrow-hawk without thinking of him. A council of war was held by his victims, and, at a given signal, we hurled ourselves upon him, and avenged ourselves to our hearts' content after his own fashion. Let me recommend to boys, for whom this chapter is more particularly written, to adopt this most efficacious recipe for bullying. It was a veritable kind of lynching, and put an end to his career as a notorious bully. I was surprised, as a novice, at the number of invitations I would receive in the course of a single day, not to some pleasant *r union*, but to fight. The invitation came generally in this simple form: 'You are a new boy, are you not? Will you fight?' I was not aware I had done anything which could only be honourably atoned for by a duel, and yet something told me that I could not translate R.S.V.P. as it has been: 'Refusez si vous pouvez.' I could only reply, 'I shall be very happy.' The sandpits in the play-ground at Cheltenham, long ago filled in, were the scene of many a pitched battle. For some time I had about one fight a day, with varying results. But while the fight lasted it was real, and 'honourable scars' told the tale.

It was not like some of the duels I used to hear of when resident in Paris, as coming off in the Bois de Boulogne, and for the truth of which I can vouch. On one occasion

the outraged duellists met. It was to be war *à outrance*. Nothing short of death could avenge the insult. The distance was carefully measured; the duellists placed face to face; the seconds had retired. Suddenly, owing doubtless to intense excitement, *the nose of one of the offended parties bled*. The seconds immediately interfered and declared that 'honour was satisfied'! On another occasion—and it caused no little merriment in Paris circles—pistols were actually levelled; one of the duellists bethought himself he would be magnanimous, and not kill his foe. To the surprise of on-lookers, he lowered his revolver, and, *firing vaguely behind him, hit his second*.

Reminiscences of boyhood days! 'Which of them,' the reader may say, 'as a rule, is worth recording or remembering?' But you have only to meet, in after-years, those who were with you at the same school to realize how those recollections cleave to you, and how, over cheerful fire and with pleasant chat, story after story is told of those bygone days; of the fun and frolic, of the tricks we played on our masters, of our friendly rivalries at games. To leave out the years up to twenty-one in the record of your life, would be to leave out much which may at least interest or amuse a boy into whose hands my 'Phases of my Life' may find its way.

Two facts which I witnessed have left an abiding impression upon me. One was seeing a boy birched and then expelled for stealing. Few things make boys so angry as to know that there is a thief in their midst. He was caught robbing from coats and waistcoats left in the tent on the cricket-ground. 'Kleptomania' or not, masters might almost leave such miscreants to the condign punishment they would receive at their schoolfellows' hands. The public flogging and summary expulsion of the thief made a salutary and profound impression.

On the other hand, an impression of a very different character, at the recollection of which my indignation is still stirred, was on our being called upon to witness the



punishment of a weak, sickly lad, who had been persuaded 'for a lark' to run away from school. He had no serious intention of doing so, and went no further than to one of the hotels in Cheltenham. The morning prayers in the great hall were said. Scarcely had the benediction, 'The peace of God that passeth all understanding,' died on our ears, before we heard the Principal call out with loud voice, 'I call you all to witness the punishment of a boy for running away from school.' The Principal—I suppress his name—caned this poor lad with all his might, cutting his jacket into ribbons. The poor lad uttered no cry, which seemed only to irritate the Principal. He did not whine or betray the lad who persuaded him. He was carried away fainting, and confined to bed for three days in great suffering.

I call and recall this as sheer brutality. No headmaster nowadays would dare so to act, or to inflict a punishment so out of all proportion to the offence. A sense of indignation prevailed, and not a few felt that had that flogging continued we should have risen *en masse*, and, *coûte-que-coûte*, have fallen on the Principal. Was such cruel treatment calculated to do the boy good? How much better to have carefully inquired into all the circumstances, and quietly and kindly spoken words of warning to the boy!

If some Cheltonian should read this, do you remember how cordially we disliked 'washing nights,' as much as Skye terriers dislike and, if possible, avoid the same? To this day I remember the door being opened as we were preparing our lessons for the morrow, and the voice, 'Mr. Pegu, Mr. Blennerhasset, Mr. Beattie, come down and be washed.' And, oh, the scrubbing of our ears with flannel and soap, like so many pigs in a trough! It was always made the occasion for ventilating our grievances, real or imaginary. What match at Lord's could have had the same fascination as games of cricket in our bedrooms? Three slippers set against the wall represented the wickets, another

served for a bat, a third was easily converted into a ball; the game was considered 'drawn' when the ball went 'beyond boundary' through a pane of glass. What entertainment at the Polytechnic or the Egyptian Hall surpasses in interest that which I once and only once gave to a select and specially invited company in my bedroom? I had brought with me and was the envied possessor of a German magic-lantern. Originally it cost half a crown. Many will have seen those red-papered boxes in toy shops, containing a tin box and small lamp. My *répertoire* was limited to *two* slides, of very coarse painting, figures of men, women, dogs. My bed had a board at the back, canopied and covered with white linen, most admirably adapted for the purpose of a screen. One boy had a tin hat-box perforated, in which the little lamp lay lighted and concealed when the matron came in and put out all our lights. At a given signal, such as rabbits give by striking their feet, the boys flocked in from adjoining bedrooms, most eager to see Pigou's 'world-famed exhibition.' The exhibition was pronounced a 'great success,' and was followed by a supper of polonies and pickles. It was really of a dissolving view character. I put the whole of my apparatus safely, as I thought, at the top of my bed, intending to 'run' this for several nights, and it mysteriously disappeared. From that time to this, some fifty years, I have never heard of it. I wonder sometimes into whose possession my dissolving views have passed.

One boy had evidently been encouraged at home to consider himself a Tennyson in embryo. He took an early opportunity of informing us that he was of a poetic turn of mind (*poeta nascitur, non fit*), and that he never felt so inspired as on wild wintry nights, when wind and storm hurled themselves against panes, etc. Needless to say how we watched the barometer and longed for such a night to come. It came at last. We were six in the room, and encouraged him to use the opportunity and get inspired. He acted on our kindly-worded suggestion, and a hurricane of well-

soaked sponges overwhelmed him. We heard no more of his 'poetic fancy.' Who shall say how indebted the world of letters may be to us! This was practical, it was not cynical. One who suffered from *cacoethes scribendi* sent his friend his latest book, who replied, 'I shall lose no time in reading it.' Our sponges were as effective as a crushing article in *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, or *Saturday Review*.

I am afraid we led Mr. Turnbull, to whose boarding-house I was transferred, a disturbed life. He occasionally gave a party, and we were sent to bed an hour earlier. This we resented, and our resentment took this form. At dead of night, precisely as the clock struck twelve, we *let loose bags of marbles down the whole flight of uncarpeted back-stairs*. I underline these words, because, on the whole, it is the most fearful, demoniacal noise conceivable. After this display of feeling, thus voiced, we scrambled back to bed and feigned sound sleep. Spring-guns were another diversion. Mr. Southwood—who does not remember him and his kindly ways?—was a victim to our spring-guns. He had a rather fat cheek, which offered itself as a target, and a boy fired at him with some small snipe-shot. I was always sorry the experiment was made on Southwood, for he was a general favourite. I had rather, if consulted, have suggested another master who took savage delight in breaking the blades of our favourite penknives before our eyes.

The French master had already a sufficiently lively time of it, without any further tormenting. He wore a long beard, which he was ultimately obliged to shave off, because we mimicked a nanny-goat whenever he came into the classroom. We hit on an ingenious plan, by means of a siphon, of extracting the oil from the lamp, when we had to sit up late to write out 'impositions.' Ghosts were seen, but only on warm nights, on Bay's Hill. Two elderly ladies were 'driven out of their wits' one evening as they were strolling home. The rumour spread quickly over all Cheltenham that ghosts, real ghosts, were seen on the top of a house in

Bay's Hill. It was, of course, remarkable that they never 'put in an appearance' except on warm nights. Let me explain to the Psychical Society this phenomenon. Our bedroom was at the very top of the house. It was lighted by a skylight, which gave access to the flat roof. In the warm summer evenings we used to disport ourselves, in Oriental fashion, on the roof in our night-shirts. Mr. Turnbull thought that he would look out for these ghosts, and he arrived at a very decided opinion about them. One memorable evening I happened to be poorly, and remained in bed. My companions, with every expression of pity for me, sallied forth for their ghostly parade.

The door was opened. In came Mr. Turnbull with a very long cane. Imagine the scene. He enjoined strict silence on me. I was powerless to 'hoist a cone of warning.' Hilarious and whistling, unsuspecting what was awaiting them, one after another dropped down to receive what, considering how lightly clothed they were, made them howl. 'What are you all howling about?' cried voices from above, only to join in a few minutes in the general strain. I need not say that ghosts were never again seen in Bay's Hill Terrace.

There are more ways than one of disenchanting or exorcising ghosts. The story is told of the late Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York. He was put into a reputed haunted room. Next morning he was eagerly asked: 'Well, did your Grace see anything last night?' 'No.' 'Are you quite sure?' 'Oh yes; at about twelve o'clock I heard a knock at the door.' 'Yes, that was the ghost. That is exactly what he does. What did you do?' 'Oh, I said, "Come in, come in."' 'How brave of you! And did he come in?' 'Yes; an old sallow-looking man with bent figure and long hair.' 'Yes; that is the ghost who haunts this house. And what did you do?' 'I got out of bed and went up to him. I asked him if he belonged to the house, and he nodded assent. I asked him if he was a parishioner; he nodded assent. I said, "I am anxious to build some new schools,

will you give me a subscription?" He disappeared, and has never been seen since.'

This reminds me of a suggestion on one occasion made for dispersing a troublesome crowd in Trafalgar Square. 'Send for the police!' cried one. 'No, that will only incite the mob to mischief.' 'Turn on the hose!' cried another. 'No, that will only irritate them.' '*Announce that there will be a collection!*' cried another; the mob fled as one man.

Dean Close was Rector of Cheltenham during my school-days. How well I remember his striking presence! One incident connected with him impressed me more than any sermon I ever heard him preach. Guy Fawkes' day was eagerly looked forward to, in anticipation partly of a free fight with the town boys, partly of a huge bonfire. We had saved up enough for two cartloads of faggots and tar-barrels. After morning prayers, who should appear in the school-room but the Rector of Cheltenham! 'What can he want?' was on every boy's lips. 'The Rector of Cheltenham,' said the Principal, 'wishes, boys, to speak to you.' 'I hear,' Close proceeded to say, 'that you are going to have two cartloads of faggots to-night. Now, boys, do you not think it would be nice if you were to content yourselves with one cartload, and were to give the other for the poor in the coming winter?' 'Oh, I say,' was heard, 'what cheek!' etc. Nevertheless, with one accord we gave up one cartload. We admired his pluck, and in our hearts respected him for his appeal. Years afterwards, when visiting Dean Close at the Deanery of Carlisle, I reminded him of what he well remembered. It was on the principle of that excellent society, the Ministering Children's League, which Lady Meath and my friend Prebendary Ridgeway, of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, established. The League is spreading far and wide, its object being to encourage children, especially of the upper classes, to unlearn selfishness, and to habituate their minds, as early as possible, to doing acts of consideration.

No chapel was then attached to Cheltenham College as there is now to every public school. How great the gain to boys to have their own chapel and addresses suitable to their understanding and years! What a golden opportunity masters now, under God, enjoy for the exercise of their ministry on Sundays! Few more moving sights than a congregation of English boys on the threshold of life. I regarded it as a great privilege to have been invited more than once to preach in the chapel of Cheltenham College, even though one is liable to be misunderstood. Preaching some short time ago on 'not despising the day of small things,' I said that it did not follow that because a boy did not gain distinction at school he would not succeed in after-years, and more to that effect. Two sons of a dear friend were present, and at luncheon were in such high glee that their mother asked them the reason.

'Oh, mother,' was the reply, 'we have had such a jolly Dean, and he preached an awfully jolly sermon!' (Fancy '*an awfully jolly sermon!*') 'What did he say?' 'Oh, he said we need not work and we should still get on!' I was constrained on the next occasion to say that this was '*a gloss on the text.*'

We were marched down to Christ Church, morning and afternoon, and our accommodation was the west gallery. Why are children always assigned galleries?

Archibald Boyd, afterwards Vicar of St. James's, Paddington, and subsequently Dean of Exeter, was in the heyday of his powers, and the church was always crowded to excess. As a rule, his masterly sermons were far beyond the capacity and, I fear, appreciation of the ordinary schoolboy, though I find amongst my papers some notes I took down of one of his sermons. He took infinite pains with his sermons, but owing to some accident—the explosion, it was said, of a powder-flask—he lost the sight of one eye, and was sensitive to an extraordinary degree of noise and interruption. The *on-dit* was that every bell in the house was muffled, and strict orders given that no one knocked at his door when he was

preparing his sermon.\* I have heard some of the greatest preachers of the day, but I never heard anyone who kept a congregation in such order. He really tyrannized over it. Woe betide the unfortunate person who coughed, sneezed, or, greatest offence of all, dropped stick or umbrella in the pew! Immediately that eye was turned, like a policeman's lantern, on the offender. Sitting next to a lady, several years afterwards, when he was delivering a lecture, she said to me: 'I feel rather faint, and would give the world to get at my smelling-bottle, but I dare not. He would stop and glare at me!' All I ventured to say was, '*Smell on!*' I had a class in his Sunday-school, and always, notwithstanding his extreme irritability, found him gentle and kind. In my London days I used to hear that his congregation at St. James's resented his tyranny, sneezed, coughed, dropped umbrellas, or fumbled for smelling-bottles, regardless of his feelings. He did me the honour to invite me, more than once, to occupy his pulpit in London. When he was transferred to Exeter, his departure was felt to be a great loss of pulpit power to the Metropolis. He will long be remembered in Exeter, not only in connection with the celebrated controversy about the reredos, but for his commanding eloquence and great munificence.

In the afternoon, at Christ Church, dear Frederick Robertson—'Robertson of Brighton'—was the regular preacher. If we did not appreciate Boyd, still less, I grieve to say, did we appreciate Robertson, whom many of us have since learned to love and admire.

We were tired with morning service. Boyd rarely preached under the hour. *We had dined!* Everyone knows how fatiguing an afternoon service is under these conditions. To my mind it is both difficult to preach and to listen to a sermon in the afternoon. How difficult for country clergy to keep 'Tom Hodge' awake and lively on a Sunday afternoon!

\* We 'naughty boys' walked on tiptoe as we passed the Vicarage, and sometimes did our best to ring the bell.

'I puts up my feet,' said a farmer, 'and goes to sleep while our parson is preaching, and, Lord ! how comfortable I feels!' Alas ! Robertson's sermons were lost upon us. But who has not read and re-read these in after-days ?

Probably with those who, for one reason or another, do not preach their own sermons, none are so much preached or used as Robertson's. He stands apart. A. K. H. B. would describe him as an 'outstanding' man. From time to time I have been asked by clergy and laymen to recommend volumes of sermons. For deep insight into character, and the workings of the spiritual life, I know none to compare with Manning's; for Church teaching, Newman's 'Parochial Sermons'; for freshness of thought, Foster's 'Essays,' Phillips Brooks' and Robertson's 'Sermons.' Stopford Brooke, my quondam fellow-curate, was Robertson's well-known biographer.

The same may be said of Robertson's 'Notes on Genesis' and his 'Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians.' Everything, in fact, that he wrote or uttered is characterized by the same originality, depth and clearness of thought, large, comprehensive charity. We owe his biographer a great debt of obligation for the valuable 'Life and Letters of Robertson,' by which his memory will be preserved, and in which the justice, so hardly and grudgingly meted out to him in life, is so fully done. More than once have I found my way to where he 'sleeps well' in the extra-mural cemetery in Brighton, to a grave over which Brighton mourned as one man. There stands in that churchyard a massive and yet simple monument, on two sides of which are bronze medallions, one given by his congregation, the other by the working men of Brighton, who loved him well. To quote from Brooke's words: 'They record, in touching words, the gratitude of thousands. The thoughtful affection of the working men has entrusted to a committee of gardeners the task of keeping, even in winter, flowers always blooming on his grave. They speak to many who make their pilgrimage to the spot of the fair immortality which is given



to the faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. Peace to his memory !'

Of my schoolfellows at Cheltenham I have but faint recollection. Newman, who so distinguished himself at Balliol, was *facile princeps* head of our class. The present Archdeacon of Bristol, G. Hemming Robeson, and one of our Canons, also distinguished himself at Balliol. The late Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Plunket, was with us, and more than once has since been my honoured guest. The Rev. F. E. Lloyd-Jones and I sat side by side at school. He was for many years the well-known 'Ordinary of Newgate.' Many a visit have I paid him, not, be it understood, under his immediate care ! Within those gloomy walls we have often chatted over our schoolboy experiences and days. I have undergone the process of pinioning, and have stood on the fatal drop at Newgate. Little did I think when his schoolfellow that it would ever be in my power to prefer him, as I did, to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Halifax.

I do not know anyone who could, if he would, write a more interesting book than Lloyd-Jones on prison life and experience. I happened to be paying him a visit on the day that the notorious burglar Peace was apprehended. I passed close by him in the corridor of Newgate, and distinctly remember his face, over which, as is well known, he had such remarkable power in altering its expression. An interesting account is given of him by the late highly-respected Mr. Montagu Williams in his 'Leaves from My Life.' The Governor of Newgate said to me: 'We have got a notorious fellow from your neighbourhood.\* When first apprehended he whined and assured me that it was his first offence. On searching him, they found concealed about his person all the implements of an accomplished burglar, including formidable loaded revolvers. "You have not been *here* before," said the Governor. "We have not your photo-

\* Sheffield. I was at that time Vicar of Doncaster.

graph, but I suspect you are an old hand, and that we shall hear more about you soon.”’

Telegrams poured in, congratulating the authorities on their having secured Peace. About half an hour after his apprehension I was with the Chaplain, who said to me:

‘I have been with Peace; he has been on his knees confessing that there is not a crime which he has not committed.’ Mr. Lloyd-Jones gave, at my request, a public lecture on his Newgate experiences, and being questioned as to the effect, in his opinion, of modern systems of education in relation to crime, replied, and his reply, founded on large experience, is worth recording: ‘*It makes them more clever.*’

Cheltenham days came to a close. I entered the school one of many. I left it one of many, without gaining prize or distinction of any kind. How I envied those who, on Speech Day, were called up to receive one or more prizes amidst, what is dear to a boy, the hearty applause of their schoolfellows! How glad would I have been to have brought a prize home, as evidence of work and success, to add to the welcome which always awaited me! Invited as I have often been to distribute prizes, my sympathies have always been with those who, like myself, were ‘sent empty away.’ To them I have said invariably the same words, not ‘that they need not work, and they would be sure to get on,’ but not to be discouraged or disheartened. To win a prize at school is not necessarily the pledge and earnest of future success, nor to fail of after-failure.

The words of the Apostle might be applied to boys in the rivalries of their school-life: ‘Know ye not that they which run in the race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain.’ So far from discouraging, apparent failure should be an inspiration to renewed and persevering effort. Migrating birds fly best against contrary winds. That I won no distinction was not the fault of Cheltenham College. I hardly think it was my own. Whenever I have since revisited it and read the names in gilt letters on the

boards which cover the walls of those who have gained distinction at Cheltenham, I might in school-days have wished to have seen my own amongst them, but experience of life has somewhat reconciled me to the omission.

I often think how little I could have realized that in after-years certain privileges would be mine in connection with Cheltenham of which when a boy there was no forecast. A leader of fun and pranks, at one time a ghost on the roof of the boarding-house, at another throwing marbles down backstairs, so mischievous that Mrs. Turnbull in amazement said to me: 'Oh, Pigou, is that you?' and I could only answer: 'Yes, ma'am, it is, and no other;' an unappreciative hearer of Boyd and Robertson, a prizeless lad, how little could I have realized that later on I should be invited to hold in the Cathedral of Carlisle, and under the sanction of Dean Close, services preparatory for the Carlisle Mission; that I should conduct the first 'quiet day' ever held in Cheltenham for its clergy; should be invited to preach the sermon at the festival service of the local Sunday-school Teachers' Association; to conduct in 1890 the mission in the parish church; to distribute the prizes on Speech Day! How little could I have realized that I should be invited in 1888 to be president of the Cheltonian Society, and that I should one day receive this letter:

*'July 3, 1897.*

'At a council meeting held here on Wednesday last, it was unanimously resolved that the vacancy on the council amongst life members created by the lamented decease of the late Archbishop of Dublin should be offered for your acceptance'!

So the authorities of Cheltenham College have honoured with their kindness and confidence one who appreciates it all the more, as in his school-life there he cannot be said to have increased its reputation. Looking back on all the changes years have brought, it was with the mingled feelings of enlarged experience that, on a recent occasion, when

privileged to address the boys in their chapel, I took for their encouragement on the threshold of life, and as a motto to inspire them to perseverance: 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.'

## CHAPTER VI

EDINBURGH, 1846—1851

The Academy—Distinguished alumni—Lord Mackenzie—Charades interrupted—Our schoolmasters—Williams—Hannah—Payne Smith—Trotter—Nachot—Gloag—Calvert—Signor Brizzi's short lesson in singing—My confirmation—Reading—Haunted house—Sentence which requires interpretation—A Love Feast—St. Mary's Cathedral—Edinburgh Church Congress—Mission—Letters.

ON leaving Cheltenham, my father decided on striking his tent and pitching it in Edinburgh, that I might be placed at the Academy, a school which had long enjoyed a high reputation. Strictly speaking, I cannot say we looked down on the High School, inasmuch as it was above us on Calton Hill, but we considered ourselves as superior to it as Eton would to Cheltenham, or Oxford to Durham. We settled in Rutland Square, at that time a more favourite *quartier* than it is at present, the railway terminus being now in close proximity. It is not for me to descant on the singular peace and classic beauty of 'Auld Reekie.' One who has travelled more than most men said to me that, in his judgment, it ranked fourth of far-famed cities: Naples, Rio Janeiro, Constantinople, Edinburgh. It were superfluous to enlarge on what is on all hands confessed. With all its grace and beauty, save me from its bitter east winds sweeping down Princes Street! It does not look its best when *en papillote*, with brown paper in the windows of deserted houses in holiday time.

The Academy numbers amongst its grateful *alumni* many

distinguished men. Before railways were constructed, and education was not sought beyond Scotland, the Edinburgh Academy had a very large share in the training of her own sons. To select some few names, *inter alios*, is not, I hope, to the disparagement of many educated at the Academy, unknown to myself, who in their different spheres of life have made their mark in the world. I have before me a list of members of the Edinburgh Academical Club, who in part were educated at the Academy: Sir Walter Scott, Lords Cockburn, Moncrieff, Neaves, Ardmillan, Craigloch, Gifford, Dr. Tait, late Archbishop of Canterbury; Henry Davidson, father of the present Bishop of Winchester; the Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Moorhouse), Dr. Bell, many years Rector of Cheltenham; Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, of whom his master, Mr. Cumming, wrote: 'A very quiet, thoughtful boy'; Archdeacon Sinclair, Vicar of Kensington; Bishop Mackenzie, the Dean of Salisbury (Dr. Boyle), Bishop Milne, Professors Shairp, Graham, Aytoun, Maxwell, Tait (Senior Wrangler, 1852), Dr. Jupe, Dr. Candlish, William Blackwood, the well-known publisher, and many more in all walks of life who have lent lustre to the Academy.

Colonel Ferguson, in his most interesting 'Chronicle of the Cumming Club and Memoir of Old Academy Days,' records, with natural pride, that thirty-nine military decorations, including six of British and foreign knightly orders, have fallen to the share of the class to which he belonged. How many men during the nearly fifty years since I left Edinburgh, departed this life, or still with us, have often had reason to look back with thankfulness on their Edinburgh school-days!

Of my own schoolfellows I remember the Rev. John Spital, Vicar of St. Andrew's Leicester; Thomas Stothert, Minister of the Free Church, Lumphanan; Henry Boyle (Dux); Robert Campbell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Francis de Chaumont, M.D., surgeon at Netley Hospital; Robert Hutchinson, surgeon Indian Army,

Bengal; Francis Mackenzie, son of the late Lord Mackenzie; Hugh Cowan, advocate. Frank Mackenzie, Robert Hutchinson, and I were 'chums.' I cannot but regret that in the second edition of the memoir of the saintly Frank Mackenzie, written by Dr. Miles, it was thought good to suppress, or at least not to record, the lighter side of his character. To have narrated this faithfully could not in any way have detracted from the intrinsic value of a life so conspicuous for its piety as was his. To use Robertson's words, speaking of the childhood of our Lord, 'he was a child while childhood lasted.' Frank Mackenzie was a boy with all that belongs naturally to boyhood years. He was thoroughly and consistently *natural*. There was nothing of hotbed growth or precocity in his personal piety. Of all the boys I can recall in school-life, the one whose influence for good was felt by us was Frank Mackenzie, whose mortal remains rest near to those of his brother at Cambridge. Of all the boys foremost in pranks and mischief, I recall this same Frank Mackenzie. Is anything really gained by suppressing what was natural to the boy, as if love of fun were inconsistent with saintliness of character? Is it not far more true to fact, and, in some senses, more likely to be of help to others, by way of example, honestly to record the lighter or even more frivolous side of character, and to show that boyish fun is not incompatible with influence for good?

Belmont, Lord Mackenzie's residence near Edinburgh, was to Hutchinson and myself of constant resort. I recall two incidents in particular in connection with Belmont: one an instance of that implicit obedience to parental authority which is nowadays much to be desired. There was a large luncheon-party at Belmont. A wasp found its way into the room. Frank immediately began to do battle with it. 'Let that wasp alone!' shouted Lord Mackenzie, as it was hovering about Frank's head. 'I am afraid, sir, it will sting me.' 'Better,' rejoined his father, 'it should sting you than that you should disturb all the

company.' Frank ceased to do battle with the wasp, and it stung him!

The other incident was this, illustrative of the lighter side of Frank's character: We arranged one evening to have charades. We arrayed ourselves as Choctaw or Chippeway Indians, with faces bronzed, huge feathers in our heads, formidable bowie-knives and tomahawks in our hands, with arrows here and there. We came into the drawing-room whooping, shouting, gesticulating after the manner of Choctaws. Miss Marsh, daughter of the well-known Dr. Marsh, of Leamington, was a visitor at Belmont. She had chosen the opportunity of our temporary retirement to change our dress, to fall on her knees and recite the Litany to Miss Mackenzie. Thus we found her. Frank danced about her, flourishing his tomahawk, and, drawing a bowie-knife, threatened first to scalp and then to brain her if she did not stop. The recitation of the Litany came to an abrupt conclusion. Had not this disguised Choctaw chief a strong sense of the fitness of things, that 'there is a time to weep and a time to laugh'?

Boyle, Campbell, Stothert, and Mackenzie were keen competitors for the dignity of 'Dux,' the designation at the Academy of the head boy, as 'Booby' was of the lowest boy down of the forms. I had of the latter frequent experience. At the time of my admission Archdeacon Williams, of Balliol, and also Vicar of Lampeter, was Rector of the Academy. A portrait of him, as also of Archbishop Tait, is to be seen to this day on its walls. Archbishop Tait ministered to his quondam master on his deathbed and followed him to his grave. A man of high literary attainments, his name and reputation attracted many pupils to the Academy, and to him the Academy is largely indebted for its success. I see him now with his kindly face, with figure short and dumpy, stick in hand. He had a way of coming up to a boy, dividing his hair on his forehead with his stick, and then giving his opinion about us individually. I remember his stroking my head, but he withheld any

opinion he might have formed about me. He had, rightly or no, the reputation of being the best Greek scholar of his day. A rock (Samson's Ribs) overhangs a path leading to Duddingston Lake, where we used to skate. There is a tradition that when the cleverest man in Scotland shall pass under that rock it will fall down and 'grind him to powder.' We never could persuade the Archdeacon to come and see us skate. We fancied he was not a little flattered when we, well aware of the tradition, coaxingly said: 'Why, sir, do you never come out to Duddingston?' He always comported himself with imperturbable dignity. On a certain occasion the 'sixth' had hunted a huge sow into the Rector's classroom. The sow took refuge in one of the presses. In getting away she got in between the Archdeacon's legs, upset him on the floor, and rushed out. Peace and an upright position restored, the Rector calmly, as if nothing unwonted had occurred, said: 'Boys, our lesson has been too long interrupted; let us get on.' He retired from the Academy a somewhat disappointed man, and died at Bushey, in Hertfordshire.

He was succeeded by Dr. Payne Smith, late Dean of Canterbury. Dr. Payne Smith was succeeded by Dr. Hannah, who left in 1852 for the headmastership of Glenalmond, and subsequently was appointed Vicar of Brighton. Dr. Hannah was succeeded by Dr. Hodgson. I was a pupil under the first three Rectors.

Mr. Hamilton was the writing-master. I do not hold him responsible for my own bad handwriting. The most difficult handwriting, among numerous correspondents, I ever came across was that of Dean Stanley. He invited me to preach at the Special Nave Service at Westminster Abbey. I had to call at the Deanery to ascertain the purport of his letter. The writing of Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, Dean Boyd, and many more I could quote, was extremely difficult to decipher. That of Dean Goulburn was singularly legible. It is told of Chalmers that his father used to put all his letters in a drawer unopened, and that



when he came home for holidays he used to say: 'Noo, lad, we'll read the letters.'

Of Mr. Gloag, the mathematical master, I have a more distinct recollection, as, indeed, who could fail to have who ever had to do with him? He was something *per se*, 'out-standing.' To all outward appearance rough, with voice peculiarly deep, with eyes keen, deep-set under bushy black eyebrows, he was not as formidable as he sometimes looked. He invariably wore a suit of black cloth and long-tailed coat, discarding the encumbrance of the orthodox gown. I see him, preparatory to work, turning up his cuffs, and with a large piece of chalk, from which he always first blew the dust, figuring down sums. He was most impatient of any loss of time, or of delay in setting to work. He was solicitous to make the most of 'the shining hour' when we were with him. It was the rule to open the morning class with prayers. To his mind this was superfluous. He could not see any necessary connection between prayer and Euclid. He contented himself with the Lord's Prayer. Over and over again have I heard Gloag say: 'For Thine is the kingdom, the pōōr ānd the glōry. Nōō tak your slates, lads. Amen.' I see that a confirmation of this is given in the biography of the late Archdeacon Hannah. He had great faith in that abominable instrument of torture, the *tawse*. A general impression prevailed amongst us that the ends were *pickled*, or subjected to some occult hardening process. Milder punishment was: 'Noō, lad, cōpy down the first sax sōōms on the bōōrd, and bring them nicely written out in the morning.' To me personally he was, in more than one way, considerate and kind. I suffered much from rheumatic gout, as did he occasionally. He used to call me 'puir lad,' and I often pleaded my gout as my reason for not mastering the *pons asinorum*. He was considerate, because on the days of public examination, on which he was anxious to show off his class, he *never saw me*! He used to pass me over as if I did not exist. This was an astute and simple way of averting any reply on my part

which might not have redounded to his credit. Years afterwards, when revisiting the Academy, no heartier reception did anyone ever receive than I at his hands: 'Hoot, lad! but I am right glad to see you.' The class attended on one occasion the funeral of one of its masters. One boy in particular was affected to tears. A hand was laid on his shoulder. It was Gloag's. 'Dinna greet, lad; dinna greet. When ye are as auld as me, ye'll no greet for anybody.' Peace to his memory! A warm, kindly heart beat, as it often does, under a rugged exterior.

Our elocution master was Mr. Calvert. Many are indebted to him for teaching us 'which be the first principles of reading' or speaking in public. Might not elocution be, with advantage, part of every boy's education, especially if he be destined for the ministry? How important it is to know how to use your voice, how to speak with clear articulation and to make yourself heard! How many betray the want of such instruction in the reading of the lessons, in the devout rendering of our beautiful Liturgy, and in preaching! I write from the experience of one who has preached in almost every cathedral in England, and conducted a mission in the largest parish church in the kingdom, that of Great Yarmouth, where at the concluding service 6,000 were gathered together.

As a rule, the larger the building, the less loud you should speak. Many, seeing before them a large congregation, such as at our great parish churches of Leeds, Grantham, Sheffield, Doncaster, Halifax, Beverley, Hull, think it necessary to shout. The result is they are not heard. They become hoarse, more like fog-horns at sea, through sheer exhaustion and over-strained vocal organs. It is distinctness and deliberation of articulation which tells. How clearly Dean Stanley, of weak voice, was heard all over Westminster Abbey! It is an advantage also to have an ear for music. Every building has its distinct note, and a musical ear may soon discover what that note is. So far as my experience goes, the most difficult of all Cathedrals in

which to preach is the nave of York Minster, for there you have a real *echo*, as distinct from *resonance*. Preaching in a strange church, the reading of a lesson, or even the prayer or invocation before the sermon, enables one to discover the acoustic properties of the building.

Another important matter is to be *natural*. I have not much liking for such reading of the Liturgy as is suggested in Garrick's Manual. You can soon tell who has been manipulated by a professed elocutionist. The style is often, if not affected, yet unnatural. There is also need, especially in intoning, to speak or intone with a full chest and deep inhalation. At one time I was anxious to have, as I had every prospect of having, a minor canonry in Westminster Abbey. I could have held it together with my church, St. Philip's, Regent Street. My dear friend George Repton, whose house in the Cloisters I occupied by permission of the Dean and Chapter for two years, offered to ask his friend Signor Brizzi to hear and judge of my voice. Brizzi at that time was in great vogue in London. His usual fee was £3 3s. an hour or even half-hour. He most kindly declined any fee, but told me his visit must be brief. This is what took place in the space of about five minutes: 'Now, sair, let me hear you sing. Ah! you do take your breath from *here*,' putting his finger on my gullet; 'you vill please onbutton your vaistcoat and take your breath from *dere*,' prodding his forefinger into the pit of my stomach. 'If you vill do that, you vill do the rest.' It was a lesson as valuable as it was brief. I have never forgotten it. I do not find it absolutely necessary during Divine service to 'onbutton my vaistcoat,' but I know it is well to *fill the chest*.

Calvert did not think the opening prayer superfluous. I am sorry to record of him that he regarded it as a good and seasonable opportunity for a lesson in recitation. We naughty boys took full advantage of this. He would begin: "Our Father, who art in heaven"—Attention, sir!—"hallowed be Thy Name"—Your conduct is disgraceful,

sir!—"Thy kingdom come"—You shall be most severely punished, sir;" and so on to the end. I hear him uttering these clauses, not devoutly, but as if giving us a lesson in elocution. We played pranks as boys only can during the delivery, but not one boy would have so misconducted himself if he had not felt that Calvert was giving a lesson in elocution and not *praying*. Monsieur Senéquier was our French master. Few things irritated him more than to be addressed as 'Mr. Snibby.' Woe betide the boy who made grammatical or other mistakes on June 18! He always took that opportunity with us of avenging Waterloo. Our German master was Dr. Nachot, very innocent, and we nearly killed him. I must not put into the text my stories about him, and, indeed, like many stories, they cannot be told adequately on paper. My valued friend Dean Hole and I never meet without his asking me to narrate to him, for his delectation, my stories about Nachot.

It was not from malice or any personal dislike that we took advantage of Nachot's innocence, and that he had a lively time with us. It was all pure, unmitigated, boyish fun. My latest recollection of him—and he had a secret liking for me—was his taking infinite pains with my recitation of the 'Erl King' in German on Exhibition Day. I was 'dux' of his class, and he seemed to have regarded my mischievous and most unworthy self as his most promising and hopeful pupil. He was particularly solicitous that I should say '*sohn*' with soft and not hard accent. I had been taught in my childhood differently, and it was a struggle on that day, but I bethought me, as I stood on the platform, of my misdeeds towards Nachot, and gratified him. I saw his eyes gleam with satisfaction when I said '*sohn*' softly.

Fresh from our pranks and victories with Nachot, we went on to Mr. Trotter, a very different man! Trotter was very tall, very bony, and had great length of limb. When he rose to speak, it might have been said of him, as a witty lawyer said of a long-limbed friend: 'My friend

will now address you at great length.' His Scotch accent was as broad as it was possible to be. His opening the class with extempore prayer was characterized by one favourite sentence, during the saying of which he kept one eye upon us, lest we should misconduct ourselves. Searching us with it, like the searchlight of an ironclad, I see and hear him saying: 'Kēēp us as the öpple of an eye.'

We took the earliest opportunity of finding out how far we might go with Trotter in the direction of pranks. Our first attempt was nipped in the bud. We were seated on a form which creaked. Enough for us. Every possible pretext was found for making that form creak. Trotter bore it for some time patiently, but at last the noise became intolerable. 'Hoot, my lads!' he said; 'I am so sorry for you the day. That form is möst annoying. Get up, lads, and let's see what ails the form.' Up we all jumped with alacrity. 'Noo, lads, ye'll just bide where you are for the rest of the hōör, and maybe that most vaxätious form will nō inconvanience you.' We had measured swords. It was Greek meeting Greek. We were most careful to sit quiet for the future. He was a most painstaking teacher, and we discovered that he used the same 'crib' to Sandford's 'Greek Exercises' as we did. No question, therefore, was ever raised as to the correctness of our translations. Such of my quondam schoolfellows as remain will remember the sore trouble I was to him. His favourite punishment for restless me was: 'Get up, lad, and stand for half an hour on one leg like a hen,' a very difficult matter, resulting in a sort of hop-scotch about the class-room.

I had been taught at Cheltenham to pronounce Latin after the English fashion. He insisted on my pronouncing it after the Italian fashion. I could not, of a sudden, leave off my evil ways. Losing all patience with me, he broke out thus, in the presence of all the class: 'Hoot, Pigou, lad, but you're built on a most sändy fööndätion.' I had to ask my father if he could explain that. I see him now, sitting in front of me, pointing at me contemptuously with

his extraordinarily long leg and toe, and thus denouncing me when I sought to justify my pronunciation: 'Noo, lad, the vāry fact of your having said that condāms you on the spōt.'

I had no very extensive knowledge of geography. The locale of certain places does not come to you innately, intuitively. We were reading Demosthenes. The name 'Bosphorus' occurred. Suddenly addressing me, he said: 'Nōō, Pigou, tell us all where the Bōsphorus is.' I had not the faintest idea. I could not remember that I had ever heard of such a place. It might be anywhere. I appealed to the boy next to me: 'Where is this beastly place?' Putting his hand to his mouth, he whispered into my ear. Thoroughly relying on the accuracy of his information, I replied: 'Please, sir, the Bosphorus is on the coast of Sussex.' There was a short pause. Every hair on Trotter's head, short as it was, stood erect and bristling. As he slowly took in my reply, he gave vent to his amazement: 'You mōnstrous lad! the Bōsphorus on the coast of Sussex! Hoo could you put your mōōth about to say sich an awful thing? Haud oot your hand.' I assured him I knew no better, which was too evident; that I had not said this for fun; that it would be amongst his death-bed regrets if he punished me; that the Bible made allowance for 'sins of ignorance,' and much to the same effect. He put his tawse back into his pocket with a long-drawn sigh, and, I am thankful to say, never again asked me a question in geography.

He was amusingly quaint. In translating he used to soliloquize after this fashion: 'Coom, Mr. Tacitus, coom, give us another word to help us. You're most vaxātiously tērse the day.' Of Cicero he would exclaim: 'Oh, Mr. Cicero, ye're most partial to that word "videātur." He made feeble attempts at punning. We, of course, pretended not to see at what he was driving. We came across the word 'occurrit.' It was a rule laid strictly down to avoid, in translating, a word exactly like the original Greek or

Latin. He was puzzled. He did not think of 'it happened' or 'it fell on a day.' We suggested these. At last, after anxious thought, he said: 'It occurs to me, lads, that when Mr. Cicero penned this passage, he just put his head on his hand' (suiting the action to the word) 'and said: "It occurs to me that I will put *'occurrit.'*"' We none of us saw it.

I wish I could in writing convey any idea of the manner in which he recited. It was infinite fun; we therefore encouraged him to give us a 'recitation.' His favourite pieces were: 'To be or not to be,' 'I see before me the gladiator lie.' He occasionally honoured me, to the great amusement of the class, with a recitation of my prize poem on the loss of the *Great Britain*. Of that poem I can honestly say that no one was more astonished than myself on hearing that it had gained the prize! I have always felt it should have been awarded to De Chaumont. Mine was, if I may so call it, 'a family poem,' 'a hymen of my own composure,' as an old parish clerk once gave out. There are 'family pills,' the relationship and use of which I have never been able to comprehend. There are 'family grocers.' My poem, which gained the prize and was recited on Exhibition Day, was a 'family poem.' My father, coming home from his club, would say: 'Put down those lines, Frank; I thought over them walking home.' My sister would say: 'Put in these lines, Frank; I composed them whilst dressing.' So frequent were the contributions that I was obliged at last to mark off what were really my own lines. I claim the closing lines with the touching leave-taking of Dr. Cox and his daughter, in which I represented the *Great Britain* as foundering hopelessly and sunk for ever in Dundrum Bay. She has taken many journeys since. Dear Trotter! *Au fond* a kindly soul. He has long since passed away where he cannot be vexed by incorrect pronunciation, by the terseness of Tacitus, or the wordiness of Cicero. We mourned his departure as of a friend.

Dr. Hannah told us of a mother calling on him to inquire

about her son, his capabilities, progress, etc. He could not say much in his favour, seeing that he generally occupied the lowest place of 'booby.'

'How is my dear boy getting on, Dr. Hannah?' 'Well, madam, fairly well, fairly well; but he is certainly below par.' 'Oh, really,' she replied. 'Now, do tell me who is that boy Par. I should very much like to know what advantages he has had.' It reminds us of the child remonstrated with by its parents for not gaining prizes: 'You see, dear, little Robinson gains prizes.' 'Yes, mamma, but then think what clever parents Robinson has!'

Dr. Payne Smith, late Dean of Canterbury, preceded Dr. Hannah as Rector, and during my last year at the Academy I was in his class. Ever since those days until his death we maintained a friendship which I greatly valued. I was his guest on the occasion of my addressing some 800 Lay Helpers in Canterbury Cathedral. Preaching in the late Canon Hoare's church at Tunbridge Wells, on the occasion of the aggregate clerical meeting, I stood within the altar-rails as Dean of Chichester, together with my quondam master, the Dean of Canterbury. How little could I have foreseen this in the days when I was his pupil! I see him now, intent on his Syriac Lexicon, of which only 250 copies were to be printed, aided and abetted by one of his daughters, herself no mean Syriac scholar. Seeing that only 250 copies were to be published, and, for the most part, to be consigned to college libraries or museums, it was in truth a 'labour of love.'

It was when at the Academy that I was confirmed. I had absolutely *no preparation* for this crisis, as it may be, under God, in the spiritual life. How many, seeing the pains we take now with our candidates, have deplored the want of due preparation for that solemn rite when they were young! If we regard Confirmation as the supplement of Holy Baptism, as the occasion when we personally and consciously fulfil its vows, no longer by proxy, but intelligently, with our own lips, what a golden opportunity for



encouraging youth to resolve on a consecrate life and decision for Christ is irrevocably lost if there be no prayerful preparation for it!

My own practice has been to give not less than two months of instruction and of devotional exercises, so that a vow may not be rash, but well considered. My most devoted and faithful workers, especially of my Sunday-school teachers and visitors, were my confirmees. I intimated to a clergyman, who shall be nameless, my wish to present myself for confirmation. He said: 'Oh, all right.' I said: 'Is there no class held for preparation?' 'Well,' he replied, 'you are in the head class at the Academy, are you not?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Oh, that is all right. You will do.' Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I asked him: 'Could you tell me the latest theory or view of "demoniacal possession"?' Very much puzzled, he replied: 'It is not necessary to know that for your confirmation. But here is your ticket.' I have a dim recollection of kneeling down at the altar-rails in St. Paul's, Edinburgh, and of Bishop Terrott, the Bishop of Edinburgh, with enormous lawn sleeves, laying hands upon me. *Voilà tout!* Years afterwards I conducted the mission in that same church.

I must not omit the mention of the janitor, commonly called Jerry, and of his good-natured better half. At the Janitor's lodge we invested our pocket-money in 'baps,' 'parliament,' rye-rolls, five balls, 'clackers,' etc. His real name was Pinkerton. He had lost his right hand, and into the wooden stump was screwed a formidable hook of steel, with which he performed wonders. On this hook he carried the ponderous keys of the different class-rooms. If a boy's nose bled, Jerry would thrust his 'cauld cleek' down the patient's back. If this did not stop the bleeding a couple of class-room keys were tried. He, too, has passed away, well beloved of all boys.

'Say, where are they—the joyful crowd  
That filled those halls with glee,  
Whose joyful sports and voices loud  
Resounded merrily?'

With the Edinburgh Academy I bring my schoolboy days to a close and turn down this page in my life. Puerile, trifling, as much I have recorded may appear to some, yet a truthful record of boyhood may have its interest for others. To me my earlier life has been so strangely linked with my later, not by natural links only but by being called of God to minister for Him amidst its past scenes, that I may perhaps be pardoned for indulging in these recollections of the past, and contrasting them with their later associations.

It was at Edinburgh that I began, I think, to realize how much, under God, depended on my own assiduity, and that 'God helps those who help themselves.' Within certain limits, self-reliance ought to be largely encouraged. My father used to say: 'If you want a thing done, do it, if you can, yourself.' 'We live,' says Robertson, 'at first by instinct, then we look in, feel ourselves, ask what we are, whence we came, and whither we are bound.' It certainly was so with myself. It may, perhaps, be too much to expect of one 'in his teens' to think very seriously of life, and to resolve to make the best use of it, especially if you find yourself with others who, for the greater part, think and act as boys do. But if between fifteen and twenty, when we 'come to years of discretion,' our thoughts do not shape themselves into some strong and holy resolve, when will they? I have more faith in plodding perseverance, in 'not despising the day of small things,' than in what in boyhood is brilliant, and carries all before it. 'Glory,' says Robertson, 'to intellect and genius; but glory to gentleness and patience!' It is steady work which in the long-run tells. When Vicar of Doncaster I used to hear that the horse that won the two-mile race was often not fit for much afterwards. A boy at school who is content to feel he has no great talent, and must lag behind in the competition of school-life, is sore handicapped.

It may no longer be so, probably is not, but I cannot, looking back on my school-life, recall a single word of

encouragement spoken to me by my different masters. A master is naturally drawn to, and takes more personal interest in the brilliant boy than in the dullard. He is likely to do him more credit. But alas for the boy who is just one of the many, and does not on prize-day carry off prize after prize! I was never really *idle*. I was taught from my childhood not to *waste* anything. My old school-books are well thumbed and underscored. I used to sit up far into the night, sometimes until two in the morning, studying and working at my lessons. Some time ago, visiting 'for auld lang syne' our former butler, he said: 'Well, sir, I always said something must come of all your hard reading in those days.' If these reminiscences should fall into the hands of some schoolmasters, let me put in a plea, a word for lads like myself, and persuade them to speak from time to time a word of kindly encouragement, not only to the 'dux,' but to one who is likely to be found somewhere between 'dux' and 'booby.'

Our house in Rutland Square was, if ever house was, haunted. Mrs. Crowe, authoress of the 'Night Side of Nature,' used to visit us in quest of the ghost, which rapped loudly at our doors at dead of night. I have heard this myself constantly. We had detectives; we had the floor sanded; we did everything we could think of to discover the cause of this knocking. The family who came after us would not remain. The wildest of all suggestions was that it was due to *rats*! Who ever heard of or saw a *rat* clinging to a centre panel of a door and *knocking* with foot or tail so loudly as to awake a whole household out of midnight sleep? I said to our former butler when last I saw him in Edinburgh: 'You know, Andrew, I always thought that it was some foolish trick of yours.' 'Nay, Mr. Frank, I've just laid shivering and sweating in my bed with fright when I heard that awfu' knocking.'

Some ghosts can be accounted for; *e.g.*, I was sitting alone in my study at Doncaster Vicarage, and heard a bell ringing upstairs. I knew it was not the front-door bell. My wife

and children were from home. Hearing whispering outside my door, I found my servants huddled together, pale with fright. I persuaded them to accompany me upstairs, whence the sound proceeded, and, sure enough, the tongue of the bell was moving, but the bell-rope was not. I have no doubt that, owing to a sudden change of the weather that day, a wire had relaxed and had set the bell ringing. A guest of Colonel Meyrick at his beautiful house near Welsh Bicknor, I was assigned a room reputed to be haunted. I was told I should hear a mysterious *ticking*, but 'I was not to mind it.' I did hear the ticking, and traced it at last to a loose bit of wood in the bedstead, which moved even at my breathing. I was put into the haunted room of Ripley Castle. I did not like it. I drew the curtains of an old four-poster, in which some King of England slept, and took the poker with me to bed. I was told the ghost always appeared at twelve punctually. There were some ten or twelve clocks in the Castle, none of them striking together. My agony was therefore prolonged. But at last these clocks ceased striking, and no ghost appeared! This was accounted for by Lady Ingilby saying to me next morning: 'I ought to have told you the ghost only appears to members of the family.' How much anxiety she would have saved me, 'shivering and sweating in my bed,' if she had told me this the night before!

Personally I am not indisposed to believe in the possibility of 'appearances,' or to ridicule those who do. The *cui bono* may be asked, but it does not dispose of what is often stated on testimony which cannot well and consistently be discredited. To this day we have never been able to explain what every member of the family in our house in Rutland Square heard.

Whenever I could I went to hear some of the most famed preachers in Edinburgh. I have often heard Dr. Candlish and Dr. Guthrie. The latter, who did so great a work in instituting Ragged Schools, was a most striking and picturesque preacher, and had a large following. He certainly

carried out quaint Fuller's saying that 'arguments are the pillars of a sermon, and illustrations the stained-glass windows.' I followed Dr. Chalmers to his grave. I used to devour his writings. They say that his delivery made his hearers oblivious or unaware of his ponderous sentences. In the earlier part of my own ministry I had fallen unconsciously into his style. When Mr. Gurney was Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, I applied for the vacant curacy. He asked me to send him one of my sermons. His own style was terse, more like that of 'Mr. Tacitus.' He returned me my sermon, and wrote, 'that it had nearly taken away his breath to read it; that he looked in vain for a single full stop.' I did not obtain the curacy!

How some preachers revel in long sentences, and how altered is the character nowadays of preaching! I suppose Melvill would find now but few hearers. I never heard him preach, though familiar with his sermons. I was associated with him, with Miller of Greenwich, and others, on the first Committee of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, and well remember his interesting face. One of the longest and most ponderous sentences I have myself ever heard, for the accuracy of which I can vouch, as I took it down at the time, was this: 'This, my brethren, is the true explanation of the great Catholic doctrine of the hypostatic union of anthropomorphised nature.' If Dr. McNeece had said briefly 'of the Incarnation,' how much more simple and intelligible it would have been! But by far the most unintelligible sentence I have ever met with was in a critique in connection with the Popular Concerts. An analysis of the music to be performed generally accompanies the programme sold. Someone had severely criticised a particular composer, and his friend evidently resented the criticism. The following therefore would be called a 'hyper-criticism.' I give the *verba ipsissima*: 'Such a plethora of homologation is worse than the reticence of a *grippe sou*; "better," says De Balzac, "*quinquenader* than *quinquenoder*.'" It far surpasses Daniel O'Connell's closing denunciation. He had upset an apple-

woman's stall. She treated him to 'apple sauce,' heaping upon his devoted head every form of malediction. But he had his sixty-ton gun in reserve. When she had quite exhausted her choice *répertoire* he fired: 'Well, I tell you what you are—you are an *isosceles triangle*!' That broke her spirit.

I was under the impression that written sermons were almost forbidden in the Scotch Church, and that extempore preaching was *de rigueur*. I noticed lately, attending a Presbyterian service, that the sermon was written and, I thought, wanting in animation. Of the many good stories I have heard, this of a Scotch minister is one. On entering the vestry he found that he had omitted to bring his manuscript. Much exercised thereby, he said to the people: 'I'm vāry sorry, my friends, to have to tell you that I have mislaid my mānuscript. I must, therefore, this morning júst say to you what the Lord may put into my mōōth; but I trust I shall come this afternoon better provided!'

I have often marvelled at the intellectual and mental capacities of a Scotch congregation, at their 'staying powers.' No wonder they call or used to call a service 'a diet.' At Killin, I remember, a full service in Gaelic followed almost immediately on the English service; there was scarce time to ventilate the building. In Edinburgh I remember how quickly one service followed on the other. What could be the reason for it? There yet exist churches in England where the three services, evidently intended to be held separately, are crowded into one. When will the day come when we shall exercise more common-sense and cease to put so severe a strain on devotion? Can we wonder, when we recall what many of us had to endure as children, perhaps in some ill-ventilated church, with cramped accommodation, wearied out, that many in after-years cease attending Divine service? Take a cathedral, where there has already been an early celebration. In some cathedrals still we have Morning Prayers, the Canticles and *Te Deum* to some long setting, the Litany, Ante-Communion office, sermon, offertory, prayer

for the Church Militant, and second Celebration! At Chichester, service commencing at 10.30 was rarely over before 1 p.m. It was so at Bristol before I altered it. Is there any necessity, or any sense, in praying in our Service five times for the Queen, and saying the Lord's Prayer six times over? Is it that we think we shall be 'heard for our much speaking'? I am satisfied that these long services, this 'vain repetition,' this strain on devotion, is most prejudicial to our spiritual life. We are not angels who worship without weariness. The amended Act of Uniformity was a step in the right direction, but we want still larger liberty and greater elasticity. Amongst the questions which are forcing themselves on public attention, that of too long services must be practically dealt with; for we cannot ignore the fact that the inordinate length of Divine Service has not a little to do with so many 'going nowhere.'

The longest Service I ever attended, or rather in part attended, was one which I have sometimes described, but of which I have not met with an explanation. I heard there was to be a 'religious soirée' at one of the churches in Edinburgh. My cousin and I arranged to attend it. Outside the doors were two men in front of large sugar-barrels. On presenting a sixpence each, we were given a bag containing some biscuits, raisins, figs, and an orange. The church was densely crowded. A very strong odour of peppermint lozenges pervaded the building. Two thousand persons singing the Old Hundredth, with peppermint-flavoured breaths, is most overpowering! In front of the pulpit a table was laid, and spread with much the same as the contents of our bags. A door opened, and *six* preachers filed solemnly in. One went into the pulpit, the other five seated themselves at the table, and sucked oranges while their brother was preaching. His subject was 'Predestination.' He was exactly three-quarters of an hour getting through his definition of 'predestination!' My cousin and I exchanged glances. There was a mutual understanding in

that glance. We pressed our bags on the acceptance of our neighbours, and, much I fear to the disgust of the congregation, *fled*. I never heard at what hour that service ended. No one can tell me what the service was.

A very marked change has, within my own observation, come over the Presbyterian Church in the last few years. The services are much shorter. I notice that many hymns and tunes are taken out of some of our best-known collections. The singing is not led by the Precentor. Tate and Brady, in the old 'Paraphrases,' are gradually falling into desuetude. Passing a Drysalter's warehouse, someone asked Samuel Wilberforce what a 'Drysalter' was. He replied: 'Tate and Brady!' An organ has found its way, as also a liturgical service, into Glasgow Cathedral. Harmoniums are in very general use in parish churches. An organ used to be regarded with abhorrence. 'A kist of whistles' expressed the contempt in which it was held. One of our servants was persuaded by me to go and hear an organ. She remarked on her return from church that 'it was vâry fôine, but it was an *awfu'* way of *spending the Sawbath*.'

It must be a great relief in many ways to be allowed to use or fall back on some form of a 'pre-composed' liturgy. A Nonconformist minister confided to me that the having to offer up two or three extempore prayers Sunday after Sunday, with deacons criticising their efforts and their 'praying power,' was a great strain, and might lead to much unreality.

The erection of St. Mary's Cathedral in Edinburgh marks a very important era in that city. I was present at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone.

I have more than once preached to some two thousand people at St. Mary's, and could not but notice the large proportion of young persons present. Under the assiduous care of my valued friend, the late Dean Montgomery, seconded by his Chapter, the Cathedral and its Services, frequent, reverent, and impressive, cannot fail to affect the



religious life of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood. The contrast between the life and glow of the Cathedral Service with that held in Presbyterian churches cannot but be felt, and is sure to attract the rising generation. So far as I could hear, no ill-will is borne towards the Cathedral by the Established Church. How difficult it is to realize that we are regarded as Dissenters in Scotland, and our churches are called chapels!

My father was very partial to D. T. K. Drummond and his ministry. Dean Ramsay was in those days at St. John's; Mr. Drummond officiated at St. Thomas's. I was one of his Sunday-school teachers in the memorable room underneath the chapel. There were no wine-vaults, as in my church, St. Philip's, Regent Street, suggestive of profane remarks touching 'spirits above and spirits below!' It was while we were in Edinburgh that Mr. Drummond seceded from the Scottish Episcopal Church, and his secession excited no small stir among the people. It was not on doctrinal grounds, but on the question of his liberty to hold prayer-meetings without necessarily using the Book of Common Prayer. His congregation, always crowded, remained faithful to, as they sympathized with, him. It is difficult for us to believe that such Episcopal bigotry and tyranny could be. He was a most able and faithful preacher, and exemplary for his personal piety.

When last in Edinburgh I heard that an effort was on foot on the part of the clergy and congregation at St. Thomas's to rejoin the communion of the Episcopal Church. In Mr. Drummond's time no such reconciliation would have been possible. How strongly, rightly or wrongly, he felt on the subject may be judged from the fact that, when I was conducting the mission in 1876 at St. Paul's, he forbade his curate, Mr. Scott Moncrieff, to attend the service, an inhibition which led, not unnaturally, to their parting company. This was not worthy of Drummond. He has passed away, and I would remember only what was best in him and most worth remembering: how his sermons and personal piety

impressed me for good, and how my father and mother valued his ministry.

It was determined to have a Church Congress in Edinburgh. How little, then a lad at the Academy, could I have realized that I should be invited, together with the late Bishop Titcomb of cherished memory, the present Archbishop of York, and one or two others, to attend and speak at that Congress! I read a paper on 'Missions.' Moody and Sankey were at that time holding revival services in Edinburgh, and attracting large crowds. Some of the Bishops requested Maclagan and myself to attend one or more of their services, and to judge for them how far a mission, conducted on Church lines, would be likely, under God, to commend itself to the Episcopal Church. We both felt that Edinburgh was ripe for a mission. If the Scotch, proverbially cautious and phlegmatic, flocked in crowds to services such as were held by Moody and Sankey, and undoubtedly owned of God, we felt that a similar effort, only of a more sober character, would not fail of success. It was therefore held, under the auspices and presidency of the late Bishop Cotterell. Dr. Maclagan, assisted by my quondam curate, Dr. Kennion, Bishop of Bath and Wells, conducted it at St. John's. I was invited to conduct it at St. Paul's, of which Dean Montgomery was the Incumbent, the church in which I was confirmed. The mission held throughout the Episcopal churches was remarkably owned and blessed of God. The memory of it abides to this very day. So impressed by it were many of the Presbyterian ministers who attended the services, that the idea, embodied in a letter to me to that effect, was seriously entertained of establishing in Edinburgh some organization by which parochial missions should be more or less permanently recognised and periodically held, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But there were practical difficulties which can readily be understood.

I have had frequent occasion to revisit Edinburgh. I

never revisit it without finding my way to the Academy and going over the classroom, changed and yet unchanged—

‘The schoolboy scenes we ne’er forget,  
Though there we be forgot.’

I look at our house in Rutland Square and wonder if the ghost is weary of knocking, or has been exorcised. I never pass St. Thomas’s without looking into the church, somewhat restored, and refreshing my recollections of its Sunday-school by a visit to the schoolroom below, the occasion of Drummond’s controversy with the prelacy.

I have preserved throughout all the years since my boyhood days two letters written to me on quitting the Academy; one by my old schoolfellow Robert Hutchinson. It will show that boys at school can

‘Ply their daily tasks with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.’

The other is from Mr. Drummond. Bridging over in thought the years that have elapsed since it was written by his hand, now crumbled into dust, I humbly hope that the benediction of one at whose lips I learned so much of the things that accompany salvation has followed and rested on me throughout a chequered life and varied ministry.

*Letter from Robert Hutchinson.*

‘MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

‘I must not let you off without getting your address in Dublin. I shall feel quite lonely when you are gone. I hope we shall be allowed to meet again below, but if not, how glorious a thing if we are allowed to meet above, in that glorious, holy place! I shall ever remember you, dear friend, in my prayers, and take a deep interest in your welfare, temporal and spiritual. Farewell.

‘With much love, I remain,

‘Your very affectionate friend,

‘R. HUTCHINSON.’

*Letter from Rev. D. T. K. Drummond.*

‘My DEAR FRANK,

‘I enclose a note for Dr. Singer, Professor of Divinity, Trinity College, Dublin, which you will try to deliver in person. When you get to Dublin, if you find out anything in which I can be of the least service to you, by writing or otherwise, remember you are conferring a favour on me by asking me to assist you. I can never forget you. You and I have met often together in the sanctuary, in the public work of the ministry. We have often met in the more private examination of God’s Word in classes. We have, above all, met more than once at the table of the Lord. And yet once more we shall meet, I trust, at the Throne of God. I pray for you, beloved young friend, that you may find, as I do for myself, that we may each be led every day to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; that every day we may take up our cross and follow Christ; that every day we may be “careful to maintain good works” and “let our light shine.” And then our final meeting shall be one of unutterable joy; our communion then shall be perfect, because all sin shall be taken away, and we shall with one consent confess “Worthy the Lamb.”

‘May every spiritual blessing in Christ Jesus be your portion in this life, and the “purchased possession” your heritage in the life to come. And believe me always,

‘Most affectionately yours,

‘D. T. K. DRUMMOND.”

\* D. T. K. D. stood to some of his dearest friends (so writes a correspondent) for *Dear, Tender, Kind* Drummond.

## CHAPTER VII

DUBLIN, 1850—1854

The University—English boys' disadvantages—Fellows and tutors—Divinity School—Controversy: its necessity and effects—Our cook—Religious plays—Pictures—Stained-glass windows—Personal application—Archbishops Whately, Trench, Plunket—Botany Bay—University concerts and Big Tom—Examinations and replies—Current sayings—Reflections.

FROM Edinburgh we migrated to Dublin. Acting on Mr. Drummond's advice, in which my father had great confidence, he decided on my passing through the curriculum at Trinity College, more particularly because of the high repute its Divinity School then enjoyed and still maintains.

Not a little prejudice existed, and even still exists, against the sister University on the part of men who have graduated at Oxford or Cambridge. To graduate, if you are of English parentage, at any other than at one of our own Universities, is to estrange yourself from that sympathy and fellowship which is theirs who have been educated at the same school or college. If asked, as I have often been, 'Are you Oxford or Cambridge?' and you reply, 'No, I graduated at Dublin,' the remark that generally follows is: 'Oh, ah, Dublin.' Some have gone so far as in a well-meant but condescending tone to say, 'Well, Dublin has turned out some good men.'

English myself, I cannot say that to have graduated at Trinity has in any way, of which I am aware, affected my interests in after-life. At one time English bishops were supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be not over well affected towards Dublin men, and not particularly anxious that they should seek ordination or curacies in their dioceses. The only disadvantage—and I allow it to be one—is that you are not in touch in after-life with graduates of Oxford

or Cambridge. There is something that you have not in common with them. Notwithstanding at our tercentenary dinner, held not long ago in the Middle Temple Hall, Lord Ashbourne in the chair, I confess that, sitting at the high table, I was honestly proud to be of those who assembled on that interesting occasion from all parts of the world to do honour to Trinity College, Dublin.

We lived in Ely Place. It was my lot to enjoy what many think the *beau idéal* of youth's opportunity, viz., to have the influence and surroundings of your own home together with the discipline and training outside the lesser world of school or college. At no time, probably, was Trinity College in higher repute than at the time I matriculated. For Provosts we had in succession Dr. MacDonnell and Dr. Lloyd. Dr. Lloyd's treatises on 'Light and Vision,' and on 'The Elements of Optics,' are recognised text-books. For Fellows and Professors we had Jellett, Salmon (the present Provost), Galbraith, Haughton, Butcher, McNeece, Lee, Singer, Todd, Sadler, Graves, Carson, the brothers Roberts, and others, of whose names, writings and general reputation any University might well be proud. Dr. Salmon's mathematical works are text-books at the English Universities, as also are those of Galbraith and Haughton. Lee on Inspiration, Graves on the Pentateuch, Professor Jellett's writings, are familiar to theologians. More than one, like my Divinity lecturer, Dr. Butcher, were raised to the Bench.

It has often been remarked with regret that men of such attainments, in all departments of knowledge, as the Fellows of Trinity have not given to the world more results of their varied and extensive knowledge. Hence it is that Trinity College has been dubbed the 'silent sister.' The qualifications for a Fellowship of Trinity are probably more requiring, and the examinations more severe, than those of any University in the world. The Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, are known as 'all-round men.' I selected Dr. Carson as my tutor, and, anxious to save my father's purse, went in for

a sizarship. The examination had not proceeded for ten minutes before I discovered that I had about as much chance of gaining a sizarship, which meant free education, as I had of becoming Provost. The fact is that it is very rarely that one brought up in our English schools gains honours at Trinity College, Dublin. They have, in fact, little or no chance with boys who come up from the private schools in Ireland, from the three Royal schools of Armagh, Dungannon, and Enniskillen, or from the Erasmus schools of Tipperary, Drogheda, Dundalk, and Ennis.

The subjects of examination which are the groundwork of sizarship or scholarship are so familiar to Irish students, that I found them saying off by heart, and scarcely referring to the text, long passages of the classics! Accustomed as I had been laboriously, after English or Scotch fashion, to translate word by word, the examiners were naturally impatient of my slow ways. I saw at once that an English student was heavily handicapped, and that I must be content with passing without honours. What, however, I have found to have been of such value throughout a subsequent long and varied ministry is the first-rate *grounding* which Trinity College, Dublin, gives in her Divinity School. If destined for the ministry, the study of theology is interwoven with the whole of your undergraduate course. After taking your B.A. degree, you have to study theology *exclusively* two years; the first year Natural, the second Revealed, religion.

The books in which you are examined are confessed standard works, and the examinations are very severe. No theological college, such as at Leeds and Wells, is needed for Trinity College, Dublin, after leaving the University. The five years of curriculum at Dublin cover all. I have found this also, that the books we had to study were of a nature to guide you for future studies. You came to discern instinctively what would be of use, and what not. Lord Malmesbury spoke truly when he said that 'a knowledge of reference is knowledge.' The shelves of one's

library show how one had learned to distinguish between mere 'goody-goody' and solid religious literature.

Of the happy blending of the Applied Sciences with a classical education, which is another feature of the Trinity College curriculum, I do not write, save to say that, while in so limited a time you cannot go more than ankle-deep into the waters of Science, yet opportunity is there given for the encouragement, as in my own case, of scientific pursuits, if such be your taste and bent of mind.

The defect in the theological course at Trinity College, Dublin—it may since my day have been remedied—was that we were not encouraged to identify ourselves more closely and individually with some parish under the guidance of a well-known parish priest, so that by teaching in schools, visiting sick, and attending or even holding classes, we might have gained an insight into the *practical* work of the ministry. It is one thing to have so read Butler's 'Analogy,' Pearson on the Creed, Magee on the Atonement, Lee on Inspiration, Harold Browne on the Thirty-nine Articles, and Hooker, as to be able to quote the *ipsissima verba* of these well-known theologians; it is another to be brought face to face with poverty, sickness, vice, and to have some insight into the discouraging as well as encouraging facts of parochial life. It is not only that in the course of pastoral visits you constantly meet with confirmation of the truth of God's Word, but, as is well known, it is often a corrective, if not the solution, of doubts. One much perturbed with doubts sought the advice of a clergyman of large experience. He assigned to her the worst district in his parish as his recipe for her doubts.

At Dublin we of the Divinity School were encouraged to attend those 'free and open' public discussions with Roman Catholics at which one learned, perhaps, more of their tenets than from their standard writings. They were presided over by Mr. McCarthy, a well-known and most skilled controversialist. Exciting as the discussion necessarily was, it was always conducted with good temper and fair-



ness. The hall was generally crowded to excess. You seemed to be breathing at every pore the atmosphere of controversy. As a rule, but not invariably, some subject was selected and publicly advertised. I have seen McCarthy come in late. He would take the chair, and then open the lively proceedings: 'I am sorry to be late, my friends, but I was passing by Westland Row Chapel, and I thought I would just look in and see what they were doing.' He would then narrate what he had seen of ceremony, or heard of doctrine. Someone out of the crowd, not infrequently a priest in disguise, or someone of ability instructed by the priest, would call out: 'Well, and what of that?' Then the ball was set going, the tap was turned on, the hall flooded with argument. More than once, after a prolonged and heated discussion, I have heard McCarthy's antagonist say: 'Och, you've bate me outright!'

Since the disestablishment of the Irish Church much of the controversial spirit which prevailed may, for all I know, have died down; but I well remember in my college days how sandwich-men walked up and down the principal streets of Dublin with large placards offering £10,000 to anyone who could prove the truth of Transubstantiation or any other Rule of Faith than the Bible, etc. The rewards were in proportion to the importance of the subject of controversy. In fact, your eye fell on placards to the same effect on every hoarding. It was often pleaded, in justification of what obtained in Dublin, that Protestants lived as constantly in the presence and activities of Roman Catholicism as in the West Riding of Yorkshire the Established Church is in constant contact with Nonconformity. It would seem impossible to avoid controversy, distasteful as it may be to many minds. The air was charged with electricity. Whatever the advantages of this chronic controversy, it had, I think, its regrettable aspects. It is true that very rarely does the Church of Rome receive as pervers *alumni* of Trinity College, Dublin. We had to study very specially the difference between the Roman and the Reformed

Church. This was necessitated by the prevalence of Roman Catholicism in Ireland, and by the activity of its clergy and propagandists. Great importance was attached to this controversy, and, as may be supposed, the points of difference were constantly dwelt upon in the pulpit. On the other hand, it had its disadvantage. It tended to engender a prejudice against anything in teaching or ritual which, however scriptural and lawful, seemed to approximate Rome. The services, therefore, in our own churches were of a type and tone which with us in England would be characterized as exclusively *Low Church*.

I remember the stir and excitement when Mr. Maturin introduced into his church a service which we should call 'moderate.' Dr. Todd, one of the Senior Fellows, was always suspected of a leaning towards Rome, because of his undisguised sympathy with a more advanced ritual and his less bigoted teaching. Amongst other things which excited surprise was his profound obeisance at the name of our Lord. One student, who has since become famous and developed into an 'extreme ritualist,' made himself very conspicuous by an imitation of Dr. Todd, especially in the reading a lesson in which the name of our Lord occurred. It was never forgotten of him that reading 'for if Jesus had given them rest, he would not have spoken afterward of another day,' he, forgetting that 'Jesus' stood for 'Joshua,' made his obeisance! A clergyman who had taken his D.D. degree went back to his country parish in some remote part of Ireland, and appeared in all the glory of his scarlet hood. The parishioners broke into the vestry and tore it to pieces as 'a rag of Popery,' and part of the vestments of 'the Scarlet Lady.'

I have a very vivid recollection of St. Anne's Church, with three clergy abreast in the reading desk, like three horses in an omnibus, right in front of the Communion-table, so that to turn to the east at the Creed was a sheer impossibility, and there were none of those orderly arrangements that obtain now in Evangelical churches.

I recall in connection with this particular church, which we occasionally attended, two brothers who were twins. What one did the other did. I have heard that if one had a headache the other had a headache also. They were both collecting the alms. As one came up the steps to present them, he tripped and scattered the alms abroad. We felt sure his brother would follow suit. He also tripped, and the alms had with some difficulty to be collected again! The Service in our College Chapel used to be unworthy of the occasion. The effect was not good to see the choir—and how excellent it was with Stewart as organist!—leaving directly after the anthem, to sing in St. Patrick's Cathedral. There was a want of dignity in our Service.

Considering that a large proportion of the students were destined for the ministry, it was not the best type or standard of Service to set before us. I was forcibly struck with this on the occasion of my preaching there some few years ago, when my College conferred on me the degrees of B.D. and D.D. I noticed how irregularly the Fellows and students came in. Accustomed to our more dignified ways at home, with clergy and choir coming in procession as in our Cathedrals and Parish Churches, it seemed to me—forgive me, Alma Mater, for saying so—*slovenly*. But this again may all be traced to the same source, an exaggerated and unreasonable fear of appearing to imitate Rome.

This fear operates in other directions; *e.g.*, a very important part of a Mission is to see persons who are under deep conviction, either in the vestry after Service, or at some appointed time elsewhere. Such may be called 'inquirers.' Curiously enough, no exception was ever taken to Mr. Moody's habitual practice of seeing inquirers. From large experience, I know positively what, under God, a few minutes of a private interview have been to many an anxious soul. It has been a crisis in their spiritual life. Sometimes you discern that they are spiritual invalids, suffering from morbid introspection, 'the heart sad that God would not make sad.' Sometimes you find one waiting for more con-

viction, instead of acting on his present conviction, or another slow to believe in present pardon. I have known not a few, now faithful witnesses and devoted workers for our Lord, whose decision for Him was made on their knees in the private interview. But I felt I should risk the Mission which I conducted at Christ Church, Leeson Park, at my friend Dr. Neligan's church, if I intimated that I would see persons *privately* after service. It would have imperilled the whole Mission, and, most reluctantly, I was constrained to forego what has proved so helpful elsewhere. There would have been the hue and cry of the confessional, priestly absolution, etc., and this notwithstanding my assurance that there were no real grounds for the apprehension. If perhaps in some directions a fear of too close approximation to the teaching and ritual of the Church of Rome be wholesome and well founded, on the other hand, I cannot but think that, in our more enlightened days, the Protestant Church in Ireland might safely and acceptably be more Catholic, both in her teaching and ritual, without compromise of great principles, and without prejudice to that firm attitude towards the Church of Rome which she has always taken.

We had a servant who prayed unceasingly for my conversion to Rome. Archbishop Cullen was to officiate at some great function in Westland Row. The musical part of the Service was to be rendered by famed artistes. Fond of hearing good music, she persuaded me to attend this particular Service. Some considerable time was spent in vesting the Archbishop with vestments, costly and resplendent. Some very beautiful selections were played or sung during the vesting. 'Well,' she said, 'and how did your reverence'—for so she always addressed me, in anticipation—'and how did you like the Service?' 'To tell you the truth,' I replied, 'I went expecting to assist at the worship of God, but it seemed to me that, for some twenty minutes, it was the Archbishop who was being worshipped.' 'Och!' she exclaimed, 'you don't mäne to blaspheme?' Nothing,

I answered her, was further from my thoughts. I proceeded to describe what I had witnessed, particularly the beauty and gorgeousness of the vestments. 'That's it,' she said. 'Now I'll ask your reverence one question. Did not John the Baptist baptize our Lord in the desert?' 'Yes, but what has that to do with it?' 'Well, now, I can tell you this, for you don't seem to know it: *John the Baptist was an Archbishop at the time, and he wore every one of them robes.*' I had my Bible in my hand, and I read: "'The same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins.'" 'Och!' she said, 'that's your Protestant vārsion. It is all wrong.' Allowance must be made for her ignorance. She may have received this impression from what she may have seen in some picture of our Lord's baptism.

I asked a well-known artist how we were to account for the obvious anachronisms of Art. Take, *e.g.*, the publications of the Arundel Society. In representations of the principal events of the history of our Lord, notably in those of the Crucifixion, His cross is almost invariably surrounded by abbots with mitres, and *sœurs de charité* in their distinctive habit! Historically, this cannot be correct. It is justified, so I was given to understand, on the ground that Christ is 'the Christ of all ages, and therefore representations of Him and of His surroundings would be in harmony with the prevailing conceptions of each age.' But how misleading and untrue to fact such a theory must be!

I sometimes wonder how religion has survived religious plays and stained-glass windows. In one play, where the story of the Deluge is dramatized, Noah's wife is represented as *most* unwilling to enter the ark. It is only by the united and strenuous efforts of Shem, Ham, and Japheth that she is at last secured. Noah, in his irritation at his wife's reluctance, calls on *John the Baptist* to come and help! Why should John the Baptist be singled out at one time to represent a fully vested Roman Catholic bishop, at another time to assist in overcoming the obstinacy of Noah's wife?

Stained-glass windows do not, as a rule, bear critical examination. In Doncaster parish church there is a large window in the transept in memory of a well-loved physician, Dr. Scholfield. St. Luke, 'the physician,' is represented as writing his Gospel in a superbly brocaded dressing-gown, with his feet resting on an ox, by way of a footstool. And this because St. Luke's symbol is an ox. Imagine the Gospel according to St. Luke written under such conditions!

I was compelled to insist on either the removal or alteration of a stained-glass window in Halifax parish church, erected at some cost by a local family. It was *supposed* to represent the parable of the Good Samaritan. In the first tableau the young man who started for Jericho was robed in a garment so richly bejewelled as to offer every inducement to thieves to waylay and maltreat him. In the second tableau he was transformed into a young woman, being cudgelled about the head, in a flowing skirt with girdle round her waist. On arrival at the inn, not to speak of the other tableau, the good man looks as discontented at the two pence as a London cabman when you offer him just his fare.

Turning over the leaves of a pictorial Bible, I found David slaying lions in a blue silk doublet, more like that of an acrobat, and his nether garments more like those of a tight-rope dancer. In the same large, handsomely got up pictorial Bible, Lazarus is being carried by angels into Abraham's bosom in *full evening dress, white shirt-front, swallow-tail coat, and patent leather shoes!* I went once with my dear friend, the late Sir Thomas Hare, to the Crystal Palace, particularly to see the pictures. This was years ago. There was a large painting *intended* to represent the Last Judgment. Some prominent figures were, with a host of others, being driven by a troop of horsemen over a precipice into the very depths of hell. A woman, evidently from the country, prepared to admire everything, stood by my side, and said: 'Oh, beautiful picture that, sir! It is

the *charge at Balaclava*, is it not?' I was about to explain, when my friend said, 'Oh yes, my good woman; that is the Duke of Cambridge in the front, and that is Jimmy Macdonald, and those gentlemen are his aides-de-camp.' These were all about to be precipitated below. We left her admiring and reflecting.

There is a window in my former church, St. Philip's, Regent Street, which I put up to my dear first wife's memory. It is a copy of Noel Paton's picture of 'The Good Shepherd.' Sir Noel Paton most kindly gave me permission to have it transferred to glass. It never fails to attract attention, because of its simplicity, truthfulness, and *naturalness*. The Good Shepherd is in a simple shepherd's dress. More supervision ought to be exercised by those in authority in our Cathedrals and Parish Churches over what might, in place of pictures, be a very valuable accessory to the representation and inculcation of Scripture truths, or, on the other hand, can but minister to most erroneous impressions of the same.

In connection with the Divinity School, I have one or two reminiscences which show that, despite the sacredness of the subject, the irrepressible humour of the Irish will break out. We had, amongst other exercises, to preach before the Regius Professor of Divinity, a very anxious and most trying performance. Dr. Elrington was the victim. It was evident, as one after another stepped forward and preached, that he was becoming increasingly and intensely bored. There remained but one more student to give a specimen of his powers of oratory. Elrington was full of years and gray-haired. The neophyte applied his subject first to the young, next to those in middle life, 'thirdly, and lastly,' to the gray-haired. Elrington was undoubtedly napping. The periods of childhood and middle life had long passed, and so far the sermon had for him no interest. Seeing him asleep, and somewhat chagrined, the preacher gathered up all his strength, and, suiting the action to the word, shaking his fist at Elrington, shouted like a clap of

thunder, '*And thou, gray-haired old sinner!*' Elrington, startled out of delicious dreamland, woke up to see this excited student pointing at him, and with considerable warmth exclaimed, 'Och, get out of that; how dare you?' The preacher made humble apologies for this personal application, and gave as his excuse that he was *just carried away by his subject*.

The most personal appeal I have ever heard of was by a Scotch minister who was preaching on the sin of intemperance: 'I don't wish, my friends, to be personal, but if there happens to be a bald-headed old gentleman, late in Her Majesty's naval service, sitting in the north-west gallery of this church, let him take it to himself.' The bald-headed old gentleman *was* there.

One examiner took pleasure in putting to us what he called 'catch questions.' We were supposed to know our Bible well, and these 'catch questions' in Bible and Prayer-Book, of which I have a considerable number, were put to see how far we had read Bible and rubrics with attention and care. Three of us were being examined by the present Provost, the well-known and greatly esteemed Dr. Salmon. 'What was the cargo, gentlemen, of the ship in which St. Paul, on the occasion of his shipwreck, sailed?' The question was really to see if we had studied Blunt's '*Undesigned Coincidences of Scripture*.' I have met very few people who have answered this question straight off: 'They cast the *wheat* into the sea.' We none of us remembered. I hazarded, 'Prisoners, sir.' This was not satisfactory, inasmuch as the prisoners were not thrown overboard. 'What do you say, sir?' to my companion in misery. 'Contributions from the churches, sir.' This was too much for the examiner. Looking at him with a twinkle in his eye, he said, 'You're thinking, sir, of entering the ministry?' 'Yes, sir,' replied my companion, greatly relieved, and under the momentary impression that the answer was correct. 'Faith, sir,' said Salmon, 'when you come to examine an offertory with its threepenny-pieces, you will



see that they need not have thrown the collection overboard to lighten the ship.'

We all concurred in this. Years afterwards, when sitting at the high table next to Dr. Salmon, as an honoured guest, I reminded him of this, and with his wonted modesty he disclaimed it. 'Ah,' he said, 'that was too good for me to have said.' I am not sure whether it was at Trinity or not that the famous answer was given to the question, 'Trace the connection between the Old and the New Testament.' Answer: 'Peter cut off Malachi's ear.'

Dr. Whately was Archbishop of Dublin at this time. His writings are all characterized by singular lucidity of thought and expression. His 'Essays on Romanism,' 'Logic and Rhetoric,' his valuable 'Annotations on Paley,' may be read and re-read with profit. He used to recommend his candidates for ordination to read Bishop Butler's 'Analogy' once a year, so great store did he set upon it. He wrote a *brochure*,\* which excited much interest at the time, to show that our belief in the historic Christ rested on the same evidence as that on which our belief in Julius Cæsar rested; in other words, that we, who have not seen Julius Cæsar, have no reason to believe such a person ever existed except on testimony of eye-witnesses. If I remember rightly, he even argued that we have no reason to believe in a grandfather whom we may never have seen, except on reliable testimony. Like many great minds, he was occasionally very absent, and not always very reverent. I have myself seen his Grace paring his nails within the altar rails during the interval of laying on of hands at an ordination. His was a familiar figure in Dublin. His favourite stroll was in Stephen's Gardens, immediately opposite the Palace, accompanied by several dogs. Absorbed one day in thought, he was unmindful of the lapse of time, which, like the tide, waits for no man. The keeper of the gardens in due course locked the gates, unaware that

\* 'Historic Doubts, relative to Napoleon Bonaparte,' published 1819.

his Grace had not gone out. There was no help for it: his Grace had to climb over the high gates, shovel-hat, apron and gaiters, a scene not easily forgotten!

I went one Sunday to hear him preach for a charity in which he was particularly interested, and watched what took place in the pew in front of me. It was a 'family pew.' After short private devotions, the father of the family distributed *beforehand* the several coins to his wife and children, ranging from half a crown down to threepence. The sermon was eloquent, the appeal strong, but it did not make the slightest difference in any redistribution of coins. I learned a lesson that morning. If people have made up their minds *beforehand* what they intend to give, are they often persuaded to give more when we plead with them? Who of ministerial experience has not been struck with the remarkable *average* of collections?

Archbishop Whately was a celebrated and, occasionally, caustic wit. Asked what he thought of a particular sermon, he replied that, 'on the whole, it was about the best he had ever heard, inasmuch as *the preacher aimed at nothing and succeeded in hitting it.*'

Amongst many stories told of him is one of a young aide-de-camp, whom he had invited with others to dinner, and who, with singular bad taste, asked him, as some riddles were being propounded: 'Does your Grace know the difference between an *archbishop* and an *ass*?' 'Sir,' replied Whately, 'I do not.' 'One wears the cross on his mitre, the other wears it on his back.' Everyone waited to see how the Archbishop would take this. Without a moment's hesitation, and with perfect self-possession, he replied: 'Do you know the difference between an *aide-de-camp* and an *ass*?' 'No, your Grace, I do not.' '*Neither do I.*'

Some may remember the following amongst many anecdotes of the late and much lamented Archbishop Magee. A servant at a dinner-party spilt a plate of soup over his 'best.' Quietly looking round the dinner-table, he asked:

‘Is there any layman present who would adequately express my feelings for me?’

I consider it amongst my privileges to have enjoyed the friendship of Archbishop Trench, whose guest I have occasionally been when he was Dean of Westminster, and I resided in the Abbey Cloister, as also when conducting the Mission in Dublin. Archbishop Trench took greatly to heart the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. He became almost morbid on the subject. It is told of him that, conversing one evening at a dinner-party on the subject, he said to the lady on his right hand, ‘I take it very much to heart. In fact, my right side is, I think, become paralyzed. I have reason to think my leg is becoming benumbed. Now, when I pinch it, there is no sensation whatever.’ ‘Ach! don’t be unaisy, your Grace,’ said the lady, ‘don’t be unaisy. It is my leg you’ve been pinching, and I felt the sensation!’ This reminds me, as stories will, of a man who brought a friend to dinner, without having prepared his wife for the unexpected guest. She had got a *bonne bouche* for her husband in the shape of a dozen oysters. ‘Do not offer them to your friend, dear,’ she said; ‘I have got them as a little treat for you.’ The laws of hospitality forbade his not offering some. His guest took four, and nothing would persuade him, though pressed upon, to take any more. After dinner the wife said, ‘How stupid you are, dear! I kept kicking you under the table when you were offering those oysters, wishing you to stop offering them.’ ‘My dear,’ he replied, ‘*you never once kicked me.*’ The reason why the friend took no more oysters became clear.

The late Archbishop Plunket and I were schoolfellows at Cheltenham, and fellow-students at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was a Scholar. I was his guest when my college conferred on me the distinction of B.D. and D.D. We sat side by side at the high table at the Cheltenham College Jubilee dinner, and he was my guest at Halifax when he preached in its parish church. What a chapter in

the history of the Irish Church the episcopates of Whately, Trench, and Lord Plunket represent !

It was during my undergraduate course that my dear father departed this life, and was laid to rest in Mount Jerome Cemetery. I hold his memory in cherished and grateful recollection, for to him, under God, I owe it that I was put into the ministry. With his limited means, he did all in his power to further that on which my heart was, from childhood, set. I was his constant companion on his fishing excursions, and not only imbibed the love of the gentle art, but learned many a wrinkle from him, for he was a first-rate sportsman. I have to this day his small box of instruments which he always took out with him, and with which, by lake or riverside, he would at once make and nicely imitate the fly on the water. In those days we heard nothing of 'dry fly fishing,' and yet we filled our creels. Nowadays any other than 'dry fly fishing' is laughed to scorn. Is it that in the advance of knowledge, fish are 'up to date,' and becoming more knowing ?

I revisited not long ago the small lake at the head of Loch Lomond, our headquarters being the hotel at Ardlui. It was there, some forty-five years ago, that my father and I went pike-fishing. We were always careful to weigh our fish. The temptation to all fishermen is to exaggerate the number and the weight of fish they have caught. Two men in a wayside inn were discussing their day's sport. One said to the other : 'What is the biggest fish you caught to-day ?' His friend replied, 'About  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lb.' 'Oh,' said the other, 'mine was about 4 lb.' 'Well, I am not quite sure, but when mine was scaled I think it was about 4 lb.' 'Well,' replied his friend, 'I think when mine was scaled it was about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lb.' Where the controversy would have ended, what would have been ultimately the weight of these two fish, is left unknown because of the interruption of an American who was sitting by the fire and listening to their discussion. 'I guess,' he said, 'that I caught the biggest fish.' 'You could not have done so, for no larger than four

or five pounds' weight has ever been caught in this lake.' 'I guess I did. I did not weigh it, *but when I got it out, the lake sank two feet!*'

Many a bit of practical advice did I learn from my father's lips. He was fond of saying, and with truth: 'Never take a thing for granted. If you want anything done and can do it, do it yourself.' This also: 'There are three things you do well to decline to do for even your best friend—to buy a horse, rent a house, or engage a servant.' Many will have heard of Dr. Routh's advice to the late Dr. Burdon, solicitous to have some counsel on the threshold of his ministry from one who had attained to the experience of ninety years: 'Always be careful, my young friend, to verify a quotation!'<sup>\*</sup> It was advice more practical than ghostly, and yet how necessary, for how often are texts misquoted! I am not sure that the advice of a well-known banker to his sons is safe to follow: 'Never ask a favour, and never keep a letter.' I kept, safely locked up, a letter which, on my producing it in a court of inquiry, established the innocence of a clergyman, exposed a wicked conspiracy against him, and saved him from ruin.

At my dear father's death my mother and sisters left Dublin to reside in Clifton, and that I might, as far as possible, spare my widowed mother's slender means, I took two rooms in a corner of a square known in Trinity College as 'Botany Bay.' The designation sufficiently shows that this particular square was not considered the most desirable quarters, but we must cut our coat according to our cloth. A student, in rooms adjoining, felt the banishment to Botany Bay to be a sufficient justification for keeping 'Cochin Chinas' to enliven his solitary hours. Many secret councils were held amongst us as to the best and most expeditious methods for disposing of his poultry. It

<sup>\*</sup> A correspondent sends me the *ipsissima verba*: 'I think, sir, since you ask for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice always to verify your references, sir' ('Lives of Twelve Good Men,' i. 73).

may not, by the way, be generally known that as snakes must have a certain swing in order that they may strike, so cocks must first raise aloft their heads before they can crow. To suspend, therefore, a board, of sufficient height, above chanticleer's head effectually prevents his crowing. This simple expedient inflicts no injury on the offender, and is an unspeakable relief to the neighbourhood.

The rooms next to mine were occupied by a veritable 'harum-scarum,' a 'wild Irishman' with a vengeance. He had great talents, but read for his examination only under the pressure of urgent necessity. An examination being near at hand, he resolved to read, and 'sport his oak.' As ill-luck would have it, on the very evening of his strong and rare resolve, an undergraduate over his head had invited a few friends of both sexes to a dance and supper. The fun overhead grew fast, but to him it was pandemonium. He procured some screws and screwed up the whole party, and went to bed. College rules were strict. All strangers must leave imperatively at 12 p.m. As the clock struck there was a rush to the door, but he had so securely fastened it that egress was impossible. There was nothing for it but for the whole party to remain where they were all night.

He had a hand in a scene supremely ridiculous, and never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Trinity College was famed for its Choral Society, as well as for its Concerts, held in the large dining-hall. We were to perform Barnett's cantata of the 'Curfew Bell.' It occurred to Dr. Stewart that it would be very effective if a rope, communicating with the hall, were attached to Big Tom, and that, at a given signal, the Curfew bell should be rung on Big Tom. A number of us were told off to ring this bell of extraordinary weight. At the appointed signal we grasped the rope. It had got abroad that the experiment was to be tried. Dead silence prevailed. 'Gentlemen,' said Stewart, 'ready? *One, two, three.* We pulled, and, to the amazement at first, but in a few seconds to the merri-

ment, of the audience, there came a very avalanche of students in the orchestra, tumbling over sopranos, tenors, altos, basses, trombones, violins. 'Harum-scarum,' having tried in vain to procure a ticket for this concert, had avenged himself by quietly cutting the rope, and then had gone to bed.

'Harum-scarum' was a good classical scholar, but he was hopelessly ignorant of the Applied Sciences. We were being examined in Mechanics. 'Will you explain to me, sir,' said the examiner, 'the action and principle of the pump?' He had not the faintest idea of its action. With the utmost *sangfroid*—I can vouch for this, as I was by his side—he slowly and deliberately gave the following reply: 'The action of a pump, sir, is the combined action of centripetal and centrifugal motion, brought to bear upon it by a lever on its fulcrum, and by repeated strenuous efforts the pump recovers its equilibrium.' The bewildered examiner, doubtful whether he was dealing with one whom 'much learning had made mad,' raised his eyeglass, and, with dazed look, said: 'I think, sir, either I have not understood you, or you have not quite understood me. Again I ask you: *What is the action of the pump?*' 'I perfectly understood you, sir, and I can only give my former reply,' which he proceeded to do. 'Well, then, sir,' said the examiner, 'if that is your idea of the action of a pump, I think you had better go back to your seat, and endeavour to recover your own equilibrium.'

We were being examined by Dr. Butcher in the Georgics of Virgil. The line began: 'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.' A young Freshman looked at it, and proceeded to say: 'Felix was the man who understood the causes of the diseases of sheep'; like the boy who translated 'Hannibal transivit Alpes summa diligentia,' 'Hannibal crossed the Alps on the top of an omnibus'! I saw a twinkle of humour in Dr. Butcher's eye. He played with this undergraduate as a cat plays with a mouse. 'Thank you, sir. You say that Felix was well versed in the diseases

of sheep. Who was this Felix?' The examinee felt something had gone wrong. 'Do you know at all who his father and mother were?' 'No, sir, I do not remember.' 'Was he in any way connected with Agrippa?' 'I should think they were hardly contemporaneous, sir.' 'Who do you,' addressing the next, 'think this Felix was?' To which, with genuine Irish readiness and wit, he replied: '*I should say, sir, he was a very happy man.*'

We had two students who were twins, and dressed exactly alike, with stiff, high-standing white collars. They were both very musical, and went by the name of 'Collard and Collard.' Wit and humour are inborn, natural to the Irish. Walking with a friend through the Botanic Gardens at Dublin, a small boy opened the gate for us, and my friend said: 'Upon my word, lad, you are most polite; you ought to be paid out of the Civil List!' A dear friend, Mr. Metge, with whom I used to stay, near Kells, lost a favourite dog. Pompey was found dead, strangled. Jumping over his kennel, the poor dog had hanged himself. His brother, Baron Metge, who lived close by, and was constantly complaining of dogs running over his park, on hearing of this, said: 'If I thought these confounded dogs were disposed to commit suicide, I would leave bits of rope, with a noose in them, convenient about the park.'

Amongst recollections of college examinations I recall one who went up for his examination for the army, and was 'plucked.' I asked him how it came to pass. 'Well,' he replied, 'it is a beastly shame! I spelt diplomacy with an "s," and didn't happen for the moment to remember where the Isle of Wight was.' Didn't happen for the moment! He asked me, 'Did I not think that, notwithstanding this unfortunate slip of his memory, he would not still have done his country good service?' So far I consoled him by answering him that he would.

The two years I spent in residence were unbroken by anything of particular incident. They are years indelibly associated with hard reading. I never read less than eight,



sometimes for fourteen, hours daily. 'Midnight oil' and forehead swathed in 'wet towels' were of constant and familiar experience.

Looking back on those days, I cannot but think that the examinations were too severe. I have known men dreading the disastrous effects of being 'plucked,' which means longer residence and increased expense, to have been deranged from anxiety and over-reading. To this very day I sometimes dream of those examinations. Examiners insisted on your giving the *ipsissima verba* of a particular author. This was especially required in the case of a quotation from the 'Analogy,' or Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' Magee on the Atonement, Pearson on the Creed, especially on Article II., from Hooker, etc. The examiner was not satisfied with your giving the general sense of a particular passage. 'That is your version of it,' he would say. 'I want Bishop Butler's own words.' It meant, therefore, the committal to memory, as my pencil-marked copy shows, of whole passages of particular authors. Not even a 'coach' could be sure what part of the book you might have to quote. It has been said of Butler's 'Analogy,' that it is so welded together that you cannot leave *out one* word without doing injustice to any particular passage. Equally stiff bits are to be met with in Locke, Pearson, and Hooker. As we had to take up some ten different subjects in our Divinity examination, the greater part of which was conducted *vivâ voce*, and to pass in each was necessary, the reader may imagine how great was the strain on memory. I have known men who had read hard and who knew a book thoroughly struck dumb before an examiner from sheer nervousness. Can it be wondered at if occasionally some were 'plucked' because they 'didn't happen *for the moment* to remember,' etc.?

From all this mental strain I sought and found relief in the cricket-field and boating club, in occasionally going to hear the great comedian of those days, Robson, and in attending the Law Courts, for the opportunity of hearing

Irish eloquence at the Bar. It was to me a study to watch the effect that an advocate produced on the jury, and a lesson by no means to be despised. The advocate pleads face to face with judge and jury. He does not read his prosecution or defence. I quite allow that no hard and fast rule can be laid down as to whether sermons should be delivered extempore or from manuscript. Both have their advantages, but I think there is much in what I once heard said: 'I do not believe that John the Baptist produced a velvet sermon-case from the pocket of his raiment of camel's hair.' One who may have frequently to address his fellow-men may gather a very useful hint as to what arrests or fails to arrest attention, by hearing public speakers in different departments of life. To speak with effect is both a study and an art, and clergy may well sit sometimes at the feet of its greatest proficient. It was in these courts of law that you met with those flashes of wit or episodes of humour which make a lawyer's reminiscences such pleasant reading.

I was present in the Law Courts in Dublin at a trial for breach of promise of marriage. '*Does your mother know you're out?*' was the current joke. The plaintiff won her case and recovered damages, and became 'damaged goods.' So soon as the verdict was given, defendant's counsel rose and said: 'My lord, have I your lordship's permission to put one question to this young woman before she leaves the court? It is a most important question.' 'Certainly, certainly,' replied the judge. 'Thank you, my lord. Now, young woman,' he proceeded with the utmost gravity to say, 'on the occasion when, on your own confession, you made assignations with this young man, tell the judge, and tell the jury, *on your solemn oath*, did your mother know you were out?' There was a roar of laughter. The judge had never heard this obscure joke. 'Silence, silence!' he exclaimed. 'This is most disgraceful conduct in a court of justice. I consider that the learned Serjeant has put a most appropriate and pertinent question. The question he put was,

"Did your mother know you were out?" I am at a loss to conceive why it should provoke such laughter. I beg, Mr. Serjeant, that you will now put that question again, and if there is a repetition of such unseemly behaviour, I shall at once order the court to be cleared.' We stuffed our pocket-handkerchiefs into our mouths. 'Thank you, my lord. I quite agree with your lordship, that the question I ventured to ask your leave to put is most appropriate, and, at your request, I will put it again. Now, young woman, I ask you, tell the judge, and tell the jury, on the occasion when, by your own confession, you made assignments with this young man, did your mother know you were out?' Again we were convulsed with laughter. The judge was furious. 'Clear the court,' he cried; 'clear the court.' It was high time to explain. Someone stepped up and explained the current chaff. I see the judge taking off his spectacles, leaning back in his chair, and laughing heartily till tears ran down his cheeks.

The question '*How's your poor feet?*' had its origin in the first Great Exhibition. It was suggested by the continued tramping. A dear old lady from the country, recounting her experience, told her friends that one thing particularly touched her in connection with her visit to the Exhibition. 'On coming out, very tired, a dear little ragged boy, "somebody's darling," with such sweet blue eyes, looked up into my face and said, "Madam, how's your poor feet?" I thought it so nice of him. I gave him a shilling, and said, "Thank you, dear little arab, waif and stray, it is not my feet, but my legs that are tired."' "

I had neither means nor time at my disposal to go much beyond Dublin, and so know little or nothing of the far-famed beauties of the Green Isle. One house was always open to me, Zion House, near Kells, County Meath, with my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Metge, both now with God. The district of Meath was at that time very ill-affected towards the landed gentry, and I had opportunities of not the most pleasant nature, of observing this towards Mr.

Metge. We had an accident, driving together in a dogcart with a young and restive horse, and had a narrow escape of our lives. As we were passing a corner of the road there came down upon us the mail-coach, driven by a well-known 'ribbon man.' As we neared him, seeing how restive our horse was, he purposely cracked his whip with all his vigour in the horse's ears. The horse took fright and bolted. Horse and cart turned over in confused mêlée in the ditch. Some six or seven farm-labourers witnessed the accident, and though we called to them to come and help us, sore shaken and bruised with our fall, not one of them would stir a finger! We had to extricate ourselves, horse and cart out of the ditch, and make our way some miles homeward as best we could.

How grievous it is to think how agrarian crimes have given Ireland so bad a reputation, when we know how singularly free Erin is, comparatively speaking, from other crimes! Where is life, as a rule, more safe? Where is the fair sex—and how fair it is!—more respected than in Ireland? What people are more hospitable, genial, kind, than the Irish? What society more agreeable? Of her interesting round towers, to this day a mystery; of her elections, where I saw priests with croppers and stout whips in hand wherewith to encourage or intimidate voters, I do not write. Turning over the leaves of Wheatley on the Common Prayer, I came the other day across these lines, written by one still with us, who loves to chat over old days with me. She had but little patience with my studious habits, and had a suspicion that I had a leaning towards Rome:

'Why sit you so long in that old chair?  
Study will soon make gray your hair;  
Your brain will grow dull, and your eyes grow dim,  
Trying to follow that old author's whim.  
Like Will-o'-the-wisp of a stormy night,  
The Fathers will never lead you right.  
Take my advice and learn from me,  
And then what a metamorphose you'll see.  
Your fancy will be sobered by judgment's light,  
And then we'll all act a charade to-night.'

ANNE LUCAS, 1853.

And yet neither the prayers of our cook have been answered, nor the fears of my warm-hearted friend been confirmed!

My curriculum at Trinity College came to a close in 1854. Looking back on the years spent in Dublin, I can only recall them with the deepest gratitude. The course of study, severe as it was, was invaluable, not only for its mental discipline, but for the formation of habits which, as continued, have since been of much value to me. The father and mother and sisters, save one living, who made such sacrifices for me have passed away, but their memory is fresh and green. How it would have rejoiced their hearts could they have been present when my college conferred upon me the highest distinction a University can confer, of my two degrees of B.D. and D.D., remitting all the fees. It was in December of 1878 that, accompanied by my present dear wife, I went to Dublin to receive that distinction, and when 'Franciscus Pigou' was summoned there went up a great 'cheer for Pigou.' But my eyes filled with tears at thought of how great happiness that would have brought to those not spared to be with me. And how could I have realized or foreseen, when a poor and unsuccessful student in 'Botany Bay,' that I should one day be 'called of God' to take part in the first mission ever held in Dublin?

## CHAPTER VIII

## MY FIRST CURACY, 1855—1856

Choice of diocese and vicar—Father in God—Bishops *and* Bishops—Bishop Samuel Wilberforce—Tailors and religious views—Examination and ordination at Cuddesdon—Stoke Talmage—Dissenting minister—A Squire's estimate of a good curacy—My lodgings and hobbies—First attempt at Cottage Lectures—The loneliness of a country curacy—Village choirs—First attempt at Restoration—First sermon—First wedding—The observance of Saints' days—The village wart-curer—Lecture at Sheffield—Parasites and proselytes—Stoke Talmage and neighbourhood—Twenty-five years later—Impatience for more work.

AFTER a short rest in the quietude of Malvern from the strain of reading and of severe examinations, the time at last arrived when the desire of my childhood, that I should be 'put into the ministry,' was to be fulfilled. Now came the question: 'Where shall I seek a title? At whose hands shall I receive ordination? In what diocese shall I work?'

These are questions of deepest moment to one on the threshold of the ministry, affecting to a very large extent his future ministerial usefulness. It is true that, as a rule, a man prosecutes his ministry much in the same spirit as that in which he enters upon it, but his surroundings and 'environment' must also be taken into account. How much of the life of a seed depends on the soil in which it is sown! How much depends on the Bishop of the diocese, on what is known and thought of him in the Church! Is he a true and real 'Father in God,' one to whom you can confidently go, as children go to a trusted father? He is none the worse for being an orator, a learned theologian, a strict disciplinarian, but is he felt and known by experience to be a *father in God*? Is he known and spoken of as one who takes a deep, paternal interest in his clergy; one to whom, not only the newly-ordained, but the pastor of ripe experience, could resort, and without disappointment, for

ghostly counsel, guidance, sympathy and prayer? Does he keep the eye of supervision not only on the more prominent and promising clergy in his diocese, archdeacons, rural deans, rectors and vicars, but on each and every one of earnest, hard-working curates, who must be content, it may be for many years, to 'take the lowest room'? Is he a sort of man whose head is not turned by his position, or one who forgets that he has risen from the ranks? Does he live in an atmosphere of flattery and sycophancy, like a piece of turtle in turtle-soup, or is he one who, in his dealings with his clergy, has no stand-aloo bearing, and is mindful that he was once himself a curate?

For there are Bishops *and* Bishops. I have had some experience of them, and have come to the conclusion that not all are *fathers in God* in the sense which those words imply. A remarkable book, entitled '*Speculum Episcopi*,' written many years ago, classifies Bishops under three heads, viz., the University Don Bishop, the Schoolmaster Bishop, the Drawing-room Bishop. The author of '*Speculum Episcopi*' proceeds to show, with no little ability, and from lifelong observation, how a diocese is ruled and dealt with in conformity with these traditions; how the mien and habits of the Don, Schoolmaster and Courtier influence his episcopal administration. Whatever advantage may accrue to a diocese for having, as its chief pastor, one or other of these types—and it is obvious that learning, discipline, and courtesy in manners are of great importance—yet University, public school and Court life are not the most favourable soil in which to cultivate those spiritual gifts and graces, and those gentler sympathies, which lure and attract young men to a diocese, as certain flowers attract bees to their nectary. The heart and confidence of young men goes forth and is given less to the theologian, martinet and courtly dignitary, than to one who, added to all this, is a man of large practical experience, such as can only be gained by having himself been an active parish priest. Piety and learning in a Bishop are *assumed*, but more espe-

cially, and to their credit, is the disposition shown by young men to work with and under a Diocesan who is able both to counsel and sympathize with his clergy from large and hard-won experience in the more active aspects of the Christian ministry. If it be also true that more souls are won to God by holiness than by cleverness, a really godly, spiritually-minded Bishop cannot but raise the tone of religious feeling throughout his Diocese.

It were evidently invidious to mention by name those who in the past and present history of the Church, by the sheer force of their own characters, have raised, or are raising, a Diocese to a high spiritual level.

It is not difficult to discern if a Bishop has had much parochial experience. It will come out in the sermon, in an address to Sunday-school teachers, in the exhortation to candidates for Confirmation, in the counsel given to those about to be ordained, in his intercourse with his clergy. It will leak out in conversation between your Bishop and yourself when he is your guest, in what he asks or does not ask about your parish and people, about your difficulties or encouragements. I have heard, on good authority, of one Bishop who told his newly ordained that they must not look to him for counsel on theological questions or parochial matters, as he did not profess to know much of either!

A well-known Bishop of our day once offered to give an address to a large gathering of Sunday-school teachers. Everyone was surprised that he should do so, seeing that he had never had a parish, but was known rather as a University Don. Every ear was strained to hear what he would say. He said: 'Take my advice, teachers, and never have more than thirty scholars at a time in your class.' It had never occurred to a teacher to have so many. No one familiar with Sunday-schools, and the difficulty of securing the attention of even twelve, would have ventured on such counsel.

This is only a single specimen, but illustrations might easily be multiplied. Have not some of us, growing gray in



the ministry, had an experience of these things? I have known young men, with high ideals before them, saddened and disappointed when, at the time the heart is most prepared for and open to ghostly counsel, they have gone to be 'licensed' or 'instituted,' and, to their amazement, the Bishop offered no word of counsel; did not suggest that they should have a word of prayer together; did not so much as say, 'God bless you in your work,' or, 'We wish you good luck, in the name of the Lord.' In how many instances when one, fresh from his ordination, or in later life about to enter on some new sphere, has attended by command at the Palace or Registry office to be 'instituted,' has he been chilled to his heart's core, in proportion as he himself is a man of prayer, on finding that 'institution' meant taking certain oaths, kissing on bended knee a seal like unto a small plate, but no fatherly hand of benediction rested on his head, both to emphasize 'institution' and to invest that skeleton of formal, legal acts with reality and life.

I write of what, alas! I know too well. I have had, probably, as varied an experience and frequent change of ministry as anyone living. In three or more of these, when called to a responsible charge in different dioceses, I cannot recall anything from lips of Diocesans which helped to impress me with the responsibility and solemnity of what I was about to undertake. On one occasion I had personally to *ask* the Diocesan that he would publicly institute and induct me to a most important charge, and it was with evident reluctance that he consented. Is it conceivable that anyone should have to ask a Bishop to do what, *primâ facie*, you would think he would himself be the first to propose? How is it that men of the rank and file are sought for to conduct 'retreats' and 'quiet days' for the clergy, and that you so seldom hear of the Diocesan, the Father in God, the chief pastor, conducting for his own clergy services which bring with them such golden and blessed opportunities for ghostly counsel? I asked a Bishop once this question, and his reply was, 'It would not do.'

Again, is it not within the experience of many a hard-working parish priest in some isolated country parish that the kindly and fatherly visit of the Diocesan, and a few words of encouragement, are as rare as that of an auk or dodo? There are parishes scattered up and down England which the Bishop has not visited within the memory of the incumbent, or even of the 'oldest inhabitant,' whilst other parishes are unduly favoured. The people speak of a Bishop's visit as they would of the appearance in their midst of a *rara avis*. One of considerable experience, and formerly a Congregationalist, writes thus to me: 'So far as episcopal supervision and counsel are concerned, during the twenty-four years of my Vicariate I should have lost nothing had I remained as I once was, a Congregationalist.' Some few recently created Bishops have undertaken the herculean task of visiting every parish in the diocese. Such an endeavour, in every way laudable, is spread over two and even three years. Entailing, as it must, much weariness of the flesh and prolonged absences from home, they have their reward in feeling that they have come into real and personal touch with their clergy and workers, with the influential laity of the neighbourhood, and have become as conversant, as a brief pastoral visit can make them, with the circumstances, conditions, and needs of particular parishes.

The power of a Bishop is in some directions unquestionably great, and a visit from his lordship in some sequestered village is a 'red-letter day.'

Again, few Bishops seem to have the gift of *localizing*. The Bishop has been invited and persuaded to come. The day is looked forward to. The Vicar has made it widely known that "the Bishop is coming." He has asked his Diocesan to advocate some cause which he has himself warmly at heart. How often have many of us waited and waited and waited for some allusion, however brief or remote, to this special object, and you might as well have asked the preacher to avoid it!

I had occasion to invite a former Diocesan to plead for the

extinction of a heavy debt—some £2,000—on my church. He had had the whole history of this inherited incubus laid before him, and *at his own request*. He mislaid my letter. He came into the vestry exactly two minutes before Service. Whilst the introductory “voluntary” was playing he was feeling in every available pocket for my letter, but, alas! in vain. He asked me what I wished him to say. There was no time to tell him. He went into the pulpit, and dwelt on the very lamentable state of things when St. Paul was at Corinth. His sermon had about as much to do with the debt on my church as St. Paul when at Corinth had to do with it. I was telling a friend of this, and he said he was smarting from the same experience. He was making strenuous efforts, and under most difficult conditions, to maintain his Voluntary schools. He flooded his parish with notices that the Bishop of the diocese would preach for the schools on the Sunday following. Not one word was spoken about the schools, though the preacher might have been reminded of the purport of his visit by the notices distributed, in patches of white all over the church. The Service came to an end. All were on their knees. The Benediction was about to be pronounced when the Vicar heard the preacher say in a very low voice, ‘By the way, let me remind you that you are invited to contribute to the maintenance of your schools’! Was it at all probable that the people would give freely when the preacher, the Diocesan, took so feeble an interest in the cause?

This lack of the gift of localizing takes another form. It is, of course, true that a Bishop has to preach frequently. He may for lack of leisure, and sometimes lack of readiness, have to fall back on sermons preached elsewhere. But nothing can excuse some mistakes which are bound to impress the people with a sense of unsuitableness or reiteration. Many will have heard of a Bishop, whose ministry at one time lay in London, preaching in a remote village where the parishioners were so ‘scattered abroad’ that you almost needed a telescope to discern them. ‘When I think,’ he

said, 'of the masses of the dense population surging round these walls,' etc. Another Bishop, new to the province, preaching for schools, took, 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' The sermon was given *in extenso* the following morning in the local paper. He preached the same sermon on Monday evening in a neighbouring town. It appeared next day, but reduced to a column. He preached it in another neighbouring town on Tuesday, and it was reduced on Wednesday morning to half a column. He preached it again on Wednesday evening, and the reporter, who had dogged his steps, simply put: 'His lordship preached an eloquent sermon founded on the text: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."' You may have too much of a good thing!

How seldom also are kindly and hearty words of commendation or encouragement spoken by the Diocesan in pulpit or vestry, and the people encouraged to strengthen the hands and second the efforts of some hard-worked clergyman! On the occasion of a Bishop's visit, a few kindly words, which do not cost much, in allusion to the work in the parish or to choirs, in the vestry, go a long way. They are remembered, and are an inspiration to renewed effort. Bishops, by no means indifferent themselves to praise or blame, seem singularly chary of commendation of others. To find fault is always easy. To speak a word, not so much of praise, for no right-minded man looks for this, but of recognition of work done, or effort made often in the teeth of unreasonable opposition, of apathy or prejudice, is helpful and consolatory. Bishop Thirlwall, in one of his recently published letters, remarks that 'Men are ready enough to deprecate and detract, not mindful of the effect produced by deprecation. Why,' he asks, 'should they not be equally ready to appreciate, mindful of the effect of a few kindly words spoken in due season?' I do not think there is much fear of our clergy being spoiled by flattery, or becoming, as they say in Yorkshire, 'cocky,' by reason of commendation at

the lips of their Diocesan. How often also has the surprise, mingled with regret, been expressed that your Bishop has been your guest, has told any amount of good stories—all good in their way—and he leaves your house without commending you and yours to God! I have before me, as I write, a child fresh from her Confirmation. The Diocesan, who had confirmed her the day previously, her father's guest, came and went, and made not the slightest allusion to her Confirmation. 'Father, was it not odd,' she said, 'that the Bishop did not say one word to me about my Confirmation? did not even say, "God bless you!"' How memorable, how potential, would be a Bishop's visit to the homes and households of our clergy if before he left the house he asked that every member of it, parents, children, servants, might come together for a few minutes of prayer and for his fatherly benediction! Oh, Bishops, think on these things! think on these things!

Next to the question of the Diocese and Diocesan comes that of, Under whom shall you serve, and with whom shall you work? A great change has come over the Church within the last few years. Those advertisements in our religious organs, which did no credit to the parish priests who inserted them, are happily becoming more and more rare. 'Light work, pleasant society,' etc., were at one time held out as baits and lures to men seeking curacies. To the credit of candidates for ordination in our day, you find young men seeking curacies where the attraction is hard work and the assured guidance of an active, hard-working parish priest. Who can exaggerate the advantage of spending the first few years of your ministry in some of our larger towns? Young men degenerate where their time is not fully occupied in their ministerial work, and where they have too much leisure for lawn tennis, golf, tea-parties, flirting, and fiddle-faddle. It is everything to a newly-ordained deacon or priest to gain the experience which can only be gained in cities with their large populations.

If the question of the Diocese be important, not less so

is the question of the parish and its Vicar. Will my Vicar show me by example what work means? Is he a Christian gentleman who treats his curates on the footing of fellow-labourers in the vineyard? Is he a man of good report in the Church, to whom I can confidently look up, and who, under God, may be the very making of me? Does he bear his fair share of work, and not put on his curates burdens grievous to be borne? Will he repose perfect trust in me, and not set spies upon me in guise of wife, children, district visitors, etc.? Will he leave me fairly free to do my work, and not be always finding fault? If he should have occasion to find fault, will he be mindful of the words of the late Cardinal Manning in one of his sermons—'Truth is perilous in proportion as it is not spoken in love'? For if there are Bishops *and* Bishops, there are Vicars *and* Vicars.

At the time of which I now write, forty-two years ago, one name was outstanding; it was on everyone's lips. His elevation to the Bench in 1845 marked an era in the history of the Episcopacy. Few men of his generation have probably focussed on themselves so much attention, have been more the subject of criticism, friendly or hostile, than Samuel Wilberforce. Looking back and recalling what views he held or repudiated, what of ritual he encouraged or disapproved, one cannot but feel that he was in some respects in advance of his times. It were, perhaps, too much to say that he founded a particular school of thought or of practice, but he was in the vanguard of what in our day would be labelled as a Moderate Churchman. He was not what is known as a Ritualist, nor yet as an Evangelical. He recognised what is helpful in ritual and true in evangelicalism. He kept the golden mean between excess on the one hand, and defective teaching on the other. He 'preached the Gospel,' grafting on to the great truth of the 'presentness of salvation' the great fact of sacramental grace. He preached the Gospel as he found it in the New Testament and paraphrased in the Prayer-Book. He was as earnest in pleading for all things being done 'decently

and in order' as he was in deprecating the feeble imitations of the Roman Catholic, whose erroneous doctrines he repudiated. Moderate Churchmen are as incomprehensible to Ritualist and Evangelical as moderate drinkers are to teetotalers. If you are known as a Moderate Churchman with large sympathies, but with no particular preferences, ready to recognise good in all 'who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' tolerant towards those who differ in things non-essential to salvation, your teaching is described as 'colourless,' and your views flaccid; but somehow Moderate Churchmen command the confidence of the laity more than do men of extreme views. Bishop Wilberforce was regarded by one party as not in touch with them, because he disallowed certain practices. He was eyed with suspicion by the other party because he allowed what they did not approve. He exposed himself, as a man misunderstood and hardly appreciated, to the cross-fires of unfriendly criticism from opposite camps. He overflowed with sympathy, which was voiced in tones which can never be forgotten by those who have heard him speak or preach. 'C'était une voix sympathique.' It is Canon Ashwell who writes of him: 'His manners, naturally winning and cultivated by habit, gave him a power, both socially and in dealing with individuals, which has never been surpassed, and this was employed by him to the full.'

There was an inexpressible charm about him which, while it lured and fascinated, laid him open, as is not uncommon, to the charge or suspicion of insincerity. This was to do him, I firmly believe, grave injustice. Personally, I hold him in loving remembrance, and was grieved when, as Dean of Chichester, I was visiting his grave, to find it so woefully neglected. It seemed as I stood over it difficult to realize that the last resting-place of one so honoured, so famed, so powerful, should have so little loving care bestowed upon it. Up to the time of my ordination I had not had the privilege of his personal acquaintance, but his brilliant eloquence, untiring activity, unresting labours at a period when the

Episcopal office had fallen into practical abeyance, made Wilberforce's name familiar as a household word. It is true that Bishops Blomfield, Turner, Denison, and one or two more, were exceptions to the ideas which seemed to prevail as to what was or was not required of the 'Father in God,' yet it is no intentional disparagement of their work to say that Bishop Wilberforce set before himself the very highest ideal of Episcopacy, and gave expression to it in a way that attracted young men in particular to his Diocese.

But what hope for one who was not a graduate of an English University, or of Cuddesdon Theological College? Trinity College, Dublin, men were looked upon as an inferior breed, as the lowest of Low Churchmen. A deeper bathos could not be reached of Churchmanship. The Divinity School was allowed to be good. At my examination for Holy Orders men up with me said: 'Oh, you are a Dublin man, and of course you will come out well; but there is a holy fear on the part of English Bishops about Dublin men.' We were credited with being possessed of a rich brogue; we were supposed to be men of impassioned utterance and generally eccentric ways. There was no knowing what we might not say or do. We were, in fact, so many wild colts, which only a long and forbearing course of Anglican teaching and Church discipline could correct and tame. It was difficult also to believe you could be an Englishman if you graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. To this day I am supposed to be an Irishman! It must not, however, be overlooked or denied that the Church of Ireland, as then established, did not offer much with which some of us were more in sympathy, and which Dr. Todd did his best to encourage. He sought to leaven our Divinity School with fuller Church teaching, and a more reverent ritual, but he had few disciples.

The chronic controversy with Rome, to which I have elsewhere referred, was not a healthy atmosphere in which habitually to live, and move, and have your being. It was training and fitting us less for parish priests than for theo-



logical disputants. It contracted rather than enlarged our sympathies. Encouraged to see nothing in the Church of Rome but what should jealously be avoided, it made us blind to much which might with safety be copied; it bred prejudices which were both unreasoning and unreasonable. It was for this, amongst other reasons, that some few, deeply valuing their theological course, and fully appreciating the text-books of Divinity put into their hands, felt at the same time that, from her peculiar attitude towards the Church of Rome, and the narrowness, if not bigotry, which such attitude fostered, the Church in Ireland was not altogether the sphere for men of more liberal and Catholic views.

Through the kind interest and offices of my first cousin, Goldwin Smith, at that time Professor of History at Oxford, I was introduced to the Bishop of Oxford, and, making known my wishes to him, he himself gave me a 'title.' It was to the curacy of Stoke Talmage. I was considered fortunate, as a Dublin man, in securing a curacy in the diocese of Oxford, and still more fortunate in receiving a title at the Bishop's hands. The examination of candidates for ordination was held at the Palace, Cuddesdon. I put up at the Mitre Hotel, Oxford, and made inquiries about a tailor.

Bishop Wilberforce required his candidates to present themselves at their examination in clerical attire. Some of us ventured to think the clerical suit might be deferred until the examination was over, and we were assured we had passed. What if we had been plucked and had an unused clerical suit in our wardrobe, a constant reminder of 'being sent down'! The coat which young men at that time affected, both in Church and State, was very long in the skirt, reaching down to the ankles. The tailor proceeded to take my measure down to my boots. 'I do not want,' I said, 'my coat so long.' Looking benignly at me, he replied: 'In this establishment, sir, we always cuts a gen'lleman's coat according to his religious persuasions.' 'Very well,' I rejoined, 'my religious persuasions, as a

Moderate Churchman, are about two inches below my knee.' Some time after, having occasion to have a new coat, I went, on my brother's recommendation, to Messrs. Hill, in Bond Street, more in the army and navy than in the clerical line. The foreman was by religious persuasion a Presbyterian. 'I do not want,' I said, 'my coat longer than this in the skirt.' 'No, sir,' he replied, tape in hand, and evidently exercised in mind. 'Why,' I said, 'what is the matter with it?' 'Well, sir, if you do not mind my saying so, I think I should call your coat a *little Papal*!' So the coat not long enough for my Oxford tailor was Papal in Bond Street! *Quot homines, tot sententia!*

I need not record in detail what is by this time widely known as well as cherished in the memory of all who had the privilege of being ordained by Bishop Wilberforce. I can most fully endorse the late Bishop of Ely's faithful and exhaustive account of his experience as for many years one of the Bishop's examining chaplains, and published in Canon Ashwell's 'Life of Bishop Wilberforce.' It is quite true that 'the most telling part of the Bishop's work was to be found in his confirmations and ordinations. The great and happy change which has ever since come over the method of conducting ordinations is largely due to Bishop Wilberforce. He arranged that the candidates should, as far as was practicable, be his guests under his immediate eye and roof. He made additions to his Palace in order that he might accomplish this.' We were not recommended, as used to be the case, to some excellent hotel, nor allowed to put up at a neighbouring inn. He felt, and rightly, that the few days before ordination should be made impressively solemn. He would have us 'fear as we entered into the cloud.' He knew human nature and undergraduate life too well not to know that after the strain and anxiety of examination, hours spent together without control and as men listed, would degenerate into a levity not in keeping with the spiritual tone which should at such a time be in every way encouraged. To avoid the possibility of this, we were lodged under his roof,

and partook of his generous hospitality, having all our meals together. The Bishop or one of his chaplains was present at every meal, and conversation, *apropos* to the ministry, was encouraged. Hours of healthy, kindly intercourse such as these cleave to the memory. They placed us at our ease; they promoted good feeling. The course he adopted is one which most Bishops have since adopted, improved, as it now is, by separating the more intellectual probation from those more strictly devotional exercises which more fitly and immediately precede the ordination day.

The questions submitted to us were not difficult or unreasonable. They were not set, as is too frequently the case, to find out what we did *not* know. The first two days were devoted to doctrinal topics; the third day to *pastoral* theology. How well I remember that Saturday morning when the Bishop came into the room where the examination was being held, and said in solemn tones: 'Gentlemen, there is one question to which I desire the answer to be marked "Private."' I do not wish it to pass through the scrutiny of the examining chaplains. It is this: "State what you experience to have been the greatest impediment to your ministry during the last year, either from within or from without.'" This was for those only who were proceeding to priests' orders. An admirable question, as giving deacons an opportunity of seeking the Bishop's counsel. 'What was the question?' said my neighbour. I told him. He took a piece of folio paper, and wrote out in full the question. He then put in large letters, 'Answer to above question: *My Rector.*' 'Surely,' I said, 'you are not going to send in *that*?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'there is the question, and that is my answer.' 'You will hear more of this,' I said. He folded up the paper with care, and put 'Private' outside. Presently the Bishop came in, and said: 'Is there a Mr. Frith here?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'Then I should like a word with you.' Frith told me what took place when the Bishop asked him what he meant. His Rector was a most eccentric man. I have myself more than once met him.

*Offence 1:* His waistcoat was utilized as a *papeterie*. It had six pockets: two for two different sizes of notepaper, two for corresponding envelopes, one for pens, one for an inkbottle, and, thus equipped, he would sit before you at a dinner-table! *Offence 2:* His church was about two miles distant from the Rectory. He drove a team of four donkeys to the church. He invited Frith to come with him, and he objected to being a sixth donkey, as the village boys cried out: 'Here come the six!' *Offence 3:* It may be remembered that some years ago curious footmarks were seen in the sands of the Devonshire coast. Scientific men were at their wits' end to account for them. The poor people in the village believed they were footprints of the devil. Mr. Frith's Rector took occasion one evening to disabuse the people's minds in this matter. It was growing dark in the church, with a dim religious light, and he proceeded thus to gaping bucolics: 'You have all heard, my friends, of these footprints on the seashore in Devonshire. No doubt you have also heard that the villagers think they are the footprints of the devil.' Then, lowering his voice, he whispered solemnly: 'I will tell you why they could not be the footprints of the devil: because the devil can pass through that east window *and not leave a hole behind him!*' The idea, no doubt, was as excellent as it was original. He wanted to convey to the rustic mind the idea of 'spirit,' but it was too much for the curate. It is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back. The question came opportunely: 'State what you experience to have been the greatest impediment to your ministry during the last year, either from within or from without.' Frith considered himself amply justified in writing, and in large letters, 'My Rector.' The Bishop fully agreed with the curate, who, I think, would have many supporters.

There was one window in the Bishop's study by which men convicted of heresy, or of ignorance, passed into the world outside without returning to the examination room. I wonder if it be still so used?

While Bishop Wilberforce by no means undervalued a good, sound theological training, it was into the spiritual preparation of the candidates that he threw himself heart and soul. He dreaded the ark of God being touched by careless or profane hands. This was evidenced in his careful apportioning of our time for definite religious exercises, and for those memorable addresses delivered to us in the hush and seclusion of the Palace Chapel. Who, privileged to hear, could ever forget them? Who of us, now far on in life, does not recall the intense glow of earnestness with which, couched in felicitous language, and with the pathos of his charming voice, he appealed to us in deep and unaffected utterance? How touching, how soul-awaking, how searching and penetrating those addresses, which found their way to the very core of your being, dividing asunder joint and marrow! There were young men present who had never up to that hour listened to such sanctified eloquence, or had ever been so spoken to. They came into that chapel with the ordinary feelings of young men, to find themselves, evening by evening, spellbound, awed, profoundly impressed. So searching was his address on the very eve of the ordination, when analyzing the varied motives which actuate anyone to seek the ministry, that one of the candidates, who was to have read the Gospel, withdrew and was not ordained. Intense indeed must be the power that could be so brought to bear in one address on a candidate for Holy Orders that, at the last moment, a life should be diverted from the training and intention of years.

Those who had passed met together on Saturday morning for an early celebration of Holy Communion. If a candidate had not passed, he was quietly informed, on retiring for the night, that he was not expected at Holy Communion on the following morning, and he generally disappeared whilst we were at service. The greater part of Saturday was spent by the Bishop in seeing us individually in his study. He would personally interrogate us, giving us

what information he could about our curacy, and, expressing some particular wish, he showed how intimately he was acquainted with the circumstances of each parish. We did not separate without prayer and his benediction. I remember to this day his searching look as he said to me, 'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office?' The question came home as it hardly comes home to the merely formal questioning in the ordination service. I could only reply, 'That if an earnest desire from my childhood, from which nothing had turned me, might be interpreted as a "call," I felt I could say, *foro conscientia*, that I was inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost.' I have since endeavoured, when invited to preach at an Ordination Service, to define and enlarge on what we understand by a 'call.'

The Bishop then proceeded to give me some information about my curacy. 'You are going,' he said, 'to a very small parish, a mere hamlet, which has for years been sadly neglected. Your Rector has long been incapacitated from doing duty by old age. The services have been conducted by a "hack." Religion has been kept alive by a local Methodist preacher, a pork-butcher. He lives on his own freehold in the parish. He is a bitter Dissenter. Be advised by me. I particularly enjoin you to be careful not to offend him; live on good terms with him; let your relations with him be conciliatory and friendly.' When one remembers the abuse heaped on the Bishop's devoted head, the names by which he was nicknamed, the unworthy suspicions entertained of him, the attitude of hostility with which he was credited towards Dissenters, I am glad to be able to place on record the advice he gave me, as against the aspersions cast upon him.

I was ordained in Cuddesdon Church, Sunday, March 4, 1855. I passed a good examination, and the Bishop asked me to read the second lesson at evening service. Philipians iii. is marked in my Bible. I never read it without recalling Cuddesdon Church, and the day when the desire

of my childhood was, in the good providence of God, realized. On Monday morning I breakfasted with the Bishop, and sat next him. We have of late been amused with the story of the newly-ordained curate breakfasting with his Bishop, and eating an egg undoubtedly bad. The odour pervaded the room. 'I am afraid your egg is bad; try another,' said the Bishop. 'Thank you, my lord,' replied the curate; '*parts of it are good.*' He evidently felt he had no chance of preferment if he condemned the Bishop's egg. In those days I did not wear one of those waistcoats which have been called 'early closers,' or I should have known what to have done with my troublesome white tie. I was aware that it was becoming more and more limp, and kept untying it again and again, until by degrees it assumed alarming proportions, extending visibly to right and left. The Bishop's eye twinkled as he watched my distress, and at last said, 'Had you not better retire and take it off altogether?'

Breakfast over, I went down to my first curacy. Stoke Talmage is about fifteen miles from Oxford, and two from the old coaching town of Tetworth, with its old-fashioned inn. Stoke Talmage is on the highroad to Pyrton, and hidden from view, situate in a hollow. The population was in my time about one hundred, all told, and all, with the exception of one or two farmers, poor people. Scarcely one of the elder folk could read or write. The living itself is in the gift of the Earl of Macclesfield, at whose hands and those of the Countess of Macclesfield—their family seat being at Shirburn close by—I received much kindness. I invested in a 'Guide to the Churches in the Diocese of Oxford,' and found the parish church of Stoke Talmage therein described and summarily disposed of: 'This church is of debased structure'—as indeed it was! It is one of the smallest churches in the diocese, and bore every trace of neglect, with square pews, more like loose-boxes, for the farmers; rough benches for poorer folk; a west-end gallery for choir and Sunday-school; there was no vestry.

My Rector was ninety-two, and in his dotage. I see him, on the occasion of my first visit to him, in an enfeebled condition in his armchair by the fireside, with a large stick with which he sometimes remonstrated. Surveying me, he said, 'I rather like the look of you, young man.' 'Thank you, sir.' 'Yes, and because I fancy you, I tell you what I will do: I will make you a present of all my sermons.' 'Oh, thank you, sir; that is indeed kind.' 'As you seem pleased, I will also give you all my father's sermons.' 'Oh, thank you, sir; that is doubly kind.' Half an hour afterwards whole boxes of illegible manuscript were sent down to my humble lodgings. He came to morning service, but never recognised me in the surplice, and always asked me after service where I had been. On the last occasion on which he did duty he read the Prayer for all Conditions of Men *four times over*, and the churchwardens thought it time to interfere. I made it a rule never to contradict him. I found him one morning much excited. 'This is sad news, is it not?' he said to me. 'Oh, very sad,' I replied, not having the slightest idea to what he was referring. 'Ah, I am glad you feel sad. Don't you think his loss will be very great?' 'Irreparable, sir, irreparable,' was my bold reply. At this juncture his faithful housekeeper came in. 'What has the Rector in his mind to-day?' 'Oh, sir, he will have it that Lord Macclesfield is dead!' 'Oh no,' I replied in an unguarded moment, 'Lord Macclesfield is not dead; I saw him yesterday.' 'Do you hear that, sir?' she said, giving the Rector a good shake. 'Lord Macclesfield is not dead. Mr. Pigou tells me he was walking with him yesterday.' Seizing his stick, he brandished it over her head, and said: 'You stupid, obstinate old woman, Mr. Pigou has just told me how sad he is, and that Lord Macclesfield's loss is irreparable—irreparable!' I disappeared.

He was famous for his port wine. To give an idea of the light in which clergy were held some fifty years ago, and how estimated, a neighbouring Squire invited me to dine with him. After dinner he beckoned to me to sit by him,



and congratulated me on my curacy. 'You are a most fortunate young man.' Dismayed as I was at the prospect of my first curacy affording me so contracted a sphere of usefulness, I replied: 'In what respect do you think me fortunate? I shall be only too thankful to know what the curacy has to recommend it.' 'Why, young man, your Rector has the finest port wine, the *very* finest port wine in the kingdom, and you are precious lucky to be curate to such a man!'

Such was the estimate of a good curacy in the good old days, by country squires!

It will scarcely be credited, but it is nevertheless true, that for well-nigh thirty years no one, save in some very exceptional case, had ministerially visited the poor in Stoke Talmage parish. As I have already said, a 'guinea-pig' had come over for the Sunday duty, and this discharged, went his way. Lord Macclesfield did his best and built new schools, and Lady Macclesfield took a kindly interest in the little flock, but systematic parochial visiting, even on so small a scale, was unknown. The reader may imagine what the general condition of the parish must have been, particularly when he remembers that in many cases a kind pastoral visit is more effective with some than many sermons, and that it is almost an axiom in the ministry that a diligent visiting parson fills his church. His preaching is less that of the theorist; it is the utterance of one who has turned over other pages than those of God's Word. He has read and studied human life and character, and next to the diligent study of the Word of God comes the study of human life, with its varied conditions and needs. One result is to lay aside the velvet sermon-case, and speak to people face to face.

To this neglected parish—its church bearing visible testimony to the general neglect; religion kept alive by a Methodist pork-butcher; so secluded that we were fifteen miles from the nearest railway-station; shut out from reach of the inspiring intercourses of life—God saw good to send

me. I took lodgings, two rooms in the farmhouse of Mr. Lovelock and his family, which I have since more than once visited. I was to pay 12s. a week for the rooms. Coal cost 50s. a ton. My stipend was £100 a year; income tax was paid by my Rector. The local tax-gatherer wanted me to pay that tax over again. I remonstrated, and the authorities wrote to say it would not be exacted, on the ground that 'I was an unnecessary curate.' I was content to be so regarded rather than that income tax should be paid twice over on £100, but found it difficult to believe that I was really an *unnecessary curate*! I owed £25 of College debts which I did not care to ask my widowed mother to pay, and I lived on £75 a year. I have known, therefore, 'the day of small things,' what it is to have to count every penny and make £75 spread, like very thin butter, over a whole year. I think, however, I was really in some ways richer than I have ever been since. A farm girl waited on me. As illustrative of the people I had to do with, she was one evening shutting my shutters. A brilliant harvest-moon was shining in its full blaze of borrowed splendour. I said to her: 'It is a beautiful moon this evening, Sarah.' She replied: '*Yes, sir; it is what you call an eclipse, ain't it?*' I was careful not to use the word 'eclipse' in a sermon. I shared in the weekdays whatever the farmer had for dinner. Sunday was his day of high feasting. I can well understand that an afternoon service after a heavy Sunday meal should have a soporific tendency, and that if an afternoon sermon be difficult to preach, it is difficult for a stout farmer to listen to it.

The silence all about me was oppressive. The low of a cow, the squeak of a pig, anything that broke the stillness, was a relief. No words can describe what this silence was to one coming fresh from all the stir and intercourse of life. I sometimes felt as if I should go out of my mind. I had scarcely anyone to speak to, for the able-bodied were out at work. I could not be all day visiting, and there was no one in the little hamlet who had any ideas or thoughts beyond

the horizon of their cramped lives. It would, I think, have been found impossible to have lighted on a more desert place, and I can sympathize to my heart's core with the lonely, unmarried curate in remote villages. Let those who advocate celibacy on the part of the clergy, or who dilate so eloquently on early and improvident marriages, try to realize what it must be to a young man, in the heyday of his youth, to be shut out from much that gives life zest, that helps him to work with the presence of a dear devoted wife, and who has her love and sympathy awaiting him after a long day's work.

I felt my solitariness most on Sundays. I had to spend my lonely evenings, after two services and Sunday-school, all alone, too tired to read—the hour was too early to go to bed—with no one to speak to even about the services. Should my book fall into the hands of country clergy, let me say to them: 'Bear in mind the young unmarried curate; invite him to a meal, or to spend the evening with you, as some break to the trying solitariness and monotony of his lonely life.' This occasionally my three nearest neighbours did—Mr. Vere Spencer, of Wheatley, Mr. Langford, of Watlington, and specially Charles Conybeare, of Pyrton. A visit to Mr. Hopkins, of Nettlebed, was always looked forward to with pleasure. I fell furiously in love with one of his sweet daughters. Years afterwards I met one of them, and as we were chatting, I gave her to understand that she was 'the light of my eyes' as a curate. Imagine my feelings when she replied: 'Oh, I think you must mean my sister!' I soon made the acquaintance of the Methodist preacher. I met him on the highroad, and, shaking hands with him, said I was glad to meet him. He had a leg of pork sticking out over his shoulder, and said: 'As I was coming along, sir, I was thinking about prayer.' 'A very good subject,' I replied. 'Yes, sir, and do you know what I says about prayer? I says: "*It is the key that unlocks the bowels of the Deity.*"' We were very good friends until I put on an evening service, which seriously interfered with his

'meeting.' I had good reason, and was not a little gratified to learn that he retailed my sermons, as he constantly attended the little parish church. As a token of 'godly concord' and 'union of Christendom,' he lent me the lamps out of his chapel for my afternoon service in winter-time. He took umbrage at my having an evening service, but was seen listening outside a window close to the pulpit. We never, however, had a cross word.

The church was in a woeful condition—very small, very dirty, and untidy. Cocks and hens roosted on weekdays in the pulpit. The boys sat in the gallery. I learned a lesson one afternoon. A stray dog got into the church, I invited the congregation generally to expel the intruder. The invitation was at once accepted by the boys, who rushed down from the gallery. The dog ran into the chancel, and, getting his back well against the wall, gave us a rare and lively time of it. The dog gained the day, and I had to suspend service. I have never since issued a general invitation of a similar character. I had an old clerk who made us fully aware of his existence by his 'Amens.' He had three or four wands of different lengths, which he kept by him, ready for use. The Sunday-school children were seated on benches near his desk. If he saw a child playing tricks during Divine service, he selected the particular wand which would reach him, and I have heard him say, 'Lord, have mercy upon 'im,' accompanying this Versicle with a tremendous whack on the head of the luckless offender. He very much objected to all words ending with 'ly.' I have heard him say out quite angrily: 'Who cruel-ly, disdain-ly, and despite-ly speak against the righteous.' That verse in the Psalms always recalls him to my mind.

The choir was something *per se*. I had a trio of violin, flageolet, and long French horn. The choir took infinite pains over their practices at the village inn. I really believe that the village choir of fifty years ago took as great and conscientious pains at practising and rehearsing music for Divine service as do choirs nowadays. They did their *best*,

and thought it good. My choir had such repute; that it went about instructing other choirs! To a musical ear, and to one accustomed, as I had been, to the beautiful music in Trinity College Chapel, under the direction of Dr. Stewart, that at Stoke Talmage was something awful. If I ever left the choir to choose a hymn themselves, they always selected the paraphrase of Psalm cxxxiii. The reason of this was that there was room for an 'obligato' on the word 'ointment.' I see the performer on the flageolet too-tooing 'ointment' *ad lib.* When he had *quite* done, the long French horn was lifted over the gallery, and thundered out as he drew it, telescope wise, in and out, 'ointment.' Then the violin took it up on the upper registers, twiddling and scraping for a little while over 'ointment,' and then followed the chorus. It was a supreme effort. I got rid of the abominable French horn in a way I least expected. One evening when the gallery was very full, a fat farmer *sat on it*, and rendered it useless. I begged I might be allowed to have it repaired at my own expense, and sent it far enough away to give me time to introduce a harmonium. I was put down as an ignoramus. They asked me what tune I should like, as a general suspicion prevailed that I did not think much of their performances. I mentioned a tune in particular, adding that 'we had never had it since I came.' Never shall I forget their disgust. 'Lor' bless him!' they said one to another; 'why, it is the very tune as we had last Sunday, and he never knowed it!' I doubt if the composer himself would have recognised his own composition.

This reminds me that in a neighbouring church the clerk gave out: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God a *hymen of my own composure.*' I made a compact with my angelic choir that they should have their 'bass, sackbut, psaltery, and harp,' in the morning, and that I should have my harmonium in the afternoon. I found myself left alone. It is an actual fact that they had never seen a musical instrument played with keys so arranged.

It has been my lot, strangely enough, from the very com-

mencement of my ministry, to have to 'restore the breaches.' My dear and valued old friend, Sagar, clerk at the Parish Church, Halifax, wrote to me: 'I always say, if you was one of them millinaries [he meant 'millionaires'], you would restore all the cathedrals and churches in the kingdom.' My first 'restoration' was as audacious as it was simple. I consulted neither churchwardens nor congregation. I did not ask leave of my Rector. It never occurred to me to approach the patron, Lord Macclesfield. I applied for no 'faculty.' I engaged no architect, diocesan or otherwise. I went to our village carpenter, and engaged him at so much a day—wanting no 'contracts' or 'tenders'—to bring his saw and cut down the high pews to a certain level. He could not manage more than one side in the days he had to spare. The following Sunday the congregation trooped in. I watched from the reading-desk the general surprise, not only at what had been done, but at the *lopsided* look of the nave. Before any public 'indignation meeting' could be held, I got my carpenter to come very early on Monday morning, and to treat the other side in similar fashion. I then went round to the different seat-holders, pacified them, and raised the magnificent sum of fifteen shillings, that I might complete the 'good work' with some fresh paint. Very few clergy of the Church of England could say they restored a church for *fifteen shillings*!

In later years, in the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Byron's time, who was previously at Lewknor, the church was thoroughly restored and made as neat as it now is. I did not touch two small side-pews near the altar-rails; I remember them being one evening very crowded. The occupant was a well-known Dissenter. When the rest turned to the East at the Creed, she was compelled most reluctantly, but under pressure, to face about. I told Charles Conybeare this, and he said that doubtless when she returned home she said: 'If when my master goes to the house of Rimmon, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon me in this thing.'

I had some advice given me both by one of long experience in the ministry and by a medical man, which I place at the disposal of others, in connection with preaching and visiting. With reference to preaching, he once said: 'Do not expect too much; the gale may be driving along at forty miles an hour: it will not send the ship on more than eight. Never preach beyond your own experience, *i.e.*, do not say anything for the sake of saying it.' The wisdom of this has been disputed by some when I have quoted it in an address on a 'quiet day.' But I have lived to see how true it is, and to realize the difference between preaching from book-learning and from personal, Spirit-taught conviction. The doctor's advice was, on visiting contagious diseases: 'Be careful not to inhale the breath of the sick; and remember it is not necessary always to shake hands with one sick of a fever, or of any other contagious disease.' I have learned to see the wisdom of such advice. I have before me, as I write, my 'first sermon,' preached March 19, 1855. It was on the Day of Humiliation. I naturally expressed the wish it had been on some other occasion. It was my first experience of speaking in church, and how strange it is! I remember hearing of a newly-ordained deacon who was very nervous in the prospect of preaching his 'first sermon.' One, much older than himself, advised him to go out into his kitchen-garden in the morning and speak to his cabbages, and imagine them men and women. He did so, morning by morning, until his landlady thought he must be a raving lunatic. He succeeded, and spoke without hesitation. But Sunday was a dismal failure. His friend said to him: 'I hear you got on very well in speaking to the cabbages.' 'Yes,' he replied. 'It was one thing to think that cabbages were men, but I found it very difficult to realize that men and women, when I faced them in the pulpit, were cabbages.'

I am persuaded also that you cannot be too careful to speak as simply as possible to poor folk. Their vocabulary is very limited. Max Müller—no mean authority—calculates

that the vocabulary of the poor, especially in country villages, does not exceed some three hundred words. How often, therefore, must many words we use be unintelligible. Endless are the stories of misunderstood words. There is the stock story of the country bumpkin being asked if he understood what the clergyman meant when he spoke of a heretic, and replying, 'It is inside of a pig, ain't it?' Many words in our Prayer-Book must be as unintelligible as if in Greek or Latin. Rarely have I known any of the hundreds I have united in holy matrimony of the poorer classes say otherwise than, 'With my body I thee *wash up*.' For 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' the bridegroom generally says: '*I, thee, and thou*'; and as for 'Plight thee my troth,' there is a general splutter. I asked a girl about to be confirmed what she understood by Confirmation. She said: 'When I am confirmed, I take upon myself the sins of my godfather and godmothers.' Another said: 'When I come to years of *distraction*, I take upon myself my baptismal promises,' rather a bad prospect for her and hers. I wonder what led the poor woman, on hearing the verse about Solomon, his wives and concubines, to say: 'To think what blessed privileges them early Christians enjoyed!' I visited a poor woman in Pyrton parish, whom Charles Conybeare particularly commended to my care, when I took temporary charge of his parish. She was not far from her approaching end. I asked her if she had any favourite chapter in the Bible she would wish me to read to her. She bethought herself for a few moments, and said: 'Yes, sir, I should like to hear that beautiful lesson as they had in church last Sunday.' I asked her if she could tell me which of the four it was. She replied: 'There was a summat about *greaves* in it.' I then remembered it was 1 Sam. xvii., David's conflict with Goliath. Goliath had greaves of brass on his legs. I expressed my surprise that one *in extremis*, as she was, should select that one chapter out of the Bible above others more evidently suitable. However, that was the chapter she wished read before she



died. She listened with arms outstretched, and made no comment until I came to the verse, 'He had greaves of brass on his legs.' At this she raised her hands in ecstasy, and said: '*Ah, them greaves! them beautiful greaves!*' To this hour I have met with no one who can explain how the contemplation of those *greaves* could have given her solid comfort.

I had a curious, and I should say unique, experience at the first wedding at which I officiated. It was in Stoke Talmage Church. The bridegroom was a ploughboy; the bride in much the same condition of life. Mindful of Bishop Wilberforce's injunction to make all the offices of religion solemn and impressive, I knelt down to ask God's blessing on the couple about to be married. I rose from my knees to see, to my astonishment, that the bridegroom had come inside the altar-rails, and faced me at the south end of the holy table. When I opened the Office book, he opened the other. I prevailed on him to go and stand by his bride, and, feeling he had committed some mistake, he was rather dumfounded. I told him how to put on the ring, and to repeat the well-known words: 'With this ring,' etc. I did not tell him to let go the girl's hand after this, so he held on to her finger for all the rest of the service, she struggling to be—and already!—free.

I have before me not only my first sermon, but my parochial register of every man, woman, and child in my small parish. How few, if any, of these remain unto this day! I see I entered their occupation, whether they went to church or chapel, how many belonged to my coal and clothing fund, how many had been baptized, confirmed, and were more or less regular communicants. If you may know too little, you may know too much of your people, and it is this fact that I think often stands in the way of more faithful and incisive preaching, lest someone should say: 'He was preaching *at*, rather than *to*, me.'

I soon became aware of the little jealousies which the distribution of Sacrament alms or other funds is sure, do what you will, to excite, and of the excuse which dealing

with one tradesman in preference to another furnishes for paying you out by not coming to church. 'I am sorry,' said a clergyman to a butcher in his parish, 'that I do not see you oftener at church.' '*Ah, it is a deal of beef you gets of me, ain't it, sir?*' was his rejoinder. But I also was brought face to face with the simple faith, the self-denial of the poor and their great kindness to each other in sickness and trouble. I remember visiting a poor woman who could neither read nor write. She suffered much from some chronic malady. I envied her simple faith in her Lord and Saviour. I felt she had learned what in those days I had not, notwithstanding years of hard theological study and reading.

Writing on visiting, a neighbouring clergyman, who shall be nameless, asked me, during his temporary absence, to look after his parish, and particularly commended to my care an old woman who, added to other infirmities, was *very* deaf. Every clergyman knows how difficult it is to minister to such cases. Bishop Wilberforce used to put down in the examination papers on Pastoral Theology typical cases. I remember one: 'How do you deal with the landlord of the public-house in your parish?' I do not remember him ever asking, 'How do you deal with the hard of hearing?' That faithful pastor, Mr. Dickson, of Woodlands, near Hungerford, whose *locum tenens* I was for six successive summers, had the deaf all seated in a front pew, with gutta-percha tubes communicating with the pulpit—so many telephones! But this, again, is different from visiting the deaf ministerially. My friend had laid great stress on the observance of Saints' days. He returned from his holiday and proposed that I should accompany him on his pastoral visit to this deaf parishioner. We were overtaken by a sudden storm, and I took shelter in a room beneath in the cottage, whilst he went upstairs. I was an unintentional hearer of all that passed above. 'Well, and how are you to-day?' 'Oh, thank you, sir, I'se pretty much the same as when you left me.' 'Did you keep last Thursday?' 'I don't

know, sir. I always reads my Psalms.' 'Yes, but last Thursday was All Saints' Day. Did you keep All Saints' Day?' 'No, sir, I can't say as I did.' 'Well, then, we will keep it to-day' (*it being Saturday*). I can see the old woman sitting up in bed with her trumpet at her ear. The Vicar proceeded to read the epistle for All Saints' Day. He roared into her ear the 'sealing of the twelve tribes.' 'Of the tribe of Judah,' etc., like so many claps of thunder! When it was all over there was a pause, as if she was recovering from some shock. Then she said: 'Eh, my! but that is very awful. How many were there, sir?' 'Twelve thousand.' 'And what was done to them?' 'They were sealed.' After another pause, she said: 'And what might be the meaning, sir, of that 'ere *sealing*?' 'Commentators,' he roared, 'are not quite agreed. Did you like the beef-tea and port wine I sent you?' Forgetting in a moment all her difficulties, she unhesitatingly replied: 'Oh yes, sir, it was nice; it was good.' He joined me downstairs with an air of satisfaction that he had paid a pastoral visit, and had made that old woman keep All Saints' Day 'somehow and somewhere.'

A story is told of a Bishop questioning a newly-fledged curate how he visited, and what he said to the sick and dying. He particularly asked him how he would deal with some notoriously bad character if called to see him in sickness. The curate was at some loss to reply. *Pour l'encourager*, the Bishop said: 'Well, come, I will pretend to be the sick man;' and, suiting the action to the words, feigned grave sickness. The curate began: 'Oh, my lord, you have been a very, very wicked man!' I was once asked to preach in a church where the Rector of the parish was very hard of hearing. I ascended the 'three-decker.' I saw a large hole in the desk of the pulpit, and immediately stuffed my pocket-handkerchief into it lest my Bible should fall through. I heard every now and then a titter throughout the congregation which greatly disquieted me. I was not aware that I had said anything that could account for the

giggle. I was told afterwards that the scene below was unutterably ludicrous. The Rector, applying a tube to his ear, was twisting it and his head in every direction, but in vain, to hear what I was saying. He even two or three times kept feeling the tube with his fingers to ascertain what had gone wrong. When I came into the vestry, he said: 'Young man, when you go into a pulpit and see a big hole in a desk, don't stuff it up with your pocket-handkerchief.'

I had in my parish an old couple who were credited with practising witchcraft. They would have been burned some years ago. It was a very harmless form of sorcery. The old man professed to cure *warts*, and people having warts came from far and wide to consult him. I took my dear youngest brother to him and watched the process. The day following I went to him with a good supply of his favourite 'baccy,' and bribed him to tell me the secret. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'you brought your brother to me. I drew down the blinds. My old woman, she gets a piece of stick. I crosses your brother's warts with this knife, and she makes a notch on that stick corresponding to the number of warts on your brother's hands. When you and your brother was gone I buried the stick in yon garden, and by the time that 'ere stick is rotten, your brother's warts is gone!' *Voilà tout!* Extremely probable, considering how long it would be before the stick became rotten, and also that the garden being choke full of similar sticks, it would be quite impossible to identify my brother's, on which the number of his warts was marked!

I have all my life through felt how much I owe to the Rev. C. Conybeare, my neighbour at Pyrton. He discerned my liking for Science and Natural History, and, in return for taking charge of his parish during his summer holidays, he gave me a Microscope, and the year following a small Harmonium. But for what, under his guidance, the study of the Microscope opened up to me, I hardly know how I should have got through the long winter evenings in my lonely life. I set also to work to teach myself just enough of music to enable me to play simple hymn tunes and chants.

My Microscope was my constant and delightful companion, and I addressed myself chiefly to the study of infusorial life. There were plenty of ponds in the fields, the happy hunting-ground of microscopists. Evening after evening have I studied this fascinating branch of microscopical research, unmindful of the flight of time, until a general hue of red, spread over everything I was examining, warned me that my eyes were becoming inflamed. In the new-born joy of this research I used to take my Microscope with me when invited to stay at some neighbouring house. As it was inconvenient to put it up every evening, I hung a card on it with the word *loaded* in large letters. No servant ventured to touch it. To the untutored mind it seemed a small infernal machine. The pursuit of Science is not without its difficulties and even humour. In examining the diatomaceæ, or desmidiaceæ in different pools, you must keep the specimens apart. To this end I wore a leather strap round my waist, to which were suspended small beer-cans with handles. The report spread far and wide that the new curate was a 'tippler,' never actually seen the worse for drink, but that I went to the different public-houses to test the quality of their beer! The farm-girl who had a confused notion of an eclipse pronounced me a *lunatic*, simply because she had swept away the "proboscis" of a butterfly which I had taken infinite pains to prepare for mounting. Feeling that she was not, from previous experience of her, likely to know what a proboscis was, I said, in very unscientific language: 'You have swept away my butterfly's tongue.' I heard her say, 'She was now sure I must be crazed,' her only idea of a tongue being either her own or something half a yard long in pickle. I bethought me that I would give 'cottage lectures' with my Microscope. My first attempt was a great failure. I was showing a farmer, who had recently taken the pledge, a drop of water, full of life and animation. 'Lor, sir,' he exclaimed, 'why it is worse than beer! I must go back to beer!' I went home with a heavy heart, but ere soft sleep came, I decided on what course, and promptly, to take. I committed a 'pious

fraud,' for which I hope I have long since been forgiven. I went next morning to a pond where I knew I should find the larva of a gnat, which is not unlike a young scorpion. I announced that I would give a lecture on beer, and persuaded the farmer to attend this lecture. I furtively slipped the larva into the beer. When he saw it wriggling about in this environment of beer, he again exclaimed, to my great rest and satisfaction: 'Why, I'm —, sir, it is worse than water!' and he went back to teetotalism.

I have, ever since my curate days, found how the study of the Microscope has stood me in good stead. It has been my hobby. I think everyone with a definite avocation in life should have his hobby. It has been an unfailing source of recreation and increasing information; it has brought me in contact with men of science; it has been of great service to me in my ministry, inasmuch as Nature invariably furnishes the most true and striking illustrations of spiritual truth, and men of science in your congregation appreciate such illustrations. Some knowledge of science, and the study of the microscope in particular, as embracing so large a field, is invaluable in many ways even with uneducated people. Fuller says, 'Arguments are the pillars of a sermon, illustrations are the stained-glass windows.' Over and above any personal gain and enjoyment in the study of Nature—of which the late Lord Derby so truly said 'it is the purest of all studies, leaving no stain on the mind'—it is valuable as an auxiliary to the ministry. I have for now many years past given lectures to the working classes, which are always enjoyed. It is a very effective way of making many acquainted with the marvels of creation. I have reason to know that such lectures have led some from Nature to Nature's God. By the twin aid of photography and the limelight apparatus you can exhibit on a screen, greatly enlarged, what before such appliances were contrived could be seen by only one person at a time through the Microscope. How difficult it is to get people to look through a microscope! I have known one shut both eyes

as a preliminary to observation. I have seen the nose take the place of the eye. After infinite pains, all properly adjusted, I have been asked, 'Is it a picture?' One lady insisted on looking over my lamp instead of the microscope, and *her fringe was set on fire*. She has never cared since to have a look through a microscope. I find it rather difficult to give a title to my lectures, and have settled down to 'An Evening with the Microscope.' I used to describe it as a lecture on 'Minute Organism.' One person was heard to read it as '*Minute Organism*,' *i.e.*, appearing at intervals of a minute. Two working-men at Chichester were overheard saying: 'I say, Bill, our new Dean is going to give a lecture on "Minute Organism"; I vote we both go, as we are both fond of music'! I was lecturing in the North on parasites, vegetable and animal. I showed, *inter alia*, bugs and fleas. One of my audience, on his return home, saw his dog scratching itself. 'Poor beast!' he said, 'to think you should be beset with *proselytes*!' Despite all this, I would very strongly recommend curates to take up some such study should their lot be cast in the rural districts.

How much also I owe to Conybeare for giving me a Harmonium! It has also stood me in good stead. It laid the foundation of what has been ever since a source of enjoyment and of practical use. From my childhood I have been passionately fond of music. It is amongst not a few of my regrets that I was not encouraged to study music, both in theory and practice, in my younger days. How often I longed that I might be allowed to give the time I had, most reluctantly, to devote to Euclid, Algebra, and Trigonometry—for which I never had either taste or talents, not a problem of which I could now work out to save my life—to the study of music! I taught myself, however, enough to play simple tunes, and have found the power and value of this in conducting parochial Missions. Not one organist out of a thousand is *en rapport* with the conditions, spiritual tone and accessories of a soberly-conducted Mission. Organists are very angry with me because I once

said I should dearly like to conduct a Mission for organists. One went so far as to say that nothing would induce him to be organist in a church whose vicar could utter such sentiments. As a rule, they have their rigid, stilted, unsympathetic notions, which are not in harmony with, are not keyed to, a Mission. The great majority of our people love *simple melodies*. I do not mean ranting tunes with choruses, which are often profanely parodied, but simple well-known tunes, in which, without difficulty, people can safely join. They do not care for what I call 'corkscrew' music, full of 'accidentals.' How often, when a congregation is evidently and seriously impressed, has the organist dispelled, scattered to the winds, such impression by some outburst on the organ in his concluding voluntary, which showed he was not in touch with the occasion. If, instead of some wild blast, he had played 'Oh, Rest in the Lord,' or, 'He shall Feed His Flock,' or one out of many selections one might name, how greatly would he have helped to fix impressions!

I am so persuaded that, where you can, you should have and keep the music during a Mission in your own hands and under your own control, that I have for years made it almost a *sine qua non* that I should be allowed, on all days except Sundays, to conduct the singing. You then choose words married to melodies in keeping with your subject. You can invite those present occasionally to sing kneeling, and, with a Harmonium at hand, you can conduct and control the singing as cannot be with an organ in the chancel. I have been called a 'walking Harmonium,' because it may have so happened that at some meeting no one else present has either been able or willing to come down from a platform and take the hymn. Considering the little knowledge I have of music, never having for even one hour studied it as a science, unable to reply when asked what a 'Neapolitan sixth' was, confusing it with Neapolitan ices, I am often amazed that I should have been asked to read a paper on Church music or the devotional use of hymns at Church conferences and diocesan conferences.



Few men probably have more often been invited to preach at Choir Festivals. I consider it a great privilege to have been invited to preach the sermon at Hereford Cathedral at the Church Festival arranged by Sir F. G. Ouseley, and at the festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester.

Archbishop Thomson used to pay me this compliment: 'I always go to Pigou for books and tunes.' Can anything be less poetic, or even silly, than many of our hymns? How much of what we call on educated people to sing in our churches is written for the sake of rhyme! It has no pretence to poetry. If we smile at some of the doggerel sung years ago in churches, set to choruses, *e.g.*, 'Oh, catch the flee, catch the flee, catch the fleeting hours'; or, 'Oh for a man, Oh for a man, Oh for a mansion in the skies,' at obbligatories on 'ointment,' we might say, 'I will not put such nonsense, such unreality into the lips of educated folk as may be found to this day in some of our most popular hymns.' Not long ago I was asked: 'Do you think I am obliged to sing, "Have mercy on us worms of earth"?' (Hymns A. and M., 162). The attention of those who are bringing out new editions of hymn-books in general use might well be directed to expunging nonsense from many of our hymns. We have a treasury, I might say wealth, of most beautiful poetry, particularly in some of the American collections, with which I am fairly conversant, which might be happily married to some of our best-known tunes. I constantly do this at our great Nave Services in Bristol Cathedral, and am frequently asked: 'Where did you find that beautiful poem?' The programmes for our evening services, in which these selections are printed, are eagerly sought and treasured by our people.

To my mind, it would create nothing short of a revolution, as well as a much-needed reformation in connection with the singing of hymns, if much of rubbish, poverty-stricken sentiment, felt unreality and extravagant rhapsody, could be replaced by what would largely enhance the chief use and purpose of Divine service.

Writing on this subject of my two resources in my curate days, and of the value they have been to me in after-life, I am reminded of what has led me to encourage others in the same pursuits. I gave a lecture at Sheffield to a large gathering of artisans and working-men. I selected as my subject the different ways in which the Creator has anticipated human invention, *e.g.*, the anchor of the synapta, the saw of the saw-fly, etc. I showed that there was scarcely a tool which artisans use which God has not given to animal and insect life, even to a circular saw. I threw on the screen God's patterns, and man's unconscious imitations of them. I said that probably they might ask how I found time in a busy life to prosecute these studies, and told them how and when I began to find recreation in them. Some years afterwards I received a letter, in which the writer said that he was a curate in one of our large manufacturing towns. He was an artisan at Sheffield when I gave my lecture, and bore in mind what I then told him. He wrote to say that he had taught himself music sufficiently to conduct the service in a mission-room, and now was desirous of studying the microscope. Would I give him a few hints? It was 'casting bread on the waters, to find it after many days.'

What a change has come over the immediate neighbourhood of my first curacy since Stoke Talmage days! The wave of spiritual life, which many of us cannot but rejoice in, and which characterizes the last thirty years or more, has visited all that district. In place of churches unrestored, perfunctory services, infrequent celebrations of Holy Communion, fox-hunting parsons and lifeless ministrations, you have now churches restored, bright and hearty services, frequent celebrations, a devoted and exemplary clergy, an interested and sympathetic laity. It was my privilege in God's Providence, when I was Dean of Chichester, to conduct a quiet day for the clergy of the rural deanery. I met at the rectory Mr. de Coëtlogon, whose ministry I attended as a child at Baden. The reader may imagine what I must

have felt, looking back over all those years, and how, mindful of the past, and spared to witness that change for good of which there were such abounding tokens on every side, it was with heartfelt thankfulness that I accepted the invitation to come, and thus specially minister again amid the familiar scenes of my first curacy.

## CHAPTER IX

PARIS, 1856—1859

Offer of the chaplaincy at Marbœuf—Marbœuf Chapel—Distribution of Sacrament alms—My first sermon and Miss O'Reilly—Anglo-French—French schools and English girls—Madame Yeatman—Christ Church, Neuilly—English governesses in Paris—An Irishman's sermon—Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary—The Continental Sunday—Funerals in Paris—Hospitals—Prisons—Maisons de Santé—False prophets—Infidelity in France—French priests—Work of Protestant ministers—Lectures—Conferences—English Embassy—Orsini's attempt on the Emperor—Paris under the Empire—Bois de Boulogne—Duels—Efforts to purchase the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau—Missions—Leave Paris for London.

I WAS sitting one afternoon, in pensive mood, in my solitary lodgings, wondering and asking myself whether God would ever see good to call me to some sphere of more abounding opportunity, and how long it was to be my lot to minister to my little flock at hand, when a servant came with a note from my friend Rev. C. V. Spencer, Rector of the adjoining parish of Wheatfield.\* The purport of the note was that Bishop Spencer, formerly Bishop of Madras, wished to see me.

I had never heard of Bishop Spencer, and could not imagine why he wished to see me. He had had the offer of Marbœuf Chapel, in Paris, on the resignation of the late Rev. Robert Lovett, who had ministered there for well-nigh twenty-five years. The church, if such it could be called,

\* Very lately deceased.

was situate at the bottom of the Avenue Marbœuf, a side-street off the Champs Elysées, of which now scarcely any trace is left. It was originally founded by Mr. Lewis Way, in 1824, and was of the plainest possible description. Save for altar-rails, holy table, reading-desk, and pulpit, it might have been a concert-room. There were no pews or chairs, but seats more like *bancs*, covered with velveteen throughout. There was an extremely small vestry, and hard by a cow-stable, of which, on hot summer days, we were unmistakably made aware. In fact, when we most wanted ventilation we could not open the windows because of this odorous stable. The approach to the chapel was bad. The street was paved with rough stones, and there was no side pavement. Anything was thought good enough in those days for *l'Église Anglicane*. There was a huge skylight, on which we mostly depended for light. When the chapel was very crowded, I have seen people sitting round it, with windows opened, and having the full benefit of the exhalation from lungs below. The chaplain's residence was above, and bedrooms surrounded the skylight, a passage leading to and all round them. The rooms consisted of a very small drawing-room, and still smaller dining-room opening out of it, a small kitchen and about three bedrooms. The accommodation was ample for a bachelor and an occasional friend, but scarcely sufficient for a married man with children. I have Mr. Lovett's letter before me, dated 'Avenue Marbœuf, June 5, 1856,' in which he says: 'You will find it a very convenient and agreeable residence.' It was, indeed, on the 'house-top.' But this is to anticipate.

Immediately on receipt of the note, I went to see Bishop Spencer. He told me when I called upon him that he could only be in Paris for three months in the year, and was seeking for a chaplain. My good friend Vere Spencer suggested and recommended me. I seemed for a moment to be in a dream. The contrast between Stoke Talmage, its solitariness and one hundred souls, all told, and Paris, the core and centre of French life, was even then vividly

before me. I asked for a day or two to consider the offer. I was to have £150 a year, and the residence for the winter months. I at once walked over to Pyrton and consulted Charles Conybeare. He said: 'There are only two chaplaincies on the Continent worth taking for a permanency, Rome and Paris. You are offered the better of these two. Accept it, if only for three or four years. It will give you an experience of its own kind which you could not get elsewhere in the same time. If the offer had come to you later in life, I should say, "No," as you would lose touch with the Church at home, and have no claim afterwards on an English Bishop; but at your age it is different. Should you see reason to give it up, we can get you something at home.'

It seems but as yesterday that this counsel, on which I acted, was given me in the little study of Pyrton Vicarage. I felt it was a 'call,' inasmuch as I had not sought it. I had but very recently been ordained priest in the parish church of Aylesbury. The Bishop of Oxford was amongst the first to depart from the more usual custom of holding his ordinations in his own cathedral. He thought, and rightly, that it would serve to impress the laity with the reality of the ministry if, from time to time, they assisted at an ordination. Archdeacon Bickersteth, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, was at that time Vicar of Aylesbury, and more than once in later years reminded me of my ordination in his church. I have preserved the record of that ordination, in which the local reporter says: 'The beautiful ordination service was then proceeded with, and all present were deeply impressed by the solemn manner in which it was conducted by the Right Reverend Prelate.'

The Bishop of Oxford reluctantly, but very kindly, released me from my two years' engagement, and in every way facilitated my soon availing myself of the offer. Mr. Lovett had made all arrangements for preaching his farewell sermon and leaving for England in ten days' time. Bishop Spencer was anxious I should proceed as soon as possible

to take charge of the congregation. I could hardly realize that the following Sunday was my last at Stoke Talmage. I have kept ever since some kind and touching letters addressed to me in prospect of my departure. Solitary as in many respects my life had been, I was not aware, as we never are, how deep the roots had struck until the leave-taking came. The generous, honest sorrow of that simple-hearted peasantry deeply touched me. The people came from far and wide to hear my farewell sermon. I cried 'like a child' at the thought of leaving them and the little church.

Looking back over many years, recalling my first curacy and its surroundings, I see now, what I did not see then, how good and needful for me was the discipline and training of that solitude. I had leisure for certain studies which I have never had in the same degree since. I was in the school where you have to learn 'not to despise the day of small things.' I was brought into contact with simple faith, which was never troubled with misgivings. It has always helped me to realize and sympathize with those beneficed or unbeneficed clergy whose lot is cast in remote rural parishes. If I, whose ministry has been exercised for forty years in cities, am asked, 'Have you ever had experience of a country parish?' I can indeed say, 'Yes.' My 'impedimenta' were few, but my heart was heavy at leaving Stoke Talmage, and weighted with anxiety at the prospect of what lay before me. I was only a little over twenty-four years of age. Though I had already lived for some time abroad, I had never been to Paris. I went without a single introduction to any English resident there. I have known the solitariness of a small country parish. I have known the solitariness of a crowd. I walked up the Champs Elysées on a bright Saturday afternoon crowded with people bent on pleasure, and of that crowd knew no one. Mr. Lovett recommended to me the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion in the Rue St. Honoré, probably because it was much patronized by the English, where I soon heard

specimens of Anglo-French. I slept next door to a town 'Arry, who had given instructions to be called at a quarter past seven. The *garçon* thundered at the door. 'Who's there?' I heard. 'C'est moi, monsieur, le garçon.' 'What o'clock is it?' 'C'est sept heures et quart.' 'What do you mean by your "set our and car"?' I ask you what o'clock it is.'

On arrival, I called on Mr. Lovett. He could not conceal his amazement at my youthful appearance, and started back with surprise.

My first Sunday at Marbœuf was June 29, 1856. The church was crowded. I read the prayers. Mr. Lovett had evidently not got over his surprise. Turning round and pointing his finger at me as I sat in the reading-desk, he said, in his wish to introduce and commend me to the congregation: 'Look at him, beloved brethren, look at him! He is but a stripling—he is but a stripling; nevertheless, receive him in the Lord—receive him in the Lord!' It was very kindly meant, but I felt *very* uncomfortable. For some time I went by the name of 'the Stripling.' I have letters by me which begin, 'Dear Stripling.' I was at once taken in hand and most warmly welcomed by one of the English physicians, Dr. Campbell, and his dear wife, daughter of Mr. Lovett. They insisted on my being their guest for all the winter months, never allowing me to pay a sou. All three are now with God. No words can adequately express the affectionate care that Dr. and Mrs. Campbell took of me. I was indeed a stranger whom they took in, and all throughout the years of her sorrowful widowhood I was glad to have the opportunity of showing Mrs. Campbell how I felt and appreciated their kindness in her happier, unwidowed days.

A most unfounded rumour preceded me to the effect that I was a Tractarian. It was about this time that 'Tracts for the Times' created such a stir. Anyone coming from the diocese of Oxford was a 'suspect.' I remember a neighbouring clergyman calling on me when I was at Stoke

Talmage, when the hue and cry had been raised about 'Tracts for the Times.' He said: 'I am afraid I shall be called a Tractarian.' I replied that I did not think he need be under the slightest apprehension, as neither in his teaching nor ritual did he give evidence of sympathy with the movement. But why are you so afraid?' '*Oh, because I have for years been in the habit of distributing tracts amongst my people*'! Coming to Marbœuf Chapel, I was narrowly watched. It had been the custom to *say* the Canticles; I directed our excellent organist, Mr. Binfield, to have them for the future chanted. On the first Sunday they were chanted several of the congregation rose and left the church. We had 150 communicants on the morning of my first Sunday, and our offertory was large. On the following Monday morning I saw, to my surprise, the Avenue Marbœuf crowded with a most miscellaneous assemblage, chiefly of the *gamins* of the immediate neighbourhood. I was at a loss to understand why they were there. Incredible as it may seem, I found, as they invaded the chapel, that it had been the custom to distribute the Sacrament alms after this fashion: first come, first serve. I see I made an entry in my diary, July 7: 'Distributed Sacrament alms in a manner that I hope never again to distribute them.' There was 'a to-do' the following Monday when the chapel doors were closed, and I made a short excursion into the country. The fact is, there had never been, so far as I could gather, any systematic visiting in Paris. Apart from well-to-do residents, employés in shops, etc., there was a considerable number of poor of English birth scattered here and there throughout Paris. Of these, many were grooms and their families, Englishwomen who had married Frenchmen, and *vice versa*, who were labelled as Anglo-French. The Emperor Napoleon set great store on English coachmen and grooms, as did the Rothschilds and others of that ilk. They, as I have said, formed a considerable element in the poorer English residents, and needed looking after, for they quickly succumbed to the



ways and temptations of life in Paris. Not that nothing was done for them. We had British schools and the British Charitable Fund, in which the English Ambassador, Lord Cowley, took an active interest, and on the committees of which I was at once elected; but, so far as I can remember, there was no such parcelling out of Paris and systematic visiting as we have in our parochial organizations at home.

One of the first steps I had to take was to secure a considerable number of district visitors for those *quartiers* where English did most congregate. No one who has not resided for some time in Paris can have any idea, not only of the number of English scattered throughout Paris, but of the conditions under which they live abroad. Many seem to lose all sense of their nationality, and all touch with religious influences. There was therefore all the more necessity for visiting and for careful distribution of funds placed at our disposal for charitable purposes.

When I first went to Paris there were but two Church of England churches, that in the Rue d'Aguesseau, generally regarded as the church of the Embassy, and that of the Avenue Marbœuf. Divine service was held in the dining-room of the English Embassy, and all marriages, to be legal, had to be solemnized in that room. I have been at a reception on Saturday evening at the Embassy, and seen the buffets for refreshments laid out, and next morning have officiated at Divine service in the same room! The *on dit* was that, in order to legalize a marriage, not only must it be solemnized at the Embassy, but the presence of the English Ambassador was also necessary. There was a large portrait of Lord Cowley in the dining-room. As it was not always convenient for him to be present, the portrait was considered as satisfying legal requirements! Church accommodation was really inadequate. During the three years of my residence, under the régime of Napoleon III., a certain sense of security generally prevailed, and a considerable number of well-to-do English and Americans resided more or less permanently in Paris. The Champs

Elysées and the streets which run out of it and up to the Arc de Triomphe were regarded as the English *quartier*. 'Tout cela est changé.'

Marbœuf Chapel was, in my time, thronged to excess. Many used frequently to be turned away for want of accommodation. Our music was simple and devotional. H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge and the lamented Princess Mary were regular attendants, accompanied by several members of the British Embassy. It was with no little nervousness that I preached my first sermon to a congregation so different from that to which I had but two Sundays ago preached my farewell. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast. I said in that sermon what I have taken good care never to say again. I said that I had come to minister to my fellow-countrymen, and that I should be glad to know from time to time of any case of distress. Little did I think how I should be taken at my word! The congregation dispersed; I retired to the vestry, extremely small, with scarcely room enough for myself, and with one available chair in it. I heard a feeble knock at the vestry-door. A very faded elderly woman entered. I cannot describe her appearance or dress, though I have been persuaded once or twice to personate her, dressed as she was. She sat down on the chair, which blocked up all exit, and fanning herself with a pocket-handkerchief, began thus: 'Oh, lovely sermon—most lovely, lovely sermon!' 'Please,' I said, 'do not say that. I extremely dislike such comments.' 'Oh, I cannot help it,' she said; 'it was so, so touching.' 'What,' I said, 'so touched you?' 'Oh,' fanning herself again, 'it was that part where you said you would like to know a *case of distress*. "Ah," I said to myself, "he means *me*—dear man, he means *me*!"' 'Oh,' I replied, 'I only spoke *generally*. I did not mean anyone in particular.' 'Oh yes, I felt you meant *me*. Now, I am a case of distress. What will you do for me? Will you at once give me £2?' 'Well,' I replied, 'I did not mean that I would *at once* relieve a case of distress. I will make

inquiries about you.' 'Oh, fie! fie!' she said, waving her handkerchief at me, nearly into my face. 'Fie! fie! You never said one word about making inquiries. You said you wanted to know a case of distress. You naughty man! How dare you say in the pulpit you wanted to know a case of distress, and when a case of distress comes, you say you will make inquiries! For shame! for shame!' I honestly felt she 'had me.' 'Well,' I replied, 'you really must allow me to pass out of the vestry—I have a pressing engagement.' With extreme difficulty I persuaded her to get up and let me go; but she retreated backwards all the way down the chapel, waving her handkerchief at me, and screaming out, 'Oh, fie! fie!' She turned out to be a Miss O'Reilly, well known in Paris. She appeared next morning at our British Charitable Fund committee meeting, Lord Cowley in the chair. As soon as her eye lighted on me, she exclaimed: 'Ah, my lord, that is the gentleman who said yesterday in the pulpit that he wished to know a case of distress, and when I told him I was one, insulted me by saying he would make inquiries. Oh, fie! fie!' I thought, and hoped, I had seen the last of her; but no; more awaited me. I heard a violent ring at my bell, and Miss O'Reilly was announced. She said: 'Now, you know you did nothing for me the other day'—I could not with truth say I had—'but I hear you are going to have a meeting of your district visitors.' She spoke with a ridiculous lisp that I cannot express in writing. It was more than 'mouthing'; but she accounted for it. 'Now,' she said, 'you have influence with your district visitors.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I hope I have some.' 'Well, I teach the French language.' 'Good gracious!' I replied, 'you don't say so!' 'Yes, I teach the French language; but I find I cannot do so unless I have my full complement of teeth. *Will you ask your visitors to give me a new set of teeth?*' I promised her I would; and in the notes of our meeting is this: 'Miss O'Reilly applied for a new set of teeth, that she might pronounce and teach the French language.' The reader will

be curious to know if she got them. We had no funds for such a purpose. I was staying at a country house, and, got up to represent her, related this incident. One of the party present drew from imagination the scene, and wrote the accompanying lines, too good and clever to be withheld :

"If there be one here in sorrow,  
Help and comfort she may borrow,  
Which can lighten on the morrow  
Ev'ry care and bitter sigh."

'Thus the preacher spake, and ended  
His address, with pity blended ;  
And he said : " Come, be befriended  
In the vestry by-and-by."

'But they came not, one excepted—  
One whose heart, for long neglected,  
Grasped the meaning, and accepted  
All that wealth of sympathy.

'She was but a faded creature,  
Seared and whitened ev'ry feature ;  
In one word, a daily teacher ;  
But she murmured, " It is I !"

'And the preacher, waiting, met her  
(Never, never, to forget her!).  
" Well ?" he said, prepared to let her  
Bare her spirit tearfully.

'Then her handkerchief she fluttered.  
" Sweetest sermon, that !" she muttered ;  
Just a little bit she sputtered  
As she breathed, " Oh, love-e-ly !"

" Don't say that, oh please !" he pleaded,  
" Compliments are never needed ;"  
But the faded one proceeded  
To repeat, " Oh, love-e-ly !"

" When you spoke to one in sorrow,  
Bidding her take heart and borrow  
All she needed for to-morrow,  
Then I *knew* that it was I.

" Two pounds will suffice." " Excuse me,  
Said the preacher. " You refuse me ?"  
Cried the faded one. " Abuse me  
After what you said ? Oh, fie !"

'And her handkerchief she fluttered,  
Waved it up and down, and muttered,  
"In the pulpit *that* you uttered!  
In the vestry *this*! Oh, fie!

"For you said, 'Let one in sorrow'—  
Meaning me—'come here and borrow  
What she needeth for the morrow.'  
So I came, and this is why:

"Languages are my vocation,  
But I've suffered a privation,  
Only soothed by your oration.  
Was it mockery? Oh, fie!

"All my upper teeth extracted,  
I have fairly gone distracted;  
Dialogue can't be enacted  
Toothlessly, howe'er you try.

"So I came to be befriended,  
Can it be that you pretended?  
But this may not be defended,  
Sir, fie! fie! Oh, fie! fie! fie!"

Most of the English girls at the different schools for girls in Paris attended Marbœuf Chapel. I confess I was not favourably impressed with these seminaries, and more than once the *Times* inserted letters from me, advising English parents not to place their children at them, and also warning English governesses not to come to Paris. The general tone in the schools, at the time of which I write, was not good. It never seemed to me worth the risks, which an English maiden ran, to place her at a school abroad for the sake of a smattering of French. The prevailing idea seemed to be that a girl would acquire a correct Parisian pronunciation, and turn out an accomplished linguist! Let those whose children have been sent abroad with this view ask if that end was obtained. English girls will chatter to each other in English when they can, and even when put on their honour not to do so. How few English girls find what they learned at school of much use to them in after-life! How few keep it up! They are supposed to have received a '*finished* education.' Fancy a '*finished* education' at eighteen or twenty years of age!

I have a few choice stories of Anglo-French. I give but one or two. An English footman, who had led his fellow-servants to believe he spoke French fairly fluently, and who therefore regarded him as a 'Jeames Plush' of a superior order, dismissed a coachman thus: '*Cochon, vous pouvez va.*' You cannot say anything which irritates an irascible *cocher* more than to call him '*cochon*,' which, being interpreted, is hog, or pig! A girl who hailed from Manchester, and was supposed to have received a 'finished education' in Paris, was heard to say on her return from Switzerland that she and her sister had *greatly* enjoyed themselves, *and had been up several 'glaziers.'* The best story, on the whole, is of two American girls, who saw an empty cab passing, and hailed the driver thus: '*Cochon, cochon!*' The reply was a very emphatic '*Sacré!*' Not heeding or understanding this, and not knowing the French for 'empty,' they continued: '*Êtes-vous fiancé, êtes-vous fiancé?*' Cocher's wrath immediately subsided, and in view of two pretty girls asking him if he was 'engaged,' he promptly, with a broad grin, replied: '*Non, mademoiselle, non. Je ne suis pas fiancé.*' 'Eh bieng dong, voulez-vous avez moi?' 'Avec plaisir, mademoiselle.' Standing on the steps of the Madeleine, waiting for a particular procession to pass, a lady said to me: 'I am waiting to see the *cortégé* pass.' She evidently thought she could not, when in Paris, lay the accents on too thickly.

The only sentence I have heard in England approaching these for irregularity of verbs was in the case of a Frenchman bidding good-bye to his *fiancée*. I was standing by him on the platform. As the train moved out of the station he took off his hat, and said: '*Off she did went!*'

One day I met a friend of mine at the station who had come from England. Dear soul, she brought with her an old-fashioned *hair trunk*, and for a while it did not turn up. She said to me, 'Would you ask the douanier (!) to fetch me my hair trunk?' I told her I did not know the French for hair trunk. It was not '*malle*' or '*coli*.' 'How very

stupid of you,' she said, 'living in Paris, and not being able to ask for a hair trunk.' 'Douanier, ici,' said she to the porter. 'Eh bien, madame, qu'est ce que c'est?' 'Oh, j'ai perdu, j'ai perdu——' 'Eh bien, madame, dites-moi vite, s'il vous plait, qu'est-ce que vous avez perdu; je suis très pressé.' I explained to my friend what he said. 'Oh, j'ai perdu, j'ai perdu, une boîte, comme ça, comme ça,' endeavouring, frantically, to convey an idea of its size. 'Eh bien, madame, mais quelle espèce de boîte?' 'Oh, c'est un boîte *au chevaux*.' With no little quickness the 'douanier' discerned what she meant. He brought the hair trunk, a huge thing covered with a red hairy skin. 'Ah, oui, c'est ça, c'est ça! You see, the man perfectly understood me, though I have not lived as you have in Paris.' 'Oui, madame, voilà votre boîte; mais quant aux chevaux, je vous assure je ne puis pas les trouver.' 'What did he say?' 'He said he was very sorry he could not find the *horses*.' I had to explain the difference between *chevaux* and *cheveux*.

I had not free access to the French schools as the Roman Catholic priests had, and there is no doubt that proselytizing was carried on on their part. The Emperor, in his toleration or indifference, was dubbed an 'Honorary Member of all Creeds,' but the Empress Eugénie is an ardent Roman Catholic, and was generally suspected of encouraging proselytism. Be this as it may, it was carried out to such an extent that a deputation waited on the Emperor at the Tuileries to protest against, and to ask him to use his influence to disallow it, and he did.

It was customary to arrange two large chairs on a platform for the priests who were invited to give away the prizes; one was arranged for each of the 'professeurs,' and one for me, 'Monsieur le jeune Ministre Protestant.' I was amazed at seeing the priests accompanying the giving of the prize with the benediction of a downright, hearty kiss, and after this benediction a crown of laurel, such as you see Cæsar in statues crowned with, was placed on the head of the blushing girl. I overheard the priests saying as the girl came

up: 'N'est-ce pas qu'elle est jolie? Ah, oui, elle est très belle.' The Professeur des Langues was so anxious to kiss the recipient of his prize that he put the laurel wreath on the wrong way on her head. What should have encircled her brow encircled her *chignon*. I have rarely witnessed anything so comical. My turn came. All eyes were turned to see what 'Monsieur le jeune Ministre Protestant' would do. Greatly, I think, to the girl's relief, a member of my Bible-class, I did not adopt *l'usage du pays*. I thought as I witnessed all this, What would parents in England say if they saw their daughters thus publicly kissed! I did something one Sunday morning which I never did again. I saw a girl so misconducting herself during Divine service as to attract the attention of all who sat near her. She was carrying on a *very* open flirtation with some young man. Her conduct was really so *outré* that I paused when preaching, and glared at her. In the afternoon the mistress of the school called on me. I could see she was really in a high state of indignation. Her eyes glittered with fury. She said she came to thank me (!) for what I had done, and begged that I would go to her school next day and admonish the girls. I felt it was due to her that I should. She did all she could to make the situation most trying for me. There was a *very* large chair—the largest the establishment could supply—placed on a *raised* platform. I heard the girls giggling outside the door. They were ushered in with all due solemnity, preceded by Madame C—, and accompanied by *all* the teachers and available 'professeurs.' It was a *most* trying occasion, one to which I felt myself quite unequal. The girls arranged themselves, as girls will, like wallflowers along the walls. I said something in very mild and tremulous language about behaviour in church, and cut it as short as possible. The girls all curtsied and filed out, to my relief. Next day there was a ring at my bell, and Madame C— was announced. I made up my mind I had been sufficiently punished for my zeal without discretion, and resolved I would do no more in the way of exhorta-



tion. Madame C—— profusely thanked me for my visit to her school, and assured me that I had made *une impression profonde* (oh the fib!), that she had one more request to make. She had had a plan drawn of the floor of Marbœuf Chapel. The seats her school occupied were marked 1, 2, 3, 4. She gave me a duplicate of this plan, begged I would take it with me into reading-desk or pulpit, and, if I would look at it, it would obviate the necessity of directing particular attention to her school in general. If I detected a girl misbehaving, I could at once, reading or preaching, compare my duplicate with her plan, and state to her that ‘*numero un, ou deux, ou trois*’ was the culprit. She firmly believed that I always took this plan with me. I am equally confident that I always left it in the vestry. I cannot remember that I ever afterwards looked, *even for a moment*, in the direction of her school.

I had great trouble with an American, who ‘guessed’ Marbœuf Chapel would make a grand lecture-room, and did all he could to persuade me to lend it him for that purpose. ‘Do you know American literature?’ he said to me. ‘No,’ I replied, ‘I am not familiar with it.’ ‘Well,’ he said, ‘I guess there is nothing in creation beats it, and this is the very place for lectures on it.’

The French have a great horror of a corpse in the house. The French Government had to pass a law that no one should be buried *within* twenty-four hours after death. I have known an English girl die, and to have been so hurried to her grave, that her parents had no time—communication between London and Paris was not so quick then as it is now—to see their child before her funeral took place. On one occasion they did arrive at the ‘committal,’ and the French mistress of the school (oh the humbug!) prostrated herself, in her best silk, in feigned passionate grief at the graveside. I knew how she had hurried that funeral. But all this is changed.

I took charge, when Vicar of Halifax and out of health, of Christ Church, Neuilly, a charming little church just outside

the Barrière, in the Boulevard Bineau, built by contributions collected by Miss Leigh, now Mrs. Lewis. Adjoining—27, Boulevard Victor Hugo—is Madame Yeatman's school, a very model of a school for girls. Her late husband, Professor Yeatman, was one whom to know was to love. An American by birth, he took a most intelligent interest in all matters affecting education. The girls, some 80 in number, attended my ministry, and I had a weekly Bible-class with them. I recommend this school whenever I can, as in every respect admirable as regards education. A high religious tone pervades and characterizes her *établissement*, and nothing can exceed Madame Yeatman's solicitude for her *élèves*. Would that all schools abroad were like hers! But what are you to say of some English and American parents, and of the difficulty in which they put the head of such establishments? Madame Yeatman, a Frenchwoman herself, is thoroughly *au fait* with Parisian life. The French stage is proverbial for its low tone. The plays and novels of the French are, as a rule, immoral in their tendency. We used to hear that the latest fashions were the creation of the *demi-monde*. I said once to Madame Yeatman: 'I conclude you do not take your *élèves* to the theatres in Paris?' 'I should not,' she replied, 'think myself of doing so; but what am I to do when parents write and express a distinct wish that their children should go to the theatres and see French life?' One's only hope is that the children are not sufficiently conversant with French to understand what is said. I can say with truth that, though I had abounding opportunities of doing so, I never once during the years of my ministry in Paris set foot in any one of the theatres or opera-houses.

I may here say, *en passant*, that there never seemed to me to be any real demand for English governesses in French families. The French do not at heart love us. They are not particularly solicitous to learn our language, which they love as little as they love us. For, alas! too many well-educated but penniless young women in England our land

is too strait. When I lost my dear wife in London I advertised for a daily governess, and had nearly 500 replies in three days! France seems to offer an opening; it is not really one. Apart from advertisements, which turned out occasionally to be traps for immoral purposes, the life of an English governess in a French family is rarely happy. The customs are so utterly different. In many cases no salary is given. The arrangements are *quid pro quo*, lodgment and food in return for teaching. I write of what I know. At our meeting of the British Charitable Fund a considerable number of those who sought relief at our hands were English governesses, lured over by certain advertisements; and I have known respectable English girls wander about the streets at night, not knowing where to lay their heads. I see by my diary, which I carefully kept in Paris, frequently this note: 'Gave So-and-so, a governess, funds to enable her to return to England.' A society was formed by an influential committee of ladies for the visitation of English governesses in Paris, but this was rather to protect young and inexperienced countrywomen peculiarly exposed to difficulties and trials on first arriving in a foreign city, than to find them situations in French families. It was the solitariness of lives such as these, the perils to which they and young girls employed in shops were exposed, that first prompted Miss Leigh to make them her special care, and to establish a home and registry-office for them in the Avenue Wagram.

I received, on taking up my charge at Marbœuf, a timely and gentle hint that for the first few Sundays I should be especially careful not to make any remarks of a political nature, nor in any way to allude to, still less attack, the Roman Catholics, inasmuch as detectives would be present. It might seem to the reader as unnecessary as it seemed to myself that such a hint should be given. But occasionally some of the French Protestants, notably one or two, transgressed, and, after the benediction, were quietly marched off to the Conciergerie for a week's quiet reflection on their

indiscretions. This was never my experience, but I often wonder that a certain clergyman was not 'run in.' I was asked to allow him to preach at Marbœuf, and rather *contre cœur* consented. He was a fervid Irishman, with strong Cork accent, and was well known as an able controversialist in connection with Roman Catholics. It could not be said of me, when he arrived in the vestry, 'there was fear where no great fear was.' He seemed all aglow. I said, with some hesitation and diffidence: 'I am sure you will not mind my saying that I am particularly careful never to say anything that can offend the Roman Catholics, seeing that under this French Government we enjoy great quietness.' 'Och!' he replied; 'do you think, my young friend, I should be so indiscreet as to say a word in a Roman Catholic country against the Roman Catholics? I trust I know better.' To this I rejoined: 'I know I ought to apologize for suggesting to you reticence, but my excuse must be that I am well aware how your name is identified with the Roman controversy, and it is not always easy to keep clear of it.' 'Och!' he said, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'be aisy, be aisy!' I tried to be 'aisy.' He went into the pulpit and gave out a text from the history of Balaam. For the time I was 'aisy.' I said to myself, 'Well, he is far removed here from the Romish controversy.' But I was not allowed to be 'aisy' long. He had not preached ten minutes before he let out about the Virgin Mary. He made out that the Blessed Virgin Mary and Balaam were on friendly terms, and we had a discourse full of fire and declamation against Mariolatry. I writhed under all this. I could not stop him. But this was not all. He had not a ghost of a notion about French. He could not speak the language, but he had the audacity to say, in broad Irish: 'I think, my brethren in the Lord [!], it is a grēat shāme that the French have a bettther translation of the text before us than we have. I'll give you the French vārsion.' He then proceeded to give 'the French vārsion,' something too ludicrous and appalling to describe. Giggling was all over

the church, of which he was supremely unconscious. But that was not all. He went on to say, in broad Irish: 'I don't know if there happens to be a Roman Catholic here. I have been travelling a great deal in the Vaudois. The only instance of incivility I met with was from a Roman Catholic. I'll tell you just what happened. Thinking he was a Frenchman, I went up to him, and, in the pōlitest way imaginable, I raised my hat, and said: "Bong jour, mounseer." He replied in English: "Go to the —"; but the rest of the sentence was so profane, brethren in the Lord, that I can't repāte it here.' Oh, the relief when the sermon was over! I said in the vestry: 'I thought you said I was to be "āisy," and that nothing would induce you to make any allusion to Roman Catholics.' 'Och! my young friend,' was his reply, 'you may sometimes be a little carried away.'

Is it not wonderful that he was not 'run in'? A week of the Conciergerie would have done him much good. I need not say I never gave him another opportunity of being 'carried away.'

So large was the English element in the latter years of Napoleon III., that I had to resort to the French Protestant community and ask them to lend me their Church of l'Oratoire, in the Rue St. Honoré, for an evening service. I have lying before me a letter from Guillaume Monod, cordially granting me the use of it. I had a short service for English and Americans who were staying at the different hotels in the neighbourhood. I was thus brought into contact with, and knew personally, the Monods, Pressensé, Coquerel, and some few more of the leading lights of 'l'Eglise réformée de Paris.' Nothing could exceed their Christian courtesy. Our offertories in Marbœuf were large. I have had as much as three or four thousand francs at a morning service. Here is a letter before me from the physician to the Embassy, Sir Joseph Olliffe, thanking me for 2,664 francs for the Charitable Fund. The largest was on the memorable Sunday when I preached on behalf of the

sufferers in the Indian Mutiny, a sermon I was induced to publish at the request of the congregation. It was on September 13, 1857. My text was Jeremiah v. 15. The church was crowded to suffocation. In my diary I find: 'A day to be remembered.' Many present had relatives or friends in India who were massacred in the Mutiny. There were some whose nearest and dearest had experienced the nameless horrors of Cawnpore. So great was the sorrow, so intense the feeling, that at times I could not make myself heard for the outbursts of sobbing. I think I may say there were few, if any, not moved to tears, and strong men felt 'the lump in the throat.' The offertory was about 4,000 francs. H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz were present.

It was from that day that I became acquainted with one who was almost as a mother to me in later years, and at whose gracious hands I received many tokens of personal kindness. On the Monday following, the Equerry to H.R.H. called on me, and said that the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary wished to see me. He said: 'Probably you have not been much yet in the presence of Royal personages; you will not, therefore, mind my reminding you that it is not etiquette to turn your back on Royalty when leaving their presence.' I thanked him for his kindly hint, and went down to the Hôtel du Rhin, in the Place Vendôme, where H.R.H. had apartments.

Mindful of the hint given to me, my eyes at once fell on the floor of the apartment in which the Duchess received me, which was highly polished, *very* slippery, with, here and there, small treacherous rugs spread over it. H.R.H. at once placed me at my ease. She and the Princess Mary entered into lively conversation with me, thanked me much for my sermon, expressed the hope it would be published, and added, that if I ever came to London and preached there, I was to be sure and let her know, and she would make a point of attending. All was very pleasant *so far*, but my

mind was haunted with the thought, 'How was I to make my retreat good?' My mind was not 'aisy.' H.R.H. intimated that the interview was at an end. I plucked up my courage, and said, thanking her for her kindness, 'I am aware, Madam, that it is not etiquette to turn my back on Royalty, but I do not see how I am to manage to reach the door, because of this slippery floor and these treacherous mats. She and the Princess laughed heartily at my dilemma, and the Duchess said: 'I cannot, of course, allow you to turn your back on me, but we will see what can be done.' She most kindly rose and gave me her hand, and I skated backwards. Niagara Skating-rink is nothing to it. I sent mats flying in every direction. She conducted me to the door, and said: 'Now I think you will do.' In my London days, when she always attended my ministry, she used occasionally to command me at her residence, now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York. Many a pleasant hour have I spent with her and the Princess Mary, chatting over a cup of tea, *de omnibus rebus*; but I never left the room without her saying to me: '*I think I need not give you my hand to the door!*'

I had from time to time some interesting baptisms at Marbœuf Chapel, particularly of Jews who had embraced Christianity. I hesitate to say *converted*, though in our Prayer-Book we speak of the 'conversion of St. Paul.' I was much struck with the late Lord Beaconsfield's reply to a request that he would preside at a meeting for the conversion of Jews. He declined absolutely to do so. It was his opinion that to apply the term 'conversion' to a Jew embracing Christianity is a misnomer. He called himself 'a completed Jew.' St. Paul says: 'Ye are complete in Him.' The question of the gaoler at Philippi was: 'What must I do to be saved?' The question of St. Paul was: 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' I notice that we hear less nowadays of a society for the 'conversion of the Jews.' It is the society, and more properly, for the 'promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews.' I officiated at

the baptism of Mr. Kroenig.\* The late Lord Shaftesbury and Arthur Kinnaird stood sponsors, and the service was one of great interest. I have every reason to be thankful for my spiritual child. I was enabled to raise the necessary funds to enable Kroenig to pass through King's College. Canon Brooke, then Vicar of Hull, offered him a title if I would give £50 a year for two years towards his stipend. I sat down one morning, and wrote to ten persons who I felt sure would help me. The ten letters realized exactly £100. In due time the late Archbishop of York, Dr. Thomson, presented Mr. Kroenig to St. Barnabas, Hull, where he is doing good work, and is constantly occupied there with inquiring Jews. I remember on one occasion when I was administering Holy Baptism, a friend, of considerable wealth, expressed a wish to be present. He joined rather loudly in the 'Amens.' I noticed after the service that something was being pressed upon him, which he seemed unwilling to receive; but I heard the father of the baptized child say: 'Let me persuade you to accept this. I always give the clerk something;' and he insisted on thrusting into the palm of his hand a large, flat five-franc piece. 'Let me know,' he said, 'when you are going to have a baptism, and I will come and stand clerk!' As we do not sell the Sacraments, the five francs came in handy for one whom I knew sore needed it.

The difficulties of our ministry abroad are the temptations to break away from the traditions of God's Holy day and the attractions of the Roman Catholic Church. People who in England observe more or less the sanctity of an English Sunday, and who never think of entering a Roman Catholic Church, consider themselves under no obligation of this nature when abroad, and get quit of all misgivings so soon as they cross the Channel. The races at Chantilly, the display of waterworks at Versailles, the many attractions of

\* Mr. Kroenig is of a family of old standing in Poland, and had, previous to his baptism, received a liberal education for the Rabbinical office. By embracing Christianity he forewent a large patrimony.



a Continental Sunday, are too much for some. We did all in our power to persuade English residents, even on the lowest grounds of example, to abstain from drifting into the prevailing custom, as if crossing the Channel made the difference between what was right in one place and doubtful in another. Over and over again have French priests said to me, when they noticed the lax morals and compromising religion of Protestants: 'If your reformed faith is so much better than that of our Church, why is not your practice also reformed?' Heartily and sorrowfully have I often been ashamed of my countrymen in Paris. If there are Americans *and* Americans, there are English *and* English abroad. What voice can reach that vulgar class who parade in the streets, to the annoyance of the French, at all the places of fashionable resort, as they would not do in Hyde Park or Rotten Row? Our 'Tom 'Arrys' take every opportunity of airing and asserting British pre-eminence, and of showing contempt for foreign ways. They walk arm-in-arm up the aisles of the churches talking aloud, staring at devout worshippers who come quietly in the pauses of busy life for a few minutes' communion with God, and, with despicable vulgarity and absence of all sense of the fitness of things, bring the English name into contempt. If such of our countrymen, guilty of indecorum and disregarding the customs and susceptibilities of foreigners, think these things are unnoticed, they are greatly mistaken. It is these things, amongst others, that help to account for the feelings entertained by the French towards Englishmen.

In concluding this chapter about Marbœuf Chapel, endeared to me by many hallowed and cherished memories, by the recollection of large, devout and interested congregations, and by its associations with her, my dear first wife, now with God, there are some few reflections which properly belong to it. As I have already said, a very considerable contingent of English and Americans resided in Paris during the last days of the Empire, and though I was warned not

to go abroad, and nervous relatives at home were firmly persuaded that they would never see me again, that Marbœuf Chapel, like all Paris, was undermined, and life was in danger, we felt secure. It was more easy, then, to maintain a Church and its Services than it may be now. There are many fewer residents in Paris at present than there were in the time of which I write. Increased facilities for travelling conduce to the fact that visitors to Paris reside there but a few days. The class of English also living in Paris is now very different. The Champs Elysées and neighbouring streets would not to-day be characterized as the 'Quartier Anglais.' I made acquaintances in connection with my ministry which were of lifelong interest. I cannot speak too gratefully of the kindness I used to receive at the hands of Americans. I had the privilege of the friendship of Mr. Mason, the representative of the United States, who kept a place daily for me at his dinner-table, with that general invitation of which I often availed myself. I used to meet there the *crème de la crème* of American society. How charming and intelligent are the educated American women! Mr. Mason was a large slave-owner, and rarely lost an opportunity of assuring me that, under a kind master, slaves were often better off than many servants under inconsiderate masters and mistresses.

I hold also in grateful memory Mr. L. Aspinall, a name familiar as a household word in the United States, and a constant attendant at Marbœuf. When an effort was made, on the part of the English residents, to purchase the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and to present me to it—the munificent sum of £10,000 being raised—Mr. Aspinall called upon me, said he had heard of the effort, and wished to have a part in it. I referred him to the Committee, but he insisted on giving me his cheque. On opening his letter, I found in it a cheque for £1,500. When the effort failed, he again called on me, and, expressing his regret, advised me, as I had gone through some trouble, to travel abroad. He told me I should find £200 a year, for three years,

placed to my account at his bank. I felt I had no claim on him for such generosity, and declined to accept his gift ; but, on his persuasion, accepted it for one year. All words fail to express the unbounded kindness I experienced at the hands of the Marbœuf congregation, and such were the presents made me, that I sometimes did not touch my quarter's stipend.

I had always to be on my guard against *false prophets*. Nothing was easier than for some vagabond or rogue to don a clergyman's dress and get cards printed as the Rev. So-and-so. They would send their cards in to the vestry, offering to assist. To have assisted at Marbœuf would have been some guarantee that they were what they feigned to be. I shall have occasion presently to give my experience of one of these false prophets. I am afraid I must have occasionally given offence to a *bonâ-fide* clergyman by declining his proffered assistance unless I knew who he was. Possibly when such saw me taking the whole duty unassisted, he must have said or thought all sorts of things about me. One had eccentric people to deal with, as well as with girls who flirted. I remember Lady C. sitting in front of the reading-desk. The sun shone in brightly during the saying of the Creed. She slowly opened a flaring red parasol, and held it over her head while reciting her faith. As we did not turn to the east, we were in full view of each other. I paused, and she, taking the broad hint, feeling probably that she had erred, by a curious coincidence closed her parasol at the clause 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.'

One great want abroad, I may say all over the Continent, is that the Church of England should be duly and properly represented both by her fabric and her ritual. Can anything be more deplorable than the way in which the Anglican church is in some places misrepresented abroad ? Look at some of the Churches which are supposed to represent us ! Marbœuf Chapel was mistaken for a lecture-hall, and had no pretence to any ecclesiastical architecture. The church in the Rue d'Aguesseau was not much better.

Of late years, under the care of the late Mr. Howard Gill, and under that of its present earnest incumbent, Dr. Noyes, there has been most marked improvement. Mr. Archer Gurney started a church in a disused gymnasium, and the feeble imitation of the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church only served to provoke the ridicule of Roman Catholics. The French Protestant churches are as bare and naked in their simplicity as a Methodist chapel at home. When I took charge of the chaplaincy, three years ago, at Vichy, we used an out-of-the-way building, shared equally by ourselves and the French Protestants. Externally it was offensive to a degree, notwithstanding notices put up that we 'cannot have nuisances here.' A menagerie was close by. One evening, when we were saying, 'Lord, have mercy upon us!' we heard the lions 'roaring after their prey.' If the church be more decent, it is too often made to represent a party or school of thought. They who raise funds to build these churches forget that they appeal to *all* schools of thought, as represented by the enormous number of tourists, and that it is scarcely fair to utilize funds, thus commonly raised, for party ends. When I took charge of the new church at Grindelwald, where we had two Celebrations of Holy Communion every Sunday, someone wrote to me protesting against my taking the eastward position at one of the Celebrations, although I had taken the north end at the other Celebration. The writer—anonymous, of course—said I was not faithfully representing the Colonial and Continental Society. But surely that church was built by the subscriptions of some who were not identified with the Colonial and Continental Society. Many were present worshipping there, whose alms were every Sunday solicited, and who were accustomed to the eastward position at home. Were they not to be considered?

The most extraordinary ignorance prevails on the Continent as to the tenets of the Anglican Church. We are constantly confused with *Jews*. I remember asking a policeman in Paris to direct me to a particular Jewish synagogue;

as I wished to be present at one of the services. He directed me, with much assurance, to the English church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. 'C'est une Église Protestante,' I said. 'Oh, vraiment, monsieur, mais les Protestants et les Juifs sont toujours la même chose, n'est-ce pas?' I travelled with a Dominican friar from Italy to Paris. To my astonishment he asked me if we administered Holy Baptism and Holy Communion in the Church of England! I put down much of this almost incredible ignorance to the way in which the Church of England has been for years represented abroad. You might count on your fingers the churches which in any prominent situation, and not in some side-street, represent her. The fact also that of these many are the expression of party spirit rather than of Catholicity, largely accounts for the astounding misconception of what the Anglican Church really is and teaches.

All this is to be regretted on other grounds. I can affirm without fear of contradiction that not a few priests in the Roman communion, fully alive to the widespread infidelity and atheism in Roman Catholic countries, and finding themselves unable conscientiously to accept her teaching, are desirous of being received into the Church of England. I have, from time to time, received visits in Paris from priests actually officiating there, who have made a clean breast to me of their feelings and wishes. So frequent at one time were these visits that I had to make it understood that they were not with a view of making a pervert of me. It is no use denying, as the Abbé Rogerson denied or combated the statement made by Bishop Wilberforce, that many of the cab-drivers in Paris are priests. Over and over again, when sitting beside a *cocher* in Paris, he has volunteered the remark about the drivers as he saw a cab pass by, 'Voilà, monsieur, un prêtre, c'est bien connu.' If I am rightly informed, the French Government allow a priest some few sous a day. *Faute de mieux*, rather than continue to minister and teach contrary to their convictions, they take to cab-driving. Does this account for the proverbial surliness of the French

*cocher*? I do not doubt that what I repeat will provoke much indignant protest. I can only repeat what a particular Abbé in Paris said to me. It is no invention of mine, nor would I venture to repeat it without having his authority for it. He said this: 'I do not hesitate to say that a considerable number of the priests in Paris are infidels. They do not themselves believe what they teach, and if you have any convictions of your own, any misgivings, it is almost impossible to remain in the Roman communion.' What led him first to entertain doubts was the scandals of the confessional.

Père Loyson, better known as Père Hyacinthe, the quondam Carmelite monk, is a personal friend of mine. Many an interesting conversation have I enjoyed with him at his residence at Neuilly. He is one of France's greatest orators—more an orator than a preacher. It may be remembered that when the doctrine of Infallibility was promulged, Père Hyacinthe received a caution from the Vatican not to preach on the subject. He at once, to quote his own words, said: 'A dumb priest is not fit to be a priest.' From that hour he severed himself from the Church of Rome. He set to work to restore the Gallican Church, and ministered in the Rue d'Arras, where I have often heard him preach. The five points he contended for, similar to the Old Catholic movement in Germany and Italy, were: (1) That confession should be *toujours morale et volontaire*; (2) that the Mass should be said in the vulgar tongue; (3) that Bishops should be elected by the clergy and *les fidèles*; (4) that celibacy on the part of the priesthood should not be compulsory; and (5) the rejection of the doctrine of Infallibility. I doubt that he will ever succeed in his efforts, partly because it was always urged against him that he forsook the Church of which he was a priest because he wanted to marry, and next because in some respects his ritual and vestments in the Rue d'Arras were scarcely distinguishable from those of the Roman Catholic priesthood. I was spending an afternoon with him, and

told him that I had that morning been to Nôtre Dame to witness a special function in connection with the worship of relics. As I saw two nuns kneeling for an hour in front of a supposed stump of a tooth of St. Peter, I could not wonder that the intellect of France was alienated from religion. For this function the most eloquent preacher is sought. If I remember rightly, Mosambré was the preacher. Père Loyson asked me where I had been. I said: 'Mon Père, you were at one time selected for that function. Every available spot was crowded to hear you descant on relics. Did you in your heart of hearts believe that that was a tooth of St. Peter?' 'Mon ami,' he replied, 'not for a moment.' I forbear from comment.

I have no doubt that in many a country parish in France there are Curés of pure and saintly lives, who unhesitatingly accept and acquiesce in their Church's teaching, and, so far as concerns simplicity of life and active devotion, will bear favourable comparison with English clergy. But we must remember that the priesthood is recruited to a large extent from the peasant class. They are neither allowed to think for themselves, nor have they the native inclination to do so; but that some of the more intelligent and cultivated minds secretly rebel against what they have to teach is beyond all contradiction. Now, what can be offered to such as these? When I have suggested the French Reformed Church, which owned such men as the Monods, Coquerel, Vinet, Pressensé, Berssier, the reply was almost invariably the same, *ils s'éloignent de trop*. The contrast between the pomp and circumstance of the Church of Rome and the extreme simplicity and absence of ritual in the French Protestant community was too violent. Père Loyson used to say: 'If you could have in Paris one of your stately cathedrals with her dignified ritual, or one of your grand parish churches, your Prayer-Book translated into and sermons preached in French, that is what would work a reformation in France.' To this we cannot aspire. It may be said that our work is not to bring about another Refor-

mation abroad, that the utmost we can attempt is to provide, so far as the law allows, the means of grace to our fellow-countrymen abroad; that our concern is not Roman Catholicism, and that attempts to proselytize might provoke much hostility. But, on the other hand, we might take care that our churches were more what they should be: not some dingy building in some by-street, difficult to find, but as prominent as possible; that the service should not, on the one hand, be a poor and feeble imitation of Rome, or, on the other, of Puritan slovenliness, which barely distinguishes it from a French Protestant chapel, but such as would be represented by the more moderate party in the Church of England. Were this so, many of our countrymen would not frequent Roman Catholic churches on the plea that the local English church and its ministrations were too Puritan in circumstance and teaching. On the other hand, clergy abroad would not foolishly attempt that to which our churches do not lend themselves, nor seek to copy or rival Rome in extravagant ritual.

Perhaps some day we shall have more generally abroad churches which more truly represent the Anglican Church, and are not identified with High or Low; where the ritual is moderate, and the teaching Evangelical; where the æsthetic taste is not offended, and the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour is preached as an antidote to, and safeguard against, error. Dear old Marbœuf, alas! did not combine these *desiderata*. It met to some extent a want. It is endeared to the memory of some still living notwithstanding much that could have been desired. Curiously enough, my feet were the last to tread its courts before it was razed to the ground. I obtained permission of the contractors to revisit it and to go over the apartments above in which I lived, and to take one last, lingering, wistful look at this familiar scene of my ministry. Within an hour of my farewell visit the work of demolition began.

It must not be supposed that the ministry of an English clergyman abroad, and especially in Paris, is limited to his



ministrations in the church of which he may have charge. The English are scattered all over Paris, and need systematic visiting. My experience has been that, for one reason or another, the sick and dying seek the ministration of a clergyman more when they are living abroad than they do when at home. This may be accounted for partly because of the strong tie of nationality, and partly because of the solitariness, in many cases, of life lived abroad. At the time I write, I was the only English clergyman in Paris, and everything devolved upon me. I was overborne with work. I had so often to visit the dying that, from lack of experience, I sometimes felt I must resign my chaplaincy. The frequent sight of death depressed me. I had to conduct funerals at Montmartre, Neuilly, and Père la Chaise. All these cemeteries are situate in the suburbs of Paris, and a funeral to Père la Chaise meant some *five* hours out of your working day. Painful incidents would sometimes occur, distressing to relatives. Coffins were at one time used for purposes of smuggling lace, tobacco or other contraband goods. Under suspicion of containing these, coffins, with a corpse inside, have been opened at the Douane. I have been in a cortège to Père la Chaise which was stopped by the police as we went down the Rue de Rivoli. An eager, inquisitive crowd gathered round us. The object of this *arrêt* was that some *suspect* was reputed to be amongst the mourners. I have officiated more than once at the funeral of an Englishman who, I suppose, had been hiding from his creditors, or had escaped for some offence from England. He had destroyed all papers which might lead to his identity. He had erased his name from his linen. There was no plate on his coffin to tell who he was or whence he came. All that was known was that he was an Englishman, and I was sent for to officiate. When such cases occurred and no mourners were present I always read the Burial Service in French. The grave-diggers, generally infidels, attracted by my simple vestments, would, out of curiosity, gather round the grave. They were always much impressed by the simple pathos of

our Office for the Burial of the Dead. I never knew them otherwise than reverent in their demeanour. Who shall say if some seed was dropped by the wayside?

During my ministry I visited as a right, but some years later I procured, through the kind offices of our Ambassador, the late Lord Lyons, a *permit* from the Prefect of the Seine to visit the prisons in Paris. It is extremely difficult to get this *permit*. It was an 'open sesame' to which few foreigners gain access. The prisons in which our countrymen are generally to be found were De St. Pélagie, Mazas, and De St. Lazare. To military prisons I had not access. The debtors' prison, formerly in the Rue de Clichy, *n'existe plus*. At the request of his parents in England, I visited in this prison a regular *vaut rien*. He was deeply in debt, and so hopelessly incorrigible that he even got into debt in a debtors' prison by borrowing money of the Abbé! I have often been in the Prison des Condamnés, Rue de la Roquette. I have gone through the process of pinioning, and have stood on the 'drop' at Newgate. I have been in the condemned cell at Roquette. I often wonder which is the more awful experience, to know, as a criminal in England knows, the day on which he is to be executed, counting the hours as they pass on to his inevitable doom, or as it is in France, where the *condamné* does not know. If the hour of his execution, 5 a.m., pass and no summons come, he knows he has another day to live. But on any morning after his condemnation he may be called at break of day, and 'Monsieur Paris' is waiting to *faire la dernière toilette*. From the time he is summoned to the moment the knife of the guillotine falls is about ten or twelve minutes. God hides from us the day of our departure, and perhaps this saves us much of Agag's 'bitterness of death.'

I should not say that the discipline of French prisons is more severe than in our own. The French are more prompt in suppressing any outbreak, and give no quarter to one who attempts escape. A small guard of soldiers is at every prison, with loaded rifles. A very sad case,

occurred during my residence in Paris, which evoked much sympathy. The rule in French prisons is that if a prisoner be seen looking out of a window he is to be challenged three times by the sentry. If he disregard the challenge, the sentry is to fire. An American who had been sentenced for some trivial offence had completed his term of imprisonment. He had arranged that his wife should meet him. He was looking out for her in the street at an open window. The sentry, ignorant of the reason, challenged him three times. The poor fellow was deaf, and did not hear the challenge. The sentry shot him dead! A profound sensation prevailed in Paris. A subscription was raised for his widow, towards which the Emperor gave 4,000 francs. It is not so much the severity of the discipline as the *diETING* which tries English prisoners, for the French can live on less than we can.

I recall a case in many ways sad. A young, and, to all appearance, an English clergyman, used regularly to attend an evening service conducted by Mr. Greeves, whom I had the pleasure of knowing personally, and who in after-years was better known as Dr. Greeves, President of the Wesleyan Conference. This young man used to linger behind after service until he attracted Dr. Greeves' attention. He took an interest and believed in him, lent him books, and in time lent him money. He began to have his suspicions about him, and shortly after heard that he was arrested for *escroquerie* (swindling). He was buying silk for a new preaching-gown! He was sent to St. Pélagie, where I visited him. From what I had heard, I had reason to believe he was a false prophet. I insisted on his telling me the truth. I have by me his letter, written from St. Pélagie, in which he complains of my not having again visited him, and is 'surprised that a man of my brilliant attainments, varied accomplishments, and *coagulated sentiments*' could be so unkind! I purposely abstained from visiting him for a while, as I was sure he was trying to deceive me. At last he confessed to me that he was not in Orders, that he was

a natural son of an English peer, who allowed him a certain sum provided he never revealed his name or parentage. It was not enough to live on, and it occurred to him that he would assume clerical garb and get duty. Nothing was easier. He had papers, all forged. He would call on a clergyman at Versailles, Auteuil, St. Germain, and suggest to him that he should take a holiday, and that he would take his Sunday duty for two napoleons. For some time he succeeded. He confessed to me that he had done everything but consecrate the elements at Holy Communion. He had conscience enough left to draw the line there. It was because of the marriages at which he had officiated that a special Act of Parliament had to be procured to legitimatize the children born of these marriages. Through Lord Cowley's influence, we got him out of prison and despatched him to England. No sooner arrived in England than he was at his old tricks. He filled some church at Worcester with his eloquence, and, found out, had to flee. He turned up some few years ago in Dublin, creating again a sensation by his pulpit power. He was apprehended in Dublin, and for all I know is still working out his five years' penal servitude. Amongst his many 'aliases' was the one under which he wrote to me about my 'coagulated sentiments' from St. Pélagie. I feel sure he would soon have died had we not extricated him from the prison.

The last time I visited Mazas I found it full to repletion of juvenile offenders. The *greffe* accounted for this startling increase of juvenile offences by the absence of religious instruction in the public schools! If there is a hell on earth, it is Monte Carlo and the prison of St. Lazare. I have been in both. The prison of St. Lazare, formerly a convent of Lazarists, is now converted into a general prison for women, numbering from 900 to 1,000. Within its walls I have found English girls. No words can express the moral miasma which you breathe there. It contains some of the most profligate and abandoned women in Paris, all herded

together. The salt which keeps it from utter moral corruption is the devotion of the Sœurs de Charité, who lay themselves out, with entire self-surrender, to do what they may to influence the prisoners for good. The last time I visited the prison, the Sœur, with whom I conversed, expressed herself as uncertain whether or not the same hatred of religion which banishes it from schools and hospitals may not ultimately vent itself on them. Imagination fails to conceive what, in such an eventuality, St. Lazare prison would be! I have often spent one or two hours in the police-courts, and been struck with the summary manner in which persons charged with offences are dealt with. In many cases the sole testimony of the police suffices. The Juge de Paix keeps at his side the 'Code Napoleon,' reads out to the prisoner what, according to the code, his punishment is, and he is straightway marched off to prison. I doubt that a Montagu Williams would be found amongst the Juges de Paix in Paris.

One effect of the Republic is that religion is *libre*. It is difficult for anyone who has not resided in Paris to form or have an idea of the infidelity which prevails. It is not the solid rationalism of Germany, but Paris is saturated with the flippant infidelity of Voltaire. The hatred of religion is shown in its elimination, if I may use the word of it, from her public institutions and in the *laïque* education of her youth. I should say that France is infidel to the core. Look at her observance of God's holy day! All her museums, theatres, dancing-saloons, concert-rooms are open on Sunday. It is the day for the races at Chantilly and Longchamps. The French seem to me to go out of their way to parade their atheism. On a recent occasion I myself heard one of the leading professors in Paris say, after distributing prizes to some children: 'On dit, mes enfants, que nous avons chassé Dieu de nos écoles. Ce n'est pas vrai. Pourquoi n'est-ce pas vrai? Parcequ'il n'y a pas un Dieu à chasser.' They threaten to erase the name Hôtel Dieu and to designate that great hospital by some secular title. A comic Bible,

'Bible pour rire,' is sold in the streets of Paris. The *menu* of a dinner given in Paris on Good Friday by the Anti-Clerical League is too utterly blasphemous for publication. Sufficient to say that the dishes served up consisted of a travesty of our most holy and cherished truths. I give but two, 'Gigot d'Agneau Paschal,' 'Cognac d'Esprit Saint.' I took upon myself to call on the proprietors of Galignani's newspaper, largely read by English readers, and to protest against their allowing such blasphemies to appear in its pages. Père Loyson asked me to let him have a copy of it, and I remember hearing him in his church on Good Friday evening reading it aloud, and asking: 'What hope is there for our unhappy country so long as it is possible that some of our countrymen are sitting down to this dinner at the very same time when we are celebrating the anniversary of the august scene of the Passion and Cross of Calvary?'

But together with all this, notwithstanding this canker of infidelity which is eating out her spiritual life, a great work is being carried on which God will surely some day own and bless. No one can over-estimate or exaggerate the work of the late Mr. MacAll and of his devoted wife, both of whom I had the privilege of knowing. There is now no let or hindrance to preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ in Paris. Whether amongst the more educated classes at the West-End, or among the artisan class in the Rue St. Antoine, we always found crowded and interested audiences. I can testify to the profound and intelligent interest with which simple services were attended and 'plain Gospel addresses' listened to. I have often asked myself whether the English working-man would enter as intelligently into an address given by one of the Monods as I saw the French artisan enter into and appreciate it. I accompanied one of the Monods one evening to a hall, used for *bals masqués*, in a low part of Paris. We hired it for that evening. Monod gave an address, or Conférence, not on the existence of a Divine Being, but on the *reasonableness* of belief in a God.

He quoted passages from Pascal, Thiers, Guizot, Victor Hugo, and others, with which the audience seemed familiar, and it was only when he said '*Prions*' at the end of his most able address that some few ridiculed the invitation to pray. Few people at home are aware of the self-denying work which is being carried on by Mademoiselle de Broën and her devoted staff in Belleville, in the very heart of the disaffected Communists. She has established a dispensary there, amongst other good works, and while patients are being attended to *gratis*, addresses are given to those who are waiting their turn. It was quite touching to see how the very poorest pressed round us at the close of the service, and out of hard-earned savings purchased a copy of the New Testament for four sous! It reminded me of what Blunt tells us in his history of the Reformation, that when the Bible was first translated into 'the mother-tongue,' men would give a load of hay for a few verses. I cannot but think that some day there will be fruit of all this patient seed-sowing of truth in the soul of infidel France! How great the Frenchman's ignorance of the Scriptures is may be gathered from the fact that the question was once put to a group of market-people, 'What think ye of Christ?' The answer, to which all assented, was, 'He was a Jew, and turned Roman Catholic.' I remember Mademoiselle de Broën asking some Frenchwomen, 'Can any of you tell me who wrote the Bible?' and a voice replied, 'Mademoiselle, c'était vous.' The speaker evidently thought that one who lived a life so self-denying and gentle amongst them must have been the authoress of the Scriptures.

We are not loved abroad.

'I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this alone I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.'

At the root of the dislike Frenchmen have of us lies, I think, jealousy; Waterloo is an abiding sore. It is extremely difficult to have the *entrée* to really good French society.

The Quartier St. Germain, where the real *noblesse* of Paris reside, is practically closed against us. I was privileged once to see the interior and ménage of the house of an old Legitimist family. The niece of the Duc de Montmorency married a wealthy American. I was invited to officiate at the wedding, and to be the Duke's guest in his charming château in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Nothing could surpass the elegance and refinement of that house. Even at the English Embassy, during the time of Lord Cowley and Lord Lyons, one rarely met with what would be represented by Belgravia or Grosvenor Square. I have frequently met at the English Embassy on Saturday evenings the Emperor and Empress, but beyond the *entourage* of the Court, there was no one of aristocratic position at these receptions. I have met on more than one occasion the celebrated beauty the Comtesse de Castiglione, and some few who did not stand aloof from the Emperor on political, and from Englishmen on national, grounds. It used to be said of the Empress Eugénie that she was so beautifully dressed that you did not know what she wore. Certainly in her refined simplicity she presented a marked contrast to some of the ladies at her Court. I have kept the following invitation to the English Embassy on the occasion of the Princess Royal's marriage:

'Vu la présence de  
LEURS MAJESTÉS IMPÉRIALES  
les M.M. sont priés de  
venir en Pantalon collant  
ou en Culotte courte.'

Lady Cowley was rather *renommée* for sending out her invitations late, which occasionally caused inconvenience, especially if you had neither *pantalon collant* or *culotte courte* in your wardrobe. We have also good reason to remember the evening. The reception was shortly after the attempt on the Emperor's life by Orsini. I see in my diary, January 14, 1858: 'Attempt on the Emperor's life as he was entering the



Opera House in the Rue Lepeletier. It was a marvellous escape.' I went down next morning to view the scene of the explosion of the bomb, by which over one hundred persons were more or less seriously injured. The feeling was very bitter against the English in consequence of Orsini's attempt. General alarm pervaded English and French society, and every precaution was taken against a recurrence of such an attempt. Carriages were not allowed on the evening of the fête to set down at the Embassy, and we had a rather long walk up the Rue St. Honoré on a bleak winter's night, with a piercing wind whistling through our silk stockings. I saw the Emperor, the morning after the attempt, in an open phaeton, attended by a single footman in livery, driving into the very heart of the Rue St. Antoine, where the disaffected classes most did congregate. His conduct was thought very brave, but they who knew him best knew that he was well aware that this attempt on his life was not made by a Frenchman, but by Italians, who resented the occupation of Rome by French troops.

It used to be said of the Emperor that it was somewhat difficult to shoot him. His head was too small. He was credited with wearing a steel cuirass under his ordinary clothing, so that the only chance was to hit his legs. Lord Cowley had not a good reputation for hospitality. Entertainments, and particularly dinner-parties, were few and far between. This lack of hospitality was matter of comment. The French have a dry humour. I have cut out of their papers the following, in imitation of our *Court Circular*: 'English Embassy. There was no addition last night to the dinner-table at the English Embassy.' At another time: 'Alarming fire in the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré. It was traced to the kitchen at the English Embassy. The fire was occasioned by the infrequent use of the kitchen.'

It is time to bring this chapter on my Paris experience to a close. I have frequently visited Paris since 1858. I took charge for two winters of Christ Church, Neuilly, and

made the most of my opportunities for revisiting scenes of abiding and unfading interest. Occasionally, accompanied by a former detective in the police, I visited parts of Paris where it is scarcely safe to go alone, but how changed Paris is from what we can remember of it under the Empire! 'Ce n'est pas Paris' is a frequent remark by *habituels* of Paris. In place of the order that seemed to prevail there is a rowdyism that finds its way into the once more select Champs Elysées *quartier*. It is pitiful to see the Tuileries razed to the ground. The Emperor knew the French well. He often said: 'If you get rid of me, are you sure you know what you will have in my place?' Under his régime Paris was alive with gaiety. Nearly every day troops, with their inspiring bands, paraded the streets. It is, of course, true that this display of force had its meaning, yet for those who did not concern themselves with politics the spectacle was as inspiring and gay as when the guards parade from Wellington Barracks to St. James's Palace or when a troop of the Blues marches from Knightsbridge elsewhere.

The Emperor did much for Paris. He was always intent on finding employment for the working-classes. He knew how far he could go, and went no further. The one great want used to be a supply of water such as we have in our houses. No such supply existed. Water was brought by regular carriers from house to house. The Emperor knew well that he would have to find regular employment for a small army of these carriers before he could introduce any other system. I am old enough to remember a large portion of the buildings outside the Arc de Triomphe being built. Look at the charming Bois de Boulogne, all planned and laid out by that active brain, associated to some of us with pleasant afternoon drives, or evening resort after hot summer days. If you would form an idea of the change that has come over Paris within the last few years, one of the best indications of this change, from a social point of view, is to take a chair at the head of the Avenue leading to the Bois

and note the carriages in the drive. In the Emperor's time it was a marvellous scene. The Avenue was alive with costly equipages of wealthy Russians, Americans, Parisians; but now you see these supplanted by ordinary fiacres, every description of motor-cars, and a very sorry class of carriage and steed.

An effort was made on the part of the English community to purchase the church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, which had for some time been closed, with a view to present me to it. The sum subscribed was no less than £10,000. This effort called forth, to an extent I can never forget, the heart and generosity of my troops of friends. It were invidious to mention names. Mr. Brassey, founder of the wealth of the Brassey family, regularly attended my ministry at Marbœuf. He was in Paris at the time as a leading contractor, and was arranging for the construction of railways to Switzerland. I remember his calling on me and offering to pay all my expenses if I would accompany him and act as chaplain to his *employés*. I was at that time the only English clergyman in Paris, and had to decline the tempting offer. I have a portrait of him, leaning over the gallery in Marbœuf, listening to me. Dr. Theodore Evans, the celebrated dentist, whose skill I have more than once experienced, with whom the Empress took refuge in her flight from the Tuileries, was another handsome contributor. Of Aspinall I have already written. A strenuous effort was made, and on the strength of the assurance of my trusted friends, I resigned my chaplaincy at Marbœuf. They assured me that every arrangement had been made for the opening of the church by Christmas Day of 1857, and that it was imperative that I should at once commence my ministry. I have to this day letters written applying for seats, so generally was it expected that the church would be reopened on Christmas Day. At the last moment, after much vexatious correspondence, and, alas! no little bickering, Lord Cowley refused to sign the necessary deeds connected with the purchase unless the church were purchased as the

Embassy Church. He consented to my being appointed its minister, but held out for all subsequent appointments. The English community represented that, as having subscribed the money, they wished to have the patronage as their right. Lord Cowley persistently refused to agree to this, and the purchase was not effected. I fell between two stools. I had resigned my chaplaincy, and the Rue d'Aguesseau remained closed against me. I remained in Paris until April, 1858, my friends still hoping against hope that Lord Cowley would yield. I refused many advantageous offers in England, but felt it my obvious duty to act on the wishes of friends who had made such self-denying efforts on my behalf. My Paris diary ends with 'April 4, 1858.' On this Sunday I discontinued holding services at the Oratoire. My friends, in addition to an affectionately-worded memorial, presented me with a purse of £500, and I left Paris, accompanied by a dear sister, now with God, who was of the greatest comfort and help to me during a time of no little trouble.

I have every reason, looking back on my nearly three years spent in Paris, to be very thankful that God ordered that sphere of ministry for me. It gave me that special and peculiar experience of which Charles Conybeare spoke, and of a kind I could not have gained elsewhere. It brought me into contact with phases of life I should not have been brought into contact with in England; it was the occasion of meeting with men and women whom it is a real privilege to have known, and of making 'troops of friends,' many of whom have long since passed away, but of whom some remain until this day, who write or speak to me still of dear old Marbœuf Chapel days.

## CHAPTER X

LONDON, 1858—1871

Seeking a curacy—St. Peter's, Vere Street—Canon Cook—Mr. Scobell—Mr. Gurney—Mr. Hamilton—Marshall and Snelgrove—Offer of Preachership at St. Philip's, Waterloo Place—Canon Repton—Dean Trench—Turler—Westminster Abbey—Kensington—Archdeacon Sinclair—London cabmen—Clever frauds—Archbishop Maclagan—Dissolving views.

On leaving Paris, I came to London, and once more experienced the 'loneliness of a crowd.' I had for some time desired a *pied à terre* in London, and though my position in Paris had been practically one of comparative independence, I came seeking a modest curacy. I had no 'letters of commendation,' and was at some loss to know what step to take. I looked over the advertising columns of the *Guardian*, and saw that there was a vacancy at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, under Mr. Hampden Gurney, and another at St. Michael's, Chester Square, under Mr. Hamilton. I made applications for both. Mr. Gurney wrote, asking me to send him one of my sermons for perusal. He returned it with the remark 'that my long sentences fairly took his breath away, and he feared what the effect might be on his congregation.' From constantly reading Dr. Chalmers's writings, I had, I presume, fallen unconsciously into his style of writing. Mr. Hamilton invited me to preach in St. Michael's, and informed me that he feared 'there was too much matter in my sermon.' I ventured to remark that I had often heard sermons complained of as not having much matter in them. Thus far my attempts to obtain a London curacy were unsuccessful.

I was strolling in the neighbourhood of my lodgings in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, and met an old Paris friend, Lady Arbuthnot. She asked me what I was doing in London, and I told her. 'I know,' she replied, 'of some-

one who wants a curate. Come and meet him to-night at dinner.' I met Mr. Scobell, who was Incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere Street. Canon Cook, at one time Lincoln's Inn preacher, was the morning lecturer at St. Peter's. I was to read prayers at morning service, and take the whole afternoon duty. After service Mr. Scobell asked me if I would remain as curate, to which I gladly consented. My curacy there brought me into close and much valued intercourse with Canon Cook, who was kindness itself to me. I did not ask what salary I was to receive. I had reasons for not doing so. Mr. Scobell, in offering me the curacy, pointed out that one great advantage of it was that, being in the immediate vicinity of Cavendish Square, I could, if taken ill, *have the opinion of fifteen of the leading medical men in London*. Fancy having no less than fifteen different opinions in case of illness! The fear of such a possibility made me hesitate about the curacy. I resolved, however, to risk it, and being in good health, found it to be a safe venture. When my quarter's salary became due Mr. Scobell put into my hand a cheque for £7 ros. 6d.! A London curacy at £30 a year! However, as I had my £500 to fall back upon, I was thankful that I had no occasion, on the score of £ s. d., to seek a more lucrative post, and though I had from the surrounding conditions of St. Peter's no opportunity for parochial work, I had much leisure for reading.

It was during that curacy that I became acquainted with many of the assistants at Marshall and Snelgrove's, immediately facing St. Peter's, and some of them followed me to St. Philip's, Regent Street, and taught in my Sunday-school. It may not be generally known that a considerable number of the assistants in great establishments, such as Marshall and Snelgrove's and Swan and Edgar's, are the sons and daughters of professional men. More than once I have been instrumental in finding employment in these great shops for girls once moving in good London society, and left penniless. I recall a lady whose death-bed I attended,

who expressed to me her great anxiety about her two daughters. They were tall, handsome, and 'showy' girls. Mr. Marshall most kindly consented to take them for two years, not giving them any salary, but providing them with lodgment, food, and raiment. I occasionally visited them and found them in the showroom, where their good and graceful figures set off a dress to advantage.

It was during my curacy or 'readership,' as it was called at St. Peter's, that an event occurred which always stands out in my memory as an instance of true friendship, and as marking an important era in my own ministerial life. The Preachership at St. Philip's, Regent Street, was vacant. It had been held by Dr. Hessey, Mr. Bellew, and Canon Trevor, in succession. The late Canon Repton, Canon of Westminster, was its Minister or Incumbent, and it was, if my memory serve me rightly, built by him, Mr. Nash being architect. The church is well known to every passer-by in Waterloo Place, and was in its day considered a very handsome building of its kind. It is next door to Howell and James', and was by 'the profane and vulgar' called 'St. Howell and St. James's.' It is very spacious, having large galleries, tier on tier, and capable of holding, as I have often seen, some 2,000 persons. I had a small Sunday-school, gathered from the poor families in the streets adjoining the Haymarket, and from the different Mews, which I held in one of these galleries. The gallery was fitted up with a small organ. I have seen the opposite gallery filled, and worshippers 'skied' as pictures are at the Academy. At the east gallery is an organ-loft, and I had a very choice and well-balanced choir. Joseph Goss, brother of John Goss, was organist. At his resignation Mr. White was appointed. In Mr. Bellew's time the church was crowded to excess. On his resignation, the late Canon Trevor, one of the ablest platform speakers in the Church of England, succeeded to a hard and most difficult task. Mr. Bellew's admirers left St. Philip's *en masse*, and Canon Trevor had to face an almost empty church. He was what nowadays

would be called a Moderate High Churchman, and was anxious to introduce a higher ritual. This, added to the fact that his preaching was not of the dramatic and sensational type of his immediate predecessor, stood in the way of his 'restoring the waste places,' and he ceased to hold the Preachership.

The church was, and is, entirely dependent on pew rents. There is not one penny of endowment. It was a kind of chapel of ease to the mother-church, St. James's, Piccadilly, which in no way whatever helped or fostered it. Situate in the very heart and core of London, it ought to command a congregation. It is in the immediate neighbourhood of Club Land, of Carlton Gardens, Carlton House Terrace, St. James's Square, all representing the wealth and cultured life of London. It had no parish district assigned to it until I took charge of it, and only then conventionally. It stands midway between the great royal parishes of St. James's and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, without parochial recognition or status, but there is still abounding justification for its existence, situate as it is in so prominent and commanding a position. Londoners, and visitors to London, are not careful to inquire in what Parish they reside. They go where they feel that the ministrations on Sunday are helpful and acceptable. Are they to be blamed? St. Philip's, Regent Street, was heavily weighted. It was built by pews being mortgaged, bought and sold as are boxes in a theatre. It is, I believe, consecrated, but the wonder is that any Bishop consented to consecrate it under such conditions, for it was indeed 'a house of merchandise,' and the ministry under such conditions must always be one of anxiety and of temptations of their own kind. From one cause and another, into which I need not enter, it was in 'very low water.'

My appointment to the Preachership was on this wise. A valued friend, the late Sir Robert Murray, who attended my ministry in Paris, was on intimate terms with Canon Repton. He lived in Devonshire Street, Portland Place.



He attended St. Philip's on Sundays, and afterwards lunched with Canon Repton at his residence in the Cloisters. The conversation turned on the condition of St. Philip's, and Canon Repton asked him if he knew anyone to whom the Preachership might be offered. Sir Robert mentioned my name, adding that he had lost sight of me, and did not know where to address a letter to me. The following Sunday was very wet, and Sir Robert bethought himself of going to some church nearer to his residence than St. Philip's. He came to Vere Street Chapel, and to his surprise found me there. Immediately after service he drove down to the Abbey, told Canon Repton he had found me, and asked his authority to offer me the Preachership. The Monday following I had been out all day, and on my return to my lodgings, the servant told me Sir Robert had called three times to see me. I thought it very kind, but had no inkling of the reason for his calling. At about 11 p.m. I heard a loud knocking at the door, and Sir Robert came into my bedroom and said: 'At last I have run you to earth. I have come to offer you the Preachership at St. Philip's.' I was half asleep, and scarcely took it in. I demurred on the ground of my youth (I was only twenty-eight), but he pressed it upon me, and urged me not to lose such an opportunity. It is not every man that would take the trouble which Sir Robert did. He was indeed—peace to his memory!—a true friend. Next day I had an interview with Canon Repton, and accepted, with not a few misgivings, the post which God in His providence had so ordained for me. I shall never forget my first Sunday at St. Philip's. The congregation numbered some sixty, all told. A friend, on hearing I had accepted the offer, wrote: 'My dear Pigou, you have no earthly chance at St. Philip's. Your style is too quiet and unsensational for that congregation. Your only chance of getting a hearing is by preaching in a red coat in the morning, and without a coat and even less in the evening.' The church had lived on sensation. I felt I was being keenly criticised, and made the subject of what some-

one called *odorous* comparisons. Something told me that I was evidently a great disappointment. I read it in Canon Repton's countenance in the vestry after service. 'You will not do here,' seemed to be the unvoiced verdict. My misgivings were confirmed. I plucked up my courage, and called on Canon Repton, and said that if he would consent to give me *two years'* trial, I would remain, but that short of two years I had better at once retire. To this he kindly consented, and I was to receive £150 a year. Long before one year had expired, I had reason to thank God for the encouragement He was pleased to give me. Canon Repton was in failing health, and his son, George Repton, whose memory I cherish as one of the most charming men I have ever met, and to me as a brother, was also in failing health. Hence I not infrequently had to take almost the whole duty.

Canon Repton was considered, and rightly, one of the most beautiful readers in London. I shall never forget his rendering of Genesis xxvii. It was not the sensational and dramatic rendering of Bellew, but the quiet and most impressive rendering of a devout mind. I felt so sorry for him on the very last Sunday on which he ministered in St. Philip's. He had become very feeble, and his eyes had grown dim. He insisted, contrary to our persuasions, on taking part in the service. He read the Gospel for Septuagesima Sunday, of the labourer in the vineyard. I see him now standing within those altar-rails and reading, 'And when he had agreed with the labourers for a *guinea* a day, he sent them into the vineyard.' I could see that the congregation felt this to be a very liberal contract. Poor Repton was conscious he had made some grave mistake, and looked imploringly at me. There was nothing for it but for me to give out the Gospel again, and to say, 'When he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day.' It was the last time that Canon Repton ever lifted up his voice in St. Philip's. The charge of the church came gradually into my hands.

It was at this time that I received the offer of a *quasi*

curacy at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, under the late deeply-respected Archdeacon Sinclair. The present Archdeacon of Sudbury, Archdeacon Chapman, attended Marbœuf Chapel, and it was there I first made his acquaintance. He was passing through Paris. He held a curacy at St. Mary Abbot's, and on his kind recommendation and through his good offices the Archdeacon wrote to me, asking me to preach every afternoon at the iron church, now superseded by the handsome church erected during the active vicariate of the present Bishop of Peterborough. I was also assigned a district, composed largely of cabmen and their families. It was always, and indeed rightly, considered of great advantage to have a curacy under Archdeacon Sinclair. My fellow-curates were the present Bishop of St. Andrews, Stopford Brooke, Archdeacon Chapman, Rev. Du Boulay, W. Wright (senior curate), and Isaac Taylor. We were told off to different district churches, for the Archdeacon discouraged the breaking up of a large parish into smaller district parishes, which I have good reason to believe largely accounts for an impoverished clergy. Our actual intercourse with the Archdeacon was not such as obtains now, when the Vicar meets his curates every Monday morning for prayer, apportionment of work, and enters into every detail of sick and poor, but we all held him in high and reverent esteem. From the moment he was satisfied with a curate, he placed entire confidence in him. George Repton being in failing health, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster gave him permission to let his house in the Cloisters to me. It was next door to that of the late Precentor, Flood-Jones. Trench was Dean; Hawkins, Nepean, and Lord John Thynne were Canons; Turle was organist. I enjoyed frequent opportunities of attending the Abbey services, and remember meeting Turle one day after evensong, and saying to him, 'Whose was that charming service we had this afternoon?' 'I am afraid,' said Turle, 'it was mine'; and he sent me a copy of Turle in D, which I have never parted with.

We took up our residence in the Cloisters. I cannot remember ever being more impressed with the swift flight of time. For the first day or two the chiming from Big Ben of the quarter-hours brought home to one the fact *tempus fugit*; but familiarity breeds contempt, and one soon ceased to take notice of it, as birds have been known to build their nests in what was intended as a scarecrow.

It may not be generally known that a verger sits up all night in Westminster Abbey to guard against any profanation of the sanctuary. I saw him one evening settling down for his night's vigil. He looked a very Guy Fawkes. There used to be a large gong or bell communicating with every Canon's bedroom. I had a young scamp, who shall be nameless, reading with me, a Westminster boy. He found this out, and somehow or other managed one night to ring up all the Canons with a false alarm. We had a cook who unfortunately became insane. She was possessed, *inter alia*, with a strong desire to remove and sit on her boxes somewhere near Poet's Corner, not far from a well-known slum and resort of thieves. I endeavoured, but in vain, to assure her that both she and her boxes were safer in the kitchen. At last I had to send to Scotland Yard for a policeman, who evidently did not know how to deal with an insane woman. I was so impressed with his stupidity that I said next day to the inspector: 'That was a stupid man you sent me yesterday.' 'Yes, sir, we think he must be. He ran in a man last night who was drunk and disorderly, and he entered him on the charge-sheet as a *bad case of bigamy*.'

It was at this time I formed the acquaintance of Dr. Pettigrew, of Brook Street, who had considerable practice amongst thieves and burglars, and who often told me some of his experiences. He used to visit a man who attempted a burglary in Regent's Park. The butler fired at him, and pelted him in the back. Pettigrew used to visit him in the neighbourhood of the Abbey. He was taught a particular whistle. A panel was taken out of the ceiling, and a rope

let down, which he fastened around his waist, and was hoisted up. After extracting some pellets of shot out of the burglar's back, he was entertained at supper royally—champagne, lobster-salad, etc. He was speaking of 'honour amongst thieves.' Two men were walking up Ludgate Hill arm in arm, and one, seeing his friend's pocket-handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, for pure fun and mischief, withdrew the handkerchief. It was the freak of the moment. They parted company, and within a few minutes up came a little urchin, and said: '*I say, guv'nor, I didn't know as you was one of us. Here's your snuff-box back again.*' The boy had seen the handkerchief taken, and concluded that this adept must be in the trade, who thus recovered his own snuff-box. Writing about pickpockets, I remember an old gentleman coming up from the country for a few days in London, who had been warned against pickpockets. As a precaution (!) he generally walked with his hand in his coat-pocket—very suggestive to the craft. He lost his purse in the Strand. The pickpocket was arrested. The old gentleman asked permission of the magistrate to put a question to the thief.

'Now, my good man (!), I should like to know how you managed to pick my pocket, for I kept my hand there.' 'Yes, sir; and it was that as made me think you must have something there worth getting. Do you remember stopping opposite a print shop?' 'Yes, I do.' 'You were looking at a picture, and do you remember something tickled your ear?' 'Yes, I do, *perfectly.*' 'Well, it was when you took your hand out of your pocket to scratch your old ear that I put my hand into it for your purse.'

I met the late Chief Commissioner of Police, Sir E. Henderson, at Homburg. The conversation turned one evening, after *table d'hôte*, on the subject of the cleverness of thieves. We asked Sir Edmund whom he could recall as one of the most clever in his large experience. He told us of a man who went to a jeweller's in Cannon Street or Ludgate Hill, and requested to be shown some jewellery.

He selected £30 worth, and tendered a genuine £100 note in payment, on which he received back £70. No sooner had he put the £70 into his pocket than two policemen entered. 'At last,' said one, 'we have run this fellow to earth,' and slipped the handcuffs on his wrists. The other guarded the door. 'What has he been doing?' 'Buying jewellery.' 'How has he paid you?' 'With this note,' said the unsuspecting jeweller. 'Let me see it,' said the 'bobby.' 'Yes, this is the note. It has been stopped at the Bank. Run upstairs as quick as you can, and put on your coat, and we will at once charge him before the sitting magistrate.'

The jeweller did as he was told, only on his return to find that all three had disappeared. The 'bobbies' were accomplices, got up to perfection as policemen, and in a shorter time than it has taken me to narrate this, the jeweller lost £30 worth of jewellery, £70 in cash, and returned the 'stopped' (?) note for £100.

I remember two tradesmen in my district—one was Baxter in Cockspur Street—who were in the same day ingeniously swindled by one and the same man. He drove up in a smart hansom, and entering Baxter's shop with lighted cigarette and gay, off-hand air, said: 'Well, I am going to make, I suppose, a fool of myself.' 'Indeed, sir, I hope not.' 'Oh yes, I am going to be married, and, of course, must give some presents to the bridesmaids.' He selected some articles. 'How much do they come to?' 'Eight pounds fifteen, sir.' He produced some gold out of his pocket, and said: 'I am afraid I have not enough; I did not think they would come to so much. Do you mind taking a cheque?' Baxter, seeing he had money, consented. 'Well, my bankers do not care for odd sums; I will give you a cheque for £10; send the parcel to my hotel.' He sent the parcel to the hotel. No such person was there. Baxter did not lose his goods, but he lost £1 5s. on a worthless cheque. It was all so cleverly done, that it was some time before the swindler was apprehended.

Calling, as I did, on the managers of the hotels in the neighbourhood of St. Philip's, some of which no longer exist, I often heard of the swindling practised on hotel managers in London by well-dressed men and women, who would stay for two or three days at a hotel, engaging their room for a week, and, saying they were going down into the country for a night, would leave a portmanteau *filled with bricks* by way of payment, never returning. What punishment is enough for men who thus abuse the confidence which London tradesmen too readily repose in them?

Apropos to the Cloisters, the late Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, told me the following story: Lord John Thynne, one of the Canons, had a page who affected extreme views. One morning the butler came to Lord John and told him regretfully that he must leave his situation, that he had always been very 'appy,' but that he could 'stand it no longer.' 'What is the reason?' said Lord John. 'Oh, my lord, I do not care to tell you.' 'But I insist on knowing.' 'Well, my lord, it is that 'ere boy John.' 'What has John been doing? for I would rather part with him than with you.' 'Well, my lord, John is what you call 'Igh Church. He has turned his pantry into a "horatory," and when he ought to be cleaning of his plate, he says his prayers. But that is not all, my lord. When he is saying of his prayers he burns hincense. Now, Jane the 'ousemaid and I we likes the smell of hincense; but Mary the cook she's what they call Low Church. As soon as John goes into the horatory and burns hincense, she lights a piece of brown paper. Now, I likes'—sniffing with his nose—'the smell of hincense *by itself*, but when it is combined with the stink of brown paper, I cannot abide it, and holds my nose.' It ended in the dismissal of John, who found a more congenial situation in the family of the late Dr. Pusey. This reminds me, as one story will of another, of a churchwarden who was in the habit of complaining to Bishop Wilberforce of the Vicar's ritualistic practices. Having occasion to visit the parish, the Bishop expressed to the warden his

hope that he had no further complaints to make. 'Oh yes, my lord; since your lordship was here our Vicar has *taken to burning of insects.*' 'Oh, that must at once be stopped,' replied S. Oxon.

The late Archbishop Trench was Dean of Westminster at the time when I resided in the Cloisters. It is strange that one who has bequeathed such a legacy of beautiful poetry should not have cared for music. Neither he nor Dean Stanley, who succeeded him, took any particular interest in the musical rendering of the services. I have heard it said of Dean Stanley that, being asked if he did not like music, he replied: 'Yes, I like some music; but I do not care for that part of the service where they, over and over again, sing the same tune.' He meant the chanting of the Psalms. Certainly, in the case of these two famous Deans, Shakespeare's warning was not applicable:

'The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted!'

I remember a Bishop once asking that the Creed might not be otherwise than simply monotoned at the choral celebration. I remonstrated, holding that the setting of the Creed by such composers as Wesley, Garrett, Stanford, was in itself of teaching power. I asked him why he did not like it. 'Oh!' he replied, 'I cannot follow it, and am always afraid I shall be singing *I believe in Pontius Pilate.*'

Dean Trench invited me occasionally to dine with him, and the last time it was my privilege to do so the late Dean Blakison also dined with us. I heard Dean Trench, speaking in his usual solemn tones, saying: 'I tremble sometimes for our good Queen and for her long unbroken happiness.' The words were prophetic. Little did Dean Trench think that within a few days the great abiding sorrow was to come. The Prince Consort passed away on



Saturday night, December 14, 1861, 'to the inexpressible grief of Her Majesty,' so runs the announcement in the *London Gazette*, 'and of all the Royal Family.' The news was not generally known in London on Sunday morning. I was coming out of Dean's Yard on my way to St. Philip's for morning service, and heard the sorrowful fact being cried in the streets. I bought the *Evening Star* of the newsboy, and have by me the paper. The assembled congregation in the cold, gray dark morning of December 15 had not heard the tidings. They knew the worst when I omitted the Prince Consort's name in the Prayer for the Royal Family. I shall never forget the emotion manifested when I announced the sad intelligence. I have a copy by me of the sermon I preached on the Sunday following, December 22, on 'Preparation for Death,' and never, perhaps, was sermon preached to a congregation more visibly and sympathetically affected. A copy was sent by command to Her Majesty.

It was shortly after this that I left the Cloisters to reside at Kensington; but I had frequent occasion to revisit the Abbey. I had the great privilege of knowing both Lady Augusta Stanley and Lady Frances Baillie, daughters of Lord Elgin. They with Lady Elgin attended my ministry in Paris, and always maintained a most kind intercourse with me. I was a frequent guest at Lady Augusta's 'at homes' at the Deanery, where one was sure to meet men and women of 'light and leading.' I see amongst my letters more than one from the late Dean Stanley, and oh! what a difficult handwriting to decipher!—worse far than mine—either kindly consenting to preach at St. Philip's, or inviting me to preach at the special Nave service in the Abbey. I have kept these letters, together with one or more from the late Dean Church, inviting me to preach at the Nave service at St. Paul's. I find myself nowadays when in London wending my way to the Abbey, and specially to the house I lived in with my dear wife, 'gone before,' musing over the past, endeavouring to recall it. I think that every name,

save Canon Duckworth's, is changed on the brass plates which are on the doors of the residences. I lived next door to the late Precentor Flood-Jones, who also held at the time St. Matthew's Church, Spring Gardens, since demolished. I roam about the vicinity of the Abbey and other places haunted with vanished faces. The porter as I pass by him looks on me as a stranger, and little thinks I once resided within the sacred precincts. It seems so strange to revisit scenes once so familiar with which you have no more to do. Surely in this, amongst other ways, God loosens, one by one, the ties which bind you to the world, and habituates the mind to the final severance.

On the death of my friend, George Repton, and the preferment, to my great disappointment, of another than myself to the vacant Minor Canonry, I took a small house, 5, Campden Hill Villas, at Kensington. I was engaged, at a stipend of £100 a year, to take charge of a district in Kensington, and to assist whenever I could on Sundays. I was specially appointed to be afternoon preacher at the iron church of St. Paul's, Vicarage Gardens.

I can say with truth that few men had a more laborious Sunday than I had for two years. I generally took part in an early celebration at St. Paul's; went in to St. Philip's to take the whole morning duty; returned for afternoon duty at St. Paul's, and went in again to St. Philip's for full evening duty. This meant—apart from journeys to and fro, and taking the prayers—preaching regularly three times on Sunday in London churches. I used to enjoy the morning stroll through Kensington Gardens, but when obliged to take a cab I knew my exact shilling's-worth, from Albert Gate to a particular cab-stand in Piccadilly. Tendering a cabman a shilling one Sunday morning, he examined the shilling, and then examining me, said: 'Well, you is a gentleman as knows how to lay out your money.' I thanked him very heartily for the compliment he paid me.

Each of us curates had our separate district, and no

poaching was allowed. I was assigned one composed largely of cabmen and their belongings, and have thus had some insight into the life of cabmen. To my mind, to give a cabman an extra sixpence is a real charity. It may not be generally known that the driver of a growler has to pay some 12s. a day to the proprietor, and of a hansom 14s., before he receives anything himself. The marvel is how 'cabby' lives. The best days for them are not pouring wet days, when many people stay at home, but *showery* days, when people are tempted to go out without umbrellas and get caught in the rain. It is a charity to hire a growler on a fine day, when you would naturally prefer the open hansom. As a rule the London cabby is civil. Treat him courteously, and he will treat you courteously. They are not without their humour, of which many instances might be given. I give one or two within my own knowledge. A heavy swell paid exactly his shilling fare. Cabby looked him all over, and said: 'Now, I suspect you have been a-saving up for a long time, haven't you, that you might have this 'ere shilling treat?' Two Parsees were strolling down Piccadilly opposite a cab-rank. There had been a very rainy season, one of prolonged dull and dreary skies. Seeing them pass by, said one cabby to the other: 'I say, Bill, who are them queer fellows, with those queer hats?' 'Oh,' replied his friend, 'don't you know? Them's Parsees!' 'Where do they hail from?' 'They hails from the Hindies.' 'Now, what might their religion be?' 'Oh, they worships the sun.' '*Blow me, then, but they have had an easy time of it these last three months!*' Lady Burdett-Coutts was giving an 'at home' in her house in Stratton Street. I had occasion that night to be driving home in a hansom, and Piccadilly was blocked with carriages. We were in a most chaotic condition. A cabman, seeing our plight, touched his hat, and in the politest way imaginable said to me: '*Beg pardon, sir, but I hope you've brought your nose-bag with you.*' I answered that I had it with me. Cabs used generally to be called 'flies,' and only a certain number

were allowed on a particular rank or stand. A Frenchman landing at Dover wrote to his friends, and said: '*Les Anglais sont diablement rigoureux. C'est défendu que plus que dix mouches restent ici.*' Much more I could write of Kensington and happy days there.

Those two years told upon me, and had not a little to do with a most grave illness later on; but they gave me a hold on St. Philip's. Archdeacon Sinclair was greatly loved and respected by his curates. He and his sisters—one of them Lady Glasgow—were called, because of their height, 'The Giants' Causeway.' It is related that some lad in Edinburgh, seeing Captain Sinclair pass, looked up and asked him 'if it was cauld up yonder?' The Archdeacon, as is well known, set great store on preaching, and even devoted a 'Charge' at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, to his favourite subject of the composition of sermons. His brother-Archdeacon, Hale, was equally interested in the subject of intramural burials. Bishop Blomfield, speaking of his two Archdeacons, remarked that he had two Archdeacons of very opposite views: one was always dwelling on 'composition,' and the other on 'decomposition.' We curates rather dreaded the Wednesday morning service at the Parish Church. We had in turn to preach to the police, for whom that service was supposed to be specially intended. The Archdeacon made a point of attending that service, and it was then he took stock of us. Often have I sat next him, wedged up in the pew, and noted how he heaved a sigh or shrugged his shoulders if some sentence was not approved. I remember sitting next him when it was Stopford Brooke's turn to preach. Brooke, speaking of the uncertainty of life, said, with rather a strong Irish accent, to the police: 'You know, you might at any moment get a kick from a horse in the High Street.' Oh, what a shrug of agony Sinclair gave! He delighted in Blair's style, and I give one or two specimens which I myself heard at Sinclair's lips. I was reading prayers one evening in the old Parish Church, the galleries of which had at last to be shored up. The Archdeacon was

enlarging on some of the vices and temptations of London life, *inter alia* of 'gin palaces.' We curates would have said 'gin palace,' and made no bones about it. Not so the Archdeacon: 'And now, my brethren, what shall I say to you of those palaces of dissipation, set apart in this vast Metropolis for the inebriation of its congested population?' Preaching one evening, he had occasion to quote St. James's words: 'This is earthly, sensual, devilish.' 'It is earthly, my brethren, it is sensual, and'—shaking his head—'and *something very much worse.*' He could not bring himself to say 'devilish' outright. Isaac Taylor had cheek enough to say to him one morning in the vestry: 'Don't you think, sir, we ought to preach in pure Saxon—pure Saxon?' He could not tolerate Taylor, who preached in 'pure Saxon.' Taylor, even then of great literary attainments, did not care to conceal his contempt, from a literary point of view, for his brother curates. He was particularly anxious to improve our education. One day, when we were all together, he said: 'Gentlemen, I know you are all hard workers; I shall be glad to see you all at my rooms this evening, and to read you my paper on the "Ethnological Affinities of the Scandinavian Tongue," and after that to have a little supper.' We promised to come in late for supper! Wright was disposed to be cynical. One of my fellow-curates was what he chose to call 'gushing.' It was real earnestness, but when he read the Gospel he laid himself a little open to this comment. 'That dear fellow,' said Wright to me, 'evidently thinks that "*inspiration*" and "*perspiration*" are the same thing.' We had a fellow-curate for a short time who never preached his own sermons, the truth being that the Archdeacon rather encouraged newly-ordained men to preach other sermons than their own, partly out of mercy to the congregation, and partly that they might acquire confidence and get over nervousness in the pulpit. The curate's selection was always good, and he was always exactly half an hour. He went by the sobriquet amongst us of 'Half-hours with the Best Authors.' The Archdeacon cautioned us, because of

what happened in the Parish Church, never, if we preached another man's sermon, to take it *printed* into the pulpit. It happened one day that the Bishop of London was to preach for some special object at Kensington Parish Church. Late on Saturday afternoon he sent a message to the effect that he was taken ill, and could not fulfil his promise. The churchwardens were at their wits' end to know whom to ask to supply his place, and bethought themselves of one who occupied a very prominent post in London. The said Vicar, well known for his pomposity, is reputed, when asked how he felt when preaching in a small country parish church, to have made this extremely modest and characteristic reply : '*I feel like an oak in a flower-pot.*' The churchwardens waited on him late on Saturday evening and asked him if he would preach next Sunday morning. He remembered that he had seen a good sermon on the subject, and took this printed sermon into the pulpit. Lord ——— had a seat in the gallery overlooking the pulpit, and assisted in collecting the offertory. After service the churchwardens said : 'We cannot allow the reverend gentleman to leave without thanking him most warmly for his most able and appropriate sermon. Considering the very short notice given, it reflects great credit on him that he should have been able to compose such an admirable sermon.' The preacher bowed his acknowledgments, and was about to leave the vestry, when Lord ———, a sort of free-lance, added : 'I venture to think we have not yet done the reverend gentleman justice. I say'—rapping vigorously the vestry table—'it is, to my mind, quite wonderful that he should not only have found time to *write* such a sermon, but, by Jove ! gentlemen, he had time to get it *printed* !' I leave the reader to imagine the scene. Had the preacher in question frankly acknowledged that the sermon was not his own, and that, considering the short notice, he had done it for the best, he would not have been thus 'whipped.'

I recall with pleasure the afternoon services at St. Paul's. An iron church is not, perhaps, the most pleasant in which

to minister. In summer it is apt to become very hot; the corrugated iron retains the heat, and a shower makes your voice well-nigh inaudible. I preached in it one afternoon during a violent and sudden thunderstorm. I could see that the congregation were unnecessarily alarmed, and so I continued preaching. Not one sound could have been heard, but the Archdeacon, who was present, thanked me for *keeping the congregation quiet!* We had a very troublesome organist. For some reason or other he almost invariably played, as concluding voluntary, some familiar jig, varying it with well-known secular airs. Wilkinson and I could stand it no longer, and resolved to wait on and represent this to the Archdeacon. With his usual caution, he said: 'I will come and hear him myself.' We had not much hope from this promise, inasmuch as the Archdeacon had not a note of music in him. The organist noticed the presence of the Archdeacon. Knowing he was a Scotchman, and thinking, I suppose, that it would please him, he played after my sermon, 'The Campbells are coming.' The Archdeacon seemed to remember that he had somewhere heard that tune in his native hills, and next morning our friend was dismissed. Years afterwards the same organist was appointed to one of the Chapels Royal, and little thought when it was my 'wait' to preach there, that I had been instrumental in his dismissal from St. Paul's, Kensington.

The Archdeacon had one stock story about punctuality and Greenwich time, which he produced twice a year, at the distribution of prizes at some local school for boys. To the great amusement of my fellow-curates, one of whom had heard it exactly *forty* times, I listened to it for the first time with great interest, but soon understood the reason of their attitude towards this particular story.

Is it not remarkable how many men—public men—accustomed to speak in public, fail if they have to say anything from memory? There are many clergy, who, facing a congregation, would not venture to say the opening

exhortation of 'Dearly beloved,' etc., off by heart. The dear Archdeacon was evidently much put out by my sitting behind him at a public meeting in the Town Hall. He kept looking round at me with rather a distressed look. I could not divine the reason, for I was sitting quite quiet. I did not take the hint to sit somewhere else, so there was nothing for it but to commence the meeting with 'Let us pray.' The Archdeacon raised his hat, and *then* I saw why my nearness so troubled him. Down in the crown of the hat was printed in large type, 'Prevent us, O Lord,' etc. I need not say that I took care never again to embarrass my good Vicar, and always sat well in front of him at a public meeting.

There was a district under Chapman's charge, notorious for the rough Irish element which affected it. It was well known to clergy and to police as 'Jenning's Buildings.' It has been long ago improved off the face of Kensington. It was situate in High Street. It was commonly reported that the Archdeacon had never been seen inside Jenning's Buildings. Chapman at last persuaded him to visit it. It was a mid-summer's day. A number of lazy, half-clad men were lying about in the court. The Archdeacon did not, as a rule, wear apron and gaiters. He reserved these for special occasions. Anxious to impress the Aborigines, he felt this to be an occasion for donning full Archidiaconal attire. No sooner did he appear than a cry went forth, 'Oh, here's a bloke! Heave a brick at him!' And, amid a shower of every available brick, cabbage-stalk, etc., the Vicar retired. It was his first and last visit. He never again even remotely alluded to Jenning's Buildings.

It was in Kensington Parish Church that I, for once in my life, lost countenance, and could not refrain from laughing. To have a sense of humour may have its advantages, but it also has its drawbacks. I was officiating at the wedding of a greengrocer's daughter. She was very much got up, and had *very* fat hands, over which were tightly stretched her new white gloves. I never see bananas without thinking of



this bride's hands. They looked exactly like a cluster of bananas. The time came to put on the wedding-ring; I asked her to remove her glove. She stretched out her fat hand imploringly to her four bridesmaids. Each of them came to the rescue, and appropriated a separate finger, threatening by their eager efforts to tear each finger of the glove off by the roots. She said out loud: '*Now, Betsy Jane, whatever you does, don't you bust it!*' I think I may be excused for having found it *extremely* difficult to proceed with the service.

Dear old Parish Church! Beyond the site on which St. Mary's now stands, no trace of the old church, as I remember it, is to be found. It was fast falling into decay, and the work of restoration was, at all costs, imperative. It was generally crowded. The Archdeacon used to say he always reckoned on the presence of six hundred worshippers—three hundred for the free seats, and three hundred for 'ding, dong, bell.' He did not believe in the subdivision of a parish into district parishes—a fruitful source of clerical poverty—but he encouraged the poor in the neighbourhood of the iron church to rent their own seats, from a shilling to half a crown a year. The poor largely availed themselves of this opportunity of having their own seat. The service in the parish church was plain and thoroughly congregational. It was an inspiring sight on Sunday evenings. Decorations were of a very primitive type, and were entrusted to the wardens. The supreme effort was reserved for Christmas Day. The churchwardens, gimlet in hand, bored a hole in the top of a pew wherever they lighted on a soft spot, and there and then inserted a small sprig of holly or yew, so that you seemed to 'process' up a miniature cemetery. 'On a changé tout cela.'

I associate the iron church, amongst other memories, with that of Mrs. Campbell of Islay, who was blind. She came regularly to it every Sunday afternoon. Nothing could exceed her kindness to myself. I notice that she has recently passed away. I officiated, at her request, at the

marriage of one of her charming daughters, Ellen Frederica, wife of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart. Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, was one of the *invités*. I see him and other representatives of his clan standing round the wedding-cake, inserting, after Highland fashion, their dirks into it, together with some wild cry bearing resemblance to a highly-inflated bagpipe. The congregation in the afternoons represented many of the wealthy residents in Palace Gardens. I recall George Moore the philanthropist, Antrobus the wealthy tea-merchant, and Thackeray occasionally came. Mrs. Croker, widow of the Secretary of the Admiralty, was, with her companion, a regular worshipper, and many a pleasant *tête-à-tête* at dinner have I had with her in her apartments in Kensington Palace.

Kensington was in those days the favourite resort of artists. I have often dined with Caldicott, the composer; with Cooke, famous for his sea views; with Cope, dubbed the 'high-priest of Babydom'; with Merriman, the much sought physician. Many pleasant réunions have I been privileged to enjoy in such society. I remember being invited to hear Madame Lablache. She sang one or two simple Scotch ballads with such tenderness and pathos, that strong men felt the lump in the throat. Many a pleasant chat have I enjoyed over a cup of tea with Jean Ingelow. To enjoy the privilege of the society of so much artistic talent and cultured mind was not the least of the advantages which a curate had at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington.

It was during my curacy that I became acquainted with the present Archbishop of York. He was at that time curate of St. Stephen's, Marylebone. How or when we first met I cannot recall. We had a common interest in hymn tunes. I well remember when Maclagan was living in some humble lodgings, and we occasionally spent a quiet evening together going over tunes. It is well known that his Grace is a contributor to Hymns Ancient and Modern. How little could he and I in those far-off days have realized what God had in view for us! Our acquaintance, thus

begun, ripened into an abiding friendship. We each took part in the Edinburgh mission, he at St. John's and I at St. Paul's, and I took—rather an unusual thing to do—the 'after-meeting' after one of his addresses at St. John's. When he subsequently, and after many years of earnest and solid work in London, was appointed Vicar of Kensington, he would invite me to preach at St. Mary's, and be his welcome guest at the Vicarage. When elevated to the Bench as Bishop of Lichfield, at his request I gave the addresses to the candidates for Ordination, and preached the Ordination sermon, being much struck with his most reverent and impressive conduct of the Ordination service. Mindful of our common interest in hymns and tunes, at his invitation I read, at the Wolverhampton Congress, a paper, on the Friday, on 'The Devotional Use of Hymns.' I have throughout all these years watched with prayerful interest his successive stages, higher and higher, of preferment so well earned and of his increasing usefulness in the Church. His voice was the 'outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace.' He had for a time charge of Enfield, where he also left his mark for devotion and earnestness. I remember, he, too, remembers, his inviting me to come over and help him at a *Conversazione* he was having there for his parishioners. I was to bring my microscope, and discourse on my 'hobby.' There were also to be dissolving views. The dissolving views were not a decided success on that memorable evening. Everything went wrong. To begin with, the man who had come down from London to exhibit did not seem to know how to manipulate his lantern. The first thing, of course, is to get a good, clear disc of light on the screen. There was every prospect of total darkness. Having a good lantern of my own, and being accustomed to exhibit dissolving views, I volunteered to come to the rescue, an offer rather surlily accepted. I succeeded in obtaining the first requisite, a good disc. The large audience, evidently greatly relieved, urged me to proceed with the show, anticipating a very pleasant evening.

Now, in exhibiting dissolving views, it is of importance that you know beforehand what you are going to exhibit. I had not the least idea beyond that, according to the programme, there were to be: 1. Scenes from Scripture; 2. General Views. The man from London, seeing my success so far, sulked in the corner of the room and said: 'You had better go on, sir.' In the journey the box containing the slides had got topsy-turvy, and there was a confusion in its inside of religious and secular. I put my hand in the dark into this box, and, taking out the first slide, exhibited it. To my relief it was Scriptural, and came under head 1. It was Abraham and Isaac on their way to Mount Moriah. I took out the next slide and proceeded to dissolve. Slowly there came into view the Coliseum at Rome! I could not with truth say that that was Mount Moriah. All I could say was: 'I think there must be some mistake.' Keenly did my silent and sulking friend enjoy my confusion. Nothing daunted, and full of hope of better things, I put another slide into the lantern. There came out three dusky darkies, with a fourth sitting at their feet, looking rather woe-begone, as if in pain. 'What is that, sir?' asked one of the audience. To me it looked like the Christy Minstrels, and Satan himself must have put it into my mouth to say so. Up jumped my friend from the corner, dancing almost a hornpipe of savage joy, and said: 'No, ladies and gentlemen, the reverend gentleman is all wrong; it is not the Christy Minstrels, but Job and his comforters.' I shut off the light, and the audience quickly dissolved. Some years afterwards, when MacLagan again invited me to assist him at a parochial tea, he added: 'I think we will not have dissolving views.'

## CHAPTER XI

ST. PHILIP'S, REGENT STREET, 1860

My marriage—West Molesey—Death of Canon Repton—Offer of St. Philip's, Regent Street—Its connection, district, etc.—Suffolk Street and organ-grinders—The Haymarket and refreshment houses—Chapels of Ease—The congregation at St. Philip's—Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary—Mr. Gladstone—London hospitals and charities offertories—East End parishes—Thieves' kitchens.

THE year 1860 was to me a memorable year. I was married to my dear first wife, Miss Somers, on Tuesday, January 3, at the parish church, Brighton, by the well-known Vicar, Mr. Wagner. I was appointed to the incumbency of St. Philip's, Regent Street, Thursday, November 6, and my dear child, Mildred, was born November 24. I preached my farewell sermon at St. Paul's, Kensington, December 23. I had for some time been practically in charge of St. Philip's and responsible for the whole duty. Canon Repton had long ceased to take any part in the services, and his son George was quite incapacitated for it.

We had gone down to West Molesey in August for a quiet 'locum tenency' after all the strain of a London season. It must not be supposed that what are called 'chapels of ease' are so in more than the name, for you may make and find work anywhere. Not to speak of all that occupied my time in the weekdays, it is no light work to have to prepare sermons and to preach, Sunday by Sunday, to a congregation so representative, as well as cultured, as that which it was my privilege as well as responsibility to minister to at St. Philip's; and we London clergy yearned for the change of a few weeks to a homely country parish. We had just finished unpacking, and were saying to each other how delicious the quiet and rest were, when a black-edged letter was put into my hands, informing me of the death, on

Monday, August 6, of Canon Repton at St. Leonard's. I need not say what sorrow and anxiety this announcement caused me—sorrow at the loss of one who had been uniformly kind to me, and anxiety for my future.

St. Philip's was in the gift of the Rector of St. James's. When it was rumoured that Mr. Kempe was to be raised to the Bench, a very largely-signed memorial was prepared to ask for my appointment as Canon Repton's successor. I had no claim on Mr. Kempe, save that I had been in charge for two years, and had gathered round me an attached congregation. Mr. Kempe was naturally anxious to make St. Philip's more a 'living wage' by raising an endowment fund, for it is still absolutely without endowment of *any* kind, and also that it should have some district assigned to it. He sent for and conferred with me on these points. I was, of course, as desirous as himself both for an endowment and for an assigned district. The one rested with my congregation, the other with himself. There was a debt of some £2,000 on St. Philip's, and he asked me if I saw my way to paying that debt off. Conscientiously I could not undertake to do this, but as soon as it was known that this was a condition of my appointment, certain members of the congregation, notably the late Mr. Pepler, of Suffolk Street, and Mr. Henry Graves, the well-known print-seller in Pall Mall, bestirred themselves, and the whole of the £2,000 was in a few days guaranteed. One more difficulty remained. George Repton had always felt that, as his father had built the church, he, were he to survive his father, should be Incumbent of St. Philip's. Mr. Kempe, on the other hand, while fully recognising his claim, did not consider that it held good, in case George Repton should be invalidated and unable to perform the duty. Neither would yield, so there was a dead-lock. Mr. Kempe sent for me and put all this before me, adding that, if George Repton would renounce his claim, he would at once appoint me, and that, as we were great personal friends, he thought I might persuade him so to do. This again I felt I could not do; I could not

have ministered with good conscience at St. Philip's under such circumstances.

Whilst matters were thus unsettled, I received a letter from Lady Cecilia Repton, who was with her husband at Tunbridge Wells, telling me that George was in a precarious state and wished to see me. I went down without delay and found him as represented. I was sitting up with him far into the night—I loved him as a brother—and of a sudden he said: 'Pigou, why doesn't Kempe put you at once into St. Philip's?' I told him the difficulty there had been about the debt, but that that was removed. 'What hinders now?' said George. I felt that an opportunity had, under God, come, and that I could, without being misunderstood, frankly tell him. I said: 'Well, Kempe does not repudiate altogether your claim, and as long as you maintain it, he does not see his way to making an appointment.' He at once asked me to bring him a sheet of paper. With great effort he sat up and wrote to Kempe. He said that he was glad that, before he died, his claim was recognised, for it had been a sore trouble to him that it was even questioned, but that he waived it on the sole condition that I was at once appointed. I shall never—can never forget that scene. I think it was about the last letter George Repton wrote. He sank back on his pillows, exhausted with the effort, and, feebly grasping my hand, invoked God's blessing upon me.

On Thursday, September 6, 1860, I received the nomination, my first preferment, at twenty-eight years of age. I entered on this most important charge, as it proved to be, with no few misgivings, and yet with a confidence born of the consciousness that I could plainly discern the guidance and will of God. Every difficulty had been removed from my path. I was duly licensed by Bishop Tait, but I cannot recall one word of prayer from my 'Father in God,' and I had no public Induction. I was to be allowed £400 a year out of purely visionary resources, for the income depended entirely on pew-rents. I was assigned a conven-

tional district, which really meant looking after the poor in the streets adjoining the south side of the Haymarket, and the dwellers in Mews. It may not perhaps be known or realized that in some few of the streets adjoining Regent Street and the Haymarket you may meet with as much distress and poverty as is to be found in the East End of London. The contrast between what those streets represent and those that adjoin them, *e.g.*, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, Carlton Gardens, St. James's Square, is nowhere more marked. Whole families herded in one room, paying 5s. a week for rent. On a hot summer's day, I have visited some of these human rabbit warrens and noticed a corpse in the corner of the room, the only available room by night and day for a large family. The lodgers in this district were chiefly journeymen tailors and sempstresses working for the large firms hard by. A mild winter is as fraught with distress to journeymen tailors as a wet summer is to milliners' employées.

I had my little Sunday-school in one of the galleries of St. Philip's, and mustered a fair number of children, quite sufficient to fill two vans for a holiday at the Crystal Palace. The late Mr. Laird, M.P. for Birkenhead, head of the great shipbuilding firm, generally insisted on being allowed to defray all the expenses. He often expressed to me his passionate love for children, and his special sympathy for the children of the poor.

I fulfilled the other part of my agreement with Mr. Kempe, and took 14, Suffolk Street, next door to my valued friends the Garlands, and opposite the back entrance to the Haymarket. How often I have chatted with Buckstone, who, I believe, earnestly prayed for wet Saturdays. A fine Saturday meant an empty house. I paid £150 a year for this 'bijou' of a house *unfurnished*, and sometimes wondered how we managed to live in it. The rooms were anything but roomy, and the street, being a *cul-de-sac*, was very noisy. Oh, how street bands and barrel-organs haunted Suffolk Street! It was no use ordering them away from your door,



for if they went a few doors lower down the noise was just as intolerable. I resorted to every device that has ever been suggested by distracted brain-workers. I have appeared at the window with quill pens stuck in every part of my head, behind my ear, in my mouth, bristling in my hair, looking more like a porcupine than anything else. I gesticulated, and wished to impress the organ-grinder that I was a literary character; the wretched man only grinned at me. On one occasion, however, I was greatly taken with an organ-grinder, who feigned madness. He turned the handle, but there was no sound whatever. He had eviscerated his organ. It was a very clever dodge. We all came out and showered coins upon him, begging him to persuade his fellow-countrymen to follow his bright example. He reaped a rich harvest. It recalled to me an organ-grinder in the Champs Elysées, who for years had a sort of recognised right to play there. It was close to the Place de la Concorde. A wealthy Baron took one of the palatial houses close by, and allowed him to remain and play, provided he never heard a sound. Some of my readers may remember having seen him, seated at, and turning the handle of, this noiseless instrument.

The Haymarket, of part of which I had charge, has a well-deserved evil reputation, but during the day no one would notice anything objectionable. Numbers of most respectable tradesmen reside in this *mauvais quartier*. They all deplore the rowdyism and disorderly scenes at night, after the theatres close, but they are powerless to prevent it. Certainly the state of things—to which I see Bishop Barry has recently called public attention—in St. James's and St. Martin's parishes is worse than anything to be met with in the public streets in Paris, and is most discreditable. Though there is no lack of immorality in Paris, and there are well-known resorts of prostitutes, vice does not flaunt itself in the public streets as it does in Regent Street, the Haymarket, and the Strand. The institution of 'Police des Mœurs' in Paris effectually prevents this.

It is, in truth, a difficult 'social problem' with which to deal. Repress it in one place, it will, hydra-headed, break out in another. I am not sure that midnight meetings for fallen women do more than touch the fringe of this social evil. Earnest and impassioned addresses may reach some few hearts, awakening the recollection of purer and brighter days so as to move many to tears, if not of repentance yet of remorse; but unless you can, then and there, take the conscience-stricken out of their environment of evil, pluck them as brands from the burning, and find for them the shelter of some home, with the safeguard, to a certain extent, of definite, healthy occupation, not much real good is done. I am disposed to think, from the experience which the charge of the Haymarket gave me, that our hope must lie in efforts such as those of the G. F. S. as regards women, and of the White Cross League as regards men, in patient and persevering endeavour to raise the whole tone of womanhood, and to excite amongst men a greater chivalry towards women. As regards the refreshment-houses, especially in connection with their being closed on Sundays, I honestly confess I never could see my way to take part in any deputation to the Home Secretary. There is a strong and reasonable impatience of 'class legislation.' You cannot have one law for the rich and another for the poor. As long as Clubs are placed under no restrictions, and members may be seen sipping their wine at the windows of the Athenæum or Carlton at any hour or any day, unhindered and unrestricted, you cannot, in all fairness, restrict another class of citizens.

It is somewhat the fashion to decry and disparage Chapels of ease, such as St. Philip's was originally intended to be, and to think all should share the fate of Hanover Chapel and St. Matthew's in Spring Gardens. The common saying is that they are only for preaching; that no one in charge of them can acquire parochial experience, etc. It must, however, be remembered that a very considerable number of residents in London are not so strongly affected

towards their parish church as they are, *e.g.*, at Leeds, Halifax, Sheffield, and Bradford. Some scarcely know, otherwise than by Easter offerings and by other calls of a parochial nature made upon them, by the obligation of residence previous to marriage, etc., what their parish is. Visitors who come up to London for the season, the increasing swarm of outsiders who crowd the huge hotels such as the Metropole, Victoria, Cecil, Savoy, do not dream of inquiring in what parish they are temporary residents. They exercise their liberty and worship where they please. Listen to the conversation at the breakfast-table on Sunday morning in one of our large hotels, and the question is, not 'In what parish are we? Which is the parish church?' but 'Whom are you going to hear?' It were as absurd as hopeless to insist on people going to their parish church. It does not at all follow that the ministrations in it will be generally acceptable. Hundreds and thousands in the Metropolis and elsewhere are not brought, if I may so say, in contact with religion and its ministrations except on Sundays. They are intent on pleasure, or business, and however active and devoted a Rector, Vicar, or Incumbent may be, in London, for the great majority, the character of the service on Sunday, and the ability or otherwise in the pulpit, is that which lures and attracts.

Everyone who knows London knows that there were, and are, certain men who commanded and command large congregations. I do not say their name is 'legion,' for the Church of England is not *renommée* for her preaching power, but names such as Melville, Boyd-Carpenter, Farrar, Liddon, Goulburn, Wilberforce, Gore, Scott Holland, Canon Ainger, and many more, are outstanding names. Imagine anyone suggesting or saying to another: 'You must not go and hear them: you are not in the parish.' This reminds me of a stranger who went to a parish church and heard an affecting farewell sermon. Everyone was in tears but himself. 'That was a touching sermon, sir,' said the churchwarden to him. 'Oh yes, evidently; the congregation was moved to tears.'

'But you, sir, did not weep.' 'No; but I am not in this parish.'

Few, probably, of the many who daily pass St. Philip's, Regent Street, would imagine the general nature of the congregation which, in the days of my ministry, worshipped within its walls. It is situate in an important centre. Nearly all the wealthy and influential residents in Carlton Gardens, Carlton Terrace, and St. James's Square, were of my congregation. If I mention here the names of some of my regular congregation, I do so that I may emphasize what I have said about 'Chapels of ease.' The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary attended nearly every Sunday during the season. With them came Baron Kneesbeck, Colonel Purvis, and Lady Geraldine Somerset. The Horse Guards was largely represented, as was also the Admiralty. Admiral Tryon, who perished in the *Victoria*, was an old and valued friend. Most of the Royal Household came to St. Philip's, *e.g.*, the Countess of Caledon, Mr. V. and Lady Catherine Harcourt, the Hon. Mrs. Preston Bruce, Lord Rivers and his nieces, one of whom was for some time Maid of Honour to the Queen, and is now the wife of the Dean of Windsor. The late Sir J. Cowell was a constant attendant. Out of Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens came the Marquis and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Sir R. and Lady Farquhar, the family of Sir James Hogg, the late Earl of Strafford, and many more. Mr. Gladstone, with his wife and children, occasionally came, and his housekeeper was one of my district visitors. The German Ambassador had a pew. The late Lord Derby; the Duke of Marlborough and family; Lord Wimborne, then Sir Ivor Guest; Lord Elcho and family; the Earl of Rosslyn and his family; the Earl of Radnor; Viscount Gage; Viscount Ailsa; the Marquis and Marchioness of Anglesey; Countess of Dunmore; Sir Thomas Hare; Octavius Morgan; Mr. Walter, of the *Times*; Bowman, the oculist; Rogers, the dentist, and all his family; many from the Clubs; Members of Parliament;

men and women of light and leading in London in all departments of life crowded out my church. Some of the leading and royal tradesmen, such as Mr. Poole, the tailor ; Lambert, of Coventry Street ; Scorer, of Fortnum and Mason ; Locke, in James Street, and many more attended. They habitually vied with one another in acts of personal kindness and friendship. Space forbids my enumerating the tokens of goodwill which I enjoyed.

So crowded was St. Philip's, that I have seen the upper galleries filled with people. Our service was plain, such as commended itself generally to old-fashioned folk, and the singing good and sweet of its kind. I preached, as was the custom at the parish church, in the black gown. The Duke of Teck courted the Princess Mary in my church on Sundays, and I have kept the hymn-book I lent them, but not, of course, for 'courting.'

The blind Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and his devoted wife had always a seat near the Duchess of Cambridge. I was one of the *invités* to the Princess Mary's wedding at Kew, and as an instance of H.R.H.'s kindness of heart, I recall this incident. A lady, who was deranged, had worked a silk banner, and was anxious that the Princess Mary should put her foot upon it as she came out of church. I was standing close by and saw the banner, elaborately worked, laid down. As the Princess Mary came out, leaning on her husband's arm, she was not unmindful of her promise. While many, in the glamour and excitement of their wedding-day, might pardonably have forgotten such a promise, I saw the Princess Mary stop and gently put her foot on the banner, to the great satisfaction of its worker. The late and widely-lamented Duchess of Teck was very fond of music, and particularly of sacred music, and many were her requests forwarded to me for particular tunes sung at St. Philip's. Often did the Princess and the Duchess, who was as a mother to me, command my presence at Kew Cottage or St. James's Palace for a quiet chat.

I recall one or two reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone. He

had a housekeeper, Mrs. Hampden, whose husband had been in the War Office and was invalided. I used to visit him at 11, Carlton Terrace, where Mr. Gladstone most kindly allowed him to remain until the day of his death. During his last illness, I know as a fact, on the authority of his wife, that however great the pressure and incessant the demands on his time when Prime Minister, Gladstone never failed to visit the dying man once a day to read and pray with him. That could not be said of every Prime Minister! When he died, Mr. Gladstone allowed his son to occupy his room. The lad turned out a *roué*. His mother came in great distress to me about him, for he would take the liberty of coming home very late from some orgie and waking up the whole house. He had really 'gone to the bad.' I advised his mother to see Gladstone herself, and to ask him to speak to this young prodigal. She summoned up her courage to do so. Gladstone immediately sent for him, expostulated, prayed with him, but, alas! it was of no avail.

I was not 'advanced' enough for Mr. Gladstone. He was frequently and influentially asked to prefer me, but he had better men in view. I always consider it a privilege to have met and conversed with him. I was invited to meet him at dinner at Sir Walter Farquhar's house in Carlton Terrace, and we were alone for a while in the drawing-room. We were discussing books, and the conversation turned on Divine service. About this time there was no small stir respecting advance in ritual and the doings of some of the more advanced ritualists. To many the introduction of incense was objectionable. I said, 'Do you not think, sir, that the less sensuous religion is in its accompaniments, and the nearer we can approach the high ideal, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," the better?' He replied: 'It depends so entirely on what you call sensuous. You have had very sweet music in your church: what is more sensuous than good music? To my mind the most perfect

symbol we can have of prayer ascending to the Most High is the rising of incense in clouds.' I reminded him, however, that this is not the use to which incense is put when it is used. It is used for 'censing persons and things.' There is a riddle propounded: 'Why are ritualists the most irritating of human beings?' 'They are always crossing themselves and incensing others.'

It was in its way remarkable that after our dispersion at St. Mary's, Kensington, Wilkinson was appointed to St. Peter's, Windmill Street, and Stopford Brooke to York Chapel. I am afraid that we three drew largely from both St. James's and St. Martin's parish churches, to the detriment of those churches, and to the concern of both Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Kempe. But what could be done to prevent these sheep from straying? You cannot post up notices, 'All trespassers will be prosecuted.' You cannot dictate to parishioners where they are or are not to worship. For my own part, I have always strongly felt that if anyone, for reasons good and sufficient to himself, left my church or ministry for that of some other clergyman, and I was not conscious that I had offended or in any way annoyed him, his spiritual welfare was of far greater consideration than his parochial status. Let him be free and unquestioned to go where he feels he gets the most good. We lower ourselves as clergy if we seek to persuade such to remain with us. We are not tradesmen. We cannot say, practically, 'If you do not like my tea at 1s. 8d., I will give you something better for 2s.' And a ministry cannot be effectual to anyone who attends it *contre cœur*.

I do not hesitate to say that my congregation at St. Philip's during my eleven years' ministry was probably one of the most wealthy and influential in London. Certainly it was more so than at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, until Wilkinson was appointed to it. That church, as a centre of great spiritual force, must ever be gratefully associated with his earnest and active ministration. Well do I remember it in its old sleepy days! Shortly after Wilkinson's

appointment, the late Lord Chelmsford remarked, 'The last Vicar's name was Fuller; this Vicar's name is not Fuller, but his church is.'

I was officially connected with Charing Cross and King's College Hospitals, and constantly at the weekly board meetings of the former. I was chaplain, at Bishop Tait's request, to St. John's Home for Nurses, Norfolk Street. I was chairman for nine years of the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, and on the committee of that good man Mr. Williams's Home in Holborn for Homeless and Destitute Children. There is scarcely a charity or institution in London of importance for which I have not pleaded in St. Philip's Chapel, and we had large and liberal offertories. Over and over again I have had as much as £200 at a morning service.

From long experience of raising money, I certainly am of opinion that they give more largely who *make* and do not *inherit* money. The reason for this is obvious. Such as inherit, who have their large landed estates, palatial houses to keep up, and the endless claims of parishes of which they are patrons, cannot afford to give as a lawyer, physician, or successful tradesman gives. But of this I am satisfied: The great majority of the well-to-do laity of the Church of England, such as were represented in St. Philip's and its neighbourhood, are, at heart, generous and kind. If they do not give as liberally as we sometimes expect, it is because of other and more immediate claims, or from want of thought rather than of heart. Again, there is so much imposture abroad that charitable impulses are paralyzed, for men hate being imposed upon. But bring the 'upper ten thousand' face to face with the real facts of life; tell them in honest plain language what they otherwise have no idea of; persuade them by the testimony of personal experience and observation of a claim, and there is no lack of response.

I made it a rule to attach a poor and spiritually destitute parish in the East of London to my wealthy and not un-



sympathetic congregation. I am aware that the Council of the Bishop of London's Fund do not smile on this plan. They prefer that collections should be merged in the common fund, and left at their disposal. The same feeling or view is entertained by the S.P.G., or even C.M.S. My experience from year to year was invariably the same, that I generally got *three times* as much for a *special* parish or mission as I did for the Bishop of London's Fund or S.P.G. I made it a rule to visit the parish myself, and, when possible, to conduct a service in it. I was thus enabled to tell my people of what I had both seen and heard. I sought to interest my people in Spitalfields, Walworth, Bethnal Green, and other East End parishes. It opened my eyes, it opened theirs, to the appalling contrast London presents, and to the paralyzing influences against which the clergy of East London carry on their devoted, self-denying ministrations.

I have preached in thieves' kitchens and in the lowest type of lodging-houses, and come across strange scenes, familiar to the East End clergy. I went one summer evening to a well-known 'thieves' kitchen,' watched night and day by police stationed outside, not with a view to molest the inmates of the 'kitchen,' but simply to take note of, and, if need be, to identify them. I announced the purport of my visit, not as one of curiosity, or they would have made the place hotter for me than it already was. They who resort to these 'kitchens' are very sensitive, and not unnaturally, to any impertinent or unnecessary intrusion. I reminded them that it was God's holy day, and expressed my readiness to hold a short service if they were so minded. 'All right, guv'nor,' was the response. All, without exception, put down their cards, discontinued whatever game they were playing, shook the ashes out of their pipes and arranged the benches. The first proceeding was to turn out, 'neck and crop,' a drunken man who expressed himself with unseemly frivolity. He being disposed of, I proceeded with the service. Nowhere could one have had a more quiet,

orderly, attentive congregation, and one or two incidents cleave to my memory. I gave out 'Sun of my soul,' to the familiar tune 'Hursley.' I heard a very beautiful voice joining in it, and taking the lead. When we came to the verse, 'If some poor wandering child of Thine,' that voice ceased singing. At the conclusion of the service I went up to her, and asked her where she had learned that hymn, and why she ceased to join in it at that particular verse. In the broken accents of a gentlewoman, for such I discovered her to be both by birth and education, she said with tears:

'Ah, would to God you had not given out that hymn, and to that tune, for it brought back too painfully to my recollection the purer and brighter days of my innocent childhood.' We rescued her from those surroundings. The soft spot was there in that heart, 'weary of earth and laden with its sin.'

I was about to leave when a man stepped up to me and said: 'We are much obliged to you, sir, for your address, but I think the more accurate rendering of the Greek is so-and-so.'

He turned out to be a clergyman, who had filtered down to the dregs of social life, and lived by writing the well-indited letters from beggars. Clergy in the East of London could tell as sad and striking facts in connection with 'thieves' kitchens' and low lodging-houses as masters or chaplains of prisons and workhouses could tell. I persuaded the Vicar of one parish in particular to come and speak his own unvarnished story of what he had to deal with, and to allow my congregation to be made aware of facts almost past belief. I remember his saying, 'You are anxious to send your sons to the best public schools in England. If any one of you will accompany me, I will take you to a house in a particular street in my parish where children of five years of age are sent, not to learn the "three R's," but to an old harridan, to whom they are sent deliberately by their parents to learn how to pick pockets.'

They are seated on a bench. In their hands are placed dolls with bells hung upon them. They have to pick deftly the doll's pocket without ringing a bell; if they fail, they are unmercifully beaten.' What is to be expected of children of tender years *taught* from infancy to steal as a means of livelihood?

I was much interested in a particular mission-room in Ossulston Street, near the Euston Station. It was at one time the habitat of a very hardened class, such as receivers of stolen goods, and roughs of a rowdy type. It got abroad that we were going to have a service on one week-night. The roughs came in, put out the lights, and let loose a bulldog on us in the dark. Our immediate anxiety was to get out of the way of this profane brute! Now, a New Zealander may serve you up, à la Sydney Smith, as 'cold missionary,' on a sideboard, but I doubt if he would outrage religion after this fashion! I was telling this to my congregation. An old buffer from the Senior United was present. As he went out he was overheard saying, 'I don't think I like hearing about bulldogs in the pulpit, but here's a £10 note for that mission.' How else could I have put 'bulldog'? You must occasionally sacrifice the dignity of the pulpit at the cost of plain speaking. I was pleading one Sunday morning the cause of overworked employes in connection with some benevolent institution. I told my people that if they would forego the luxury of hot rolls for breakfast, they would save journeymen bakers from excessive toil. I know, for a fact, that the order was given in many houses next day that there were to be no more hot rolls. How else could I have put 'hot rolls'? 'Evil is wrought through want of thought, and not from want of heart.' London clergy of experience amongst the 'upper ten thousand' will bear me out in saying that there are warm, generous, and sympathetic hearts beating under silk and satin. I have never known an appeal fail with what we call the 'aristocracy' when they are persuaded the cause is just and good; and I was allowed the great

privilege of diverting into various great and excellent charities the generous contributions of my greatly loved flock.

During my ministry at St. Philip's the pew-rents rose to £1,200 a year, and I have had full experience of a chapel built by mortgaging pews! I was not allowed—hard lines!—more than £400 a year. The remaining portion went into the pockets of owners of pews, some of them not living in London, who, if they so liked, could have put lock and key on their pews, and some of whom never gave me one farthing towards the expenses of the church! In vain I remonstrated with them. Out of this £400 I had to pay £150 for a very small unfurnished house in Suffolk Street, and £50 a year to a Reader at morning service. Lady Cecilia Repton being anxious, at her husband's death, to part with her pews, my relations kindly subscribed £400, so that I might buy them and effect a further insurance on my life. This answered well in my day, as these pews let for £50 a year. Since I have left I have not received anything. I would willingly part with them now for the benefit of the Incumbent, but I have no power to do so. They are in the hands of my trustees, though I have been unfairly represented as standing in the way of St. Philip's being made free.

St. Philip's was very largely frequented by members of the different adjoining Clubs. The Rector of St. James's had a standing quarrel with the Clubs, and not without reason. Clubs have no 'Conscience clause.' Their Committees maintain that, as a Club represents all schools of thought, they could not, as a Club, take pews for their members. On the other hand, the Clubs occupy a considerable area of St. James's parish, and the Rector is placed at a disadvantage, inasmuch as if that area were occupied by resident parishioners, his claims on their pecuniary aid would be a matter of course. I had my fling at them on one particular and memorable occasion; but they turned a deaf ear, as usual, to my remonstrances. A course of

sermons, dealing with special social topics, was arranged for the afternoons of Sundays at St. James's, Piccadilly, during the season. Knowing most of the Clubs, a frequent guest in some of them, and allowed to hold Bible-classes with the servants if I could secure their attendance, I was asked to preach the sermon on 'Club Life' which is published by the S.P.C.K. It took me six weeks of hard work to write that sermon. The subject was, from many points of view, difficult. I put myself in communication with those who I felt, knowing London well and recognised as religious men, would advise me and save me from talking nonsense. I consulted Mr. Robert Baxter, Sir Stephen Blackwood, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, and have to this day the interesting, sensible, and valuable letter Lord Shaftesbury wrote. St. James's was packed to excess. Even the Senior United turned out. Regular old habitués—'buffers' as we used to call them—were heard saying, 'I must go and hear what that fellow has to say about Clubs'! Everyone was asking, 'What can he have to say on Clubs?' Amid breathless silence I gave out my text (Acts xvii. 18): '*What will this babbler say?*' The visit of St. Paul to Athens suggested the comparison of London with Athens and the condition of its social life. The Athenæum would represent the Stoics, and not a few clubs the Epicureans, etc. The truth, however, is that, beyond the fact that Club-life may discourage marriage, and make men satisfied with all that a London Club commands at small expense, there is nothing conceivable to be said against Clubs. They are the outcome of, and a necessity of, our political, literary, and social life. I did not lose the opportunity of having a rap at the absence of a 'Conscience clause.' The *Daily Telegraph* honoured me with a leader on Monday morning, which opened thus: 'A remarkable sermon was preached yesterday afternoon at St. James's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. Francis Pigou. The subject was "Club Life." He came, like Balaam, to curse, and went away, like Balaam, blessing.' The sermon had a

large sale, as it excited much interest. We persuaded the authorities to allow broken meat to be collected for the poor, and the broken fragments were a revelation of waste! We have sometimes had *whole joints* from the Clubs and Marlborough House.

Apropos of the Clubs, I heard a delicious story of a member of the Senior United calling at a house in Belgravia to inquire after a lady who had lately been confined. It was of importance that a son and heir should be born, because of the family estates. Knocking at the door, Jeames Plush appeared. 'How is her ladyship?' 'As well as can be expected, sir.' 'Is it a boy?' 'No, sir.' 'Oh, I am sorry. It is a girl, then?' 'No, sir.' 'Bless my heart! If it is not a boy or a girl, what on earth is it?' Pulling himself together, with great dignity Jeames Plush replied, 'Her ladyship, sir, has given birth to a hare (heir), and the family is very pleased.'

I invited some of the more famed and popular preachers from time to time to occupy the pulpit at St. Philip's. Very few of my *invités* made any sensible difference in the increase of the congregation. Dean Hook, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, and one or two more 'drew.' It used to be said that there were only three or four men who could fill Whitehall Chapel on Sunday afternoon—Bishop Wilberforce, Bishop Magee, and Charles Kingsley. Bishop Tait did not 'draw.' A considerable number would come to hear Bishop Bickersteth and Archbishop Thomson. St. Philip's was crowded to its utmost capacity one Sunday morning, when Bishop Wilberforce preached. It was on this occasion, which is recorded in his biography, that he took under his wing a lady who had made frantic efforts, but in vain, to get a seat. He preached a magnificent sermon. He left his sermon-case in the pulpit. Prompted by the curiosity inherited from my first parent, I looked into it. There were just *two* notes jotted down, but it bore out his counsel to us at Cuddesdon, if we preached extempore, never to do so without a few notes! Passing out of

the church, I saw my organ-blower. 'I don't like, sir, that gen'lman as preached this morning.' 'Why not?' I replied, 'he is one of the most eloquent preachers of the day.' 'That may be, sir, but I don't like him. *He takes such a deal of blowing out.* Don't 'ave him again, sir, if you can help it.'

This professional view of things is amusing and sometimes embarrassing. A hairdresser, one of whose customers I was, attended St. Philip's. He was cutting my hair, and whispered confidentially to me: 'When you was preaching, sir, yesterday, I couldn't help thinking your hair wanted cutting, and that you had your hair rather too flat on one side!' A well-known jeweller said to me one Monday morning, alluding to the large west window, put up by my people as a thank-offering after my recovery from a long illness, 'Unique pattern, sir, that of the jug at Judas's feet. We shall bring it out.' He had copied it on his thumbnail during Divine service! He had a trick of reading his Bible during my sermon, if it was one that he did not approve, and invariably read the Lamentations of Jeremiah. I asked a friend who sat behind him, and who very much resented this, to find out what portion of the Bible he read. So when he spoke to me about the jug at Judas's feet, I asked him why he took refuge from me in the Lamentations of Jeremiah. 'Well,' he replied, 'but you must have wonderful sight, sir, to have seen from the pulpit what I was reading'!

The Royal tradesmen dined together once a year at the Star and Garter, and did me on one occasion the honour to invite me to be their guest. After dinner one of them happened to say, 'I wish I *was*!' His neighbour reproved him and said, 'You ought not to say, "I wish I *was*:" you ought to say "I wish I *were*."' A very lively discussion arose, and the company was divided. At last they appealed to me. I said I was unwilling, as their guest, to have to take a side, but as they had referred to me, I could not but say that in school-days I should have been birched if I had

not said 'I wish I were.' He who let slip the dogs of war rejoined, and rather angrily, 'You may, sir, say "I wish I were," for the sake of euphony (!), *but I am blowed if it is grammar!*'

I had some curious experiences at St. Philip's. Three persons, more or less insane, attended there regularly. One, a charming and most courteous old gentleman, called on me regularly every Monday morning in a smart, well-appointed brougham, and, shown into my room, always said the same thing and no more: 'I have called to see you, sir; you do not know who I am; I am a very old general officer. Your sermon yesterday morning was, I know, intended specially for me, and I am very much obliged to you. Good-morning.' Poor man! He was deeply convinced he had received Holy Communion to his soul's hurt, and asked me to lend him some manual on Holy Communion. I lent him one I frequently used. He returned it the next day, with every line deeply underscored with a very black pencil, and a marker in every page! Another, an officer in the army, who, through drink, attempted to commit suicide, gave me some trouble. I visited him at Long's Hotel. On his recovery, he asked me to give him a letter of recommendation, that he might be allowed to read in the general reading-room at the British Museum. Shortly afterwards I found a policeman waiting to see me in Suffolk Street. He had come to tell me they had been obliged to withdraw the '*permit.*' He was on duty, and my friend went out and asked him to look through the glass on the left hand of the folding-doors, and keep his eye on an old gentleman who was pretending to read, but really had a pistol concealed, with a view to kill him. The policeman watched for some time, and saw no indication of such murderous design. Presently he came out again, and asked him to look through the window of the right-hand door, and to keep his eye on an old lady who was pretending to read, but really had a poniard concealed under her shawl, with the same evil intent. The policeman kept



his eye on her also. He came out again. It began to dawn on the policeman's mind that there must be something 'not all there' about the visitor. When he came out, he exclaimed: 'Beg pardon, sir; I can see nothing with my right eye nor left eye, and I have no more eyes.' My poor friend laboured under a delusion that everyone was bent on killing him.

A lady waited after Service one Sunday morning to see me. She said: 'I enjoy your ministry, but I am so grieved that you are an *idolater*.' 'What makes you think that of me?' I said. 'Well, look at those two small windows with a lamb in the centre. That is the four-footed beast mentioned in the Book of Revelation. I cannot come to your church any more.' Lord Gage had presented these windows, and a lamb is the family crest. Dining with Viscount Gage the Monday following, he was much amused on hearing what was signified by his crest. I can do no more than record here the great kindness I received at Lord and Miss Gage's hands, both in London and as a frequent guest at Firle Place. I must include also his charming daughter, the late Viscountess Gort.

From time to time I met at dinner a great friend of Lord Gage's, Admiral Boyle. Invariably when we met, this Admiral of the old school, who amongst other things detested ironclads, would come to me and say: 'Do you, sir, read the account of St. Paul's shipwreck?' 'Yes, it is the appointed Lesson.' 'Well, all I can say, as an old sailor, is, that if any captain in Her Majesty's service handled his ship as the captain of that ship did, he would have been court-martialled next day, and dismissed the service.' I am under the impression that naval authorities are very much exercised when they hear the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck.

I was the first curate in London who had been invited to preach at the special services in Westminster Abbey, and was told it had given a lift to curates. I have good reason to remember preaching on so great and privileged an occa-

sion. I took, 'He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad.' On the following Monday evening I found this letter in my letter-box :

'DEAR SIR,

' Having a sincere and earnest desire, by God's blessing, no longer to scatter, but to gather in the good cause, I venture to place the enclosed note for £10 in your hands, to promote whatever Christian object you may think proper, and I am,

' Yours faithfully,

' OUTIS.'

The donor, who carefully withheld both his name and address, frequently sent me on Monday a similar sum. One letter is signed, 'No House, Nowhere.' I had no clue whatever to his identity. I could only acknowledge his kind gifts in the advertising columns of the *Times*.

Bishop Tait and Bishop Jackson both invited me to preach at the Nave Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, and particularly on the eve of the Metropolitan Mission, January, 1874. On the first occasion when I preached at that impressive and imposing Nave Service, I went up to St. Paul's on the Saturday previous, and, introducing myself to one of the vergers, informed him that I was the invited preacher for the Sunday following. 'Are you above taking a hint, sir?' he said. 'No, I shall be very thankful for any you can give me.' 'Well, sir, when you get into that pulpit, you look out for an old gentleman'—pointing to a statue or marble bust—'and just you preach at him. If you do that you will be heard.' The following evening my eye travelled over the great gathering under the dome till it rested on the bust of, I think, Lord Russell, and in that direction I spoke. In the course of the week Lady Caledon, who attended St. Philip's, wrote to me to this effect: 'You were very clearly heard on Sunday night at St. Paul's. My cousin,

Bishop Alexander, is to preach there next Sunday evening, and will be much obliged to you if you will give him any advice.' I could only pass on that of the verger. I replied: 'If his Lordship of Derry is not above taking a hint, let him look out for a particular statue of an old gentleman, and preach at him.'

It has been my privilege to preach on great occasions in most of our Cathedrals. On the whole, so far as my own experience goes, I think that the nave of York Minster is the most difficult in which to make yourself heard. Westminster Abbey is comparatively easy. There is, however, a very trying echo in York Minster. People confuse 'echo' and 'resonance.' If you have an ear for music, you ought soon to discover the note of any particular building, Cathedral, church, or public hall. Tyndall, in his most interesting lectures on sound, all of which I attended at the Royal Institution, proved this by demonstration. He experimented with a number of tumblers and specially-constructed glasses, and made these respond to different notes in the scale. It is often through want of ear for music that speakers with powerful voices are not heard; their voice does not *carry*. In preaching in strange churches, the reading of a Lesson, or saying the Collect or Invocation before the service, suffices to give the note of the building. Keep to this note, and you must be heard. You hear a resonance throughout the building; 'the very stones cry out.' But this is different from what is ordinarily understood by an echo, where what you say is distinctly repeated—*e.g.*, at York Minster, in the nave, if you pause after 'Dearly beloved,' you hear 'Dearly beloved' like a mocking-bird echoing. This is as ludicrous to hearers as it is embarrassing to a preacher. Canterbury Cathedral is difficult because of the length of the choir and position of the pulpit. I found greater difficulty in compassing Great Yarmouth parish church with my voice than in preaching in Bangor, Wells, Chichester, Peterborough, Exeter, Gloucester, Hereford, St. Mary's, Edinburgh, Lincoln, Llandaff, Rochester,

Salisbury, Worcester, St. Asaph, Chester, Manchester, Newcastle, Ripon, Wakefield, or Bristol. In Winchester, Carlisle, Chester, I have only preached in the Choir. Christ Church and St. Patrick's, Dublin, are not difficult in which to make yourself heard. The great rule is clear, distinct, deliberate articulation. Bearing this in mind, men with even a weak voice, like the late Dean Stanley, can make themselves heard. There are always a certain number of people in churches who have cotton-wool in their ears! Some, again, are so seated that they cannot *see* the preacher. When they say they 'could not hear because they could not see,' they unconsciously confirm a physiological fact. Interesting experiments have been made to prove that our five senses are modifications of one and the same sense. Tea-tasters must see if they would taste. Their samples are generally tasted in front of large plate-glass windows. To a certain extent, with the blind, touch takes the place of sight. To the deaf and dumb is given a power of vision which is some compensation for the loss of hearing. Sight and sound might almost be correlative terms. It is possible to see as well as to hear discord or harmony. The illuminated vibrations proceeding from tuning-forks, set in motion and projected on a screen in a dark room, are distressing or grateful to the eye as the sound proceeding from them be discordant or harmonious. It is really true that you must see if you would hear well. Seeing is as great an aid to hearing as when Tom Hodge sits in front of you open-mouthed, and is not aware that the Eustachian tube, communicating with his hearing apparatus, is conveying sounds.

As I am on the subject of hearing, I am reminded of a delicious specimen of an 'Irish bull.' Lady D—— came up to Town for the season, and expressed a great wish to hear me. She was directed to St. Philip's. On her return home she was asked the usual question: 'Well, and how did you like him?' 'Oh,' she replied, 'not very much. You see, when you have heard much of any particular person you

are hardly left free to judge. Honestly, I could not see why people should go to hear him; *but I think it right at the same time to say it was not Mr. Pigou who preached!* It will be difficult to beat *that*.

An officer in the artillery was calling on me, and remarked: 'The Duke of Cambridge occasionally attends your church, does he not?' I replied that H.R.H. did. 'Well,' he said, 'promotion is slow in the Army; if H.R.H. is there to-morrow, *do you think you could put in a word for a friend?*' One Sunday after service an officer of high standing in the Army, and attached to the War Office, came into the vestry, and told me that there was a 'bother' at one of our garrison towns between the Commandant and the Army Chaplain. What I am about to tell is literally *true*, incredible as it may seem. It is not necessary to give names or places. It would seem that there had been some conflict of opinion as to who had the direction of the 'Parade Service.' The Commandant claimed it as within his duties. The Chaplain to the Force asserted that he alone was responsible. This difference of opinion arose really out of the fact that the Commandant was a Low and the Chaplain a moderately High Churchman, and was anxious to introduce a generally improved service. I was referred to, and this took place: (1) 'We want to know what are Hymns Ancient and Modern?' I explained, keeping my countenance as best I could, that Hymns Ancient and Modern meant hymns *old* and *new*; some written years ago, some lately. (2) 'Why are they bound with *red edges*?' I replied it was a mere fancy; that Rubrics sometimes were printed in red. 'Then there is no harm in them?' 'No,' I replied. 'Hymns Ancient and Modern have been introduced into the Navy, and I have not heard that the Navy has in any way suffered.' (3) 'Now, what are Canticles?' I explained that the Canticles were the *Venite, Jubilate, Nunc Dimittis*, etc., and pointed out their place in the Prayer-Book and order of Morning and Evening Prayer. 'Must you have the Canticles?' 'Certainly; it is part of the Act of Uniformity,

which the authorities at the War Office will fully appreciate.' (4) 'Thank you. I understand that you must have the Canticles.' (Note made of this.) (5) 'Now, what on earth are Helmore's Canticles?' 'Helmore is a *man*; Priest in Ordinary to the Queen, a musician, and he has set the Canticles to music of his own composition.' 'I see. But must you have Helmore's Canticles?' 'No; you must have the Canticles, but you need not have Helmore's setting.' 'Thank you.' (Note made.) (6) 'Now, there is a lot of bother about Gregorians. What the —— are Gregorians?' I said these were a particular chant composed, as is generally thought, by Pope Gregory. If you detect a weird wail in them, it may be accounted for by the fact that Gregory kept at hand a whip and lashed the choristers if they did not please him. That weird wail runs, and is transmitted in the blood of choristers! Careful note was made of this last remark, as explanatory of Gregorians; and after going over all the 'six points' again carefully, my friend retired to 'report.' I met him on the Tuesday following in Pall Mall. He came up to me and said: 'Oh, Pigou, I was instructed to write and thank you for your *most valuable information*.' Is it not almost past belief that such ignorance should exist amongst those who, to my knowledge, habitually attend Church? Incredible as it may seem, I vouch for the literal, unexaggerated accuracy of this incident.

Apobos of Gregorians, many will have heard of a very warm discussion as to the merits or demerits of this particular kind of chant. One who was contending hotly for their antiquity, said: 'There is no doubt that they are very ancient. In fact, it is generally believed that it was a Gregorian which David played when Saul had an evil spirit in him.' 'At last,' exclaimed his friend, who had a strong antipathy to Gregorians, 'at last I understand why Saul seized his javelin and hurled it at David's head.'

Apobos also of Hymns Ancient and Modern, I am reminded of notices given out in church. It is really difficult to

give out notices. Frequent mistakes are made. It is better to write them out. We clergy have a rare collection of ludicrous mistakes. One clergyman gave out; 'Thursday next, being Ash Wednesday, there will be the following services in this church.' Another, anxious to keep his candidates for Confirmation distinctly separate, gave out: 'The following classes will be held: Monday for males, Tuesday for females, Wednesday for men, Thursday for women, Friday for boys, Saturday for girls.' He managed very well thus to compass the six days of the week. Another was asked by one of his congregation, about to travel abroad, that she might be remembered in their prayers. He gave out: 'Your prayers are desired for So-and-so travelling by sea, and all other sick persons.'

It is interesting to observe the effect on some minds of a simple melody. I was invited to preach the anniversary sermon at the Foundling Hospital. The late Lord Chelmsford took a great interest in this hospital, and attended the service. He was sitting near me, outside the altar rails. I noticed that when the children sang the hymn—the one always sung on this special occasion—'When Thee I seek, protecting Power,' he was moved to tears. I remarked to him after service that I had noticed this; and he said, hard-headed lawyer that he was: 'Yes, I never can see those children, think of their history, and hear them sing those words without tears.' How clever and witty he was! Someone met him in the street, and, mistaking him for someone else, said, taking off his hat, 'I believe I am speaking to Mr. So-and-so.' 'Then, really,' replied Lord Chelmsford, 'you are a man who will believe anything.' Two brothers of the name of Hill were members of the Garrick Club. They dropped their 'h's.' It was suggested to Lord Chelmsford that they should be got rid of. Men belonging to the Garrick Club should respect the Queen's English, etc. He replied: 'No; better bear the ills you have than fly to others you know not of.' I always tell one of them when I meet him, 'You are a valetudinarian.' 'Oh no,

I am not. What do you mean?' 'I mean that you are always saying you are *ill* when you are not.' My dear friend and chum, Dean Hole, has a good story of his reply to a fellow-traveller who asked him which was the next station to 'Itchen. And Hole quickly replied, 'Scratching.' I was sore tried once on hearing a man say, when asked if a certain number of persons could on a particular occasion be entertained, 'Oh yes; we had a large number of people the other day at our 'ouse, and I am 'appy to say it all went off *without an 'itch.*' We were all thankful to be assured of this.

For ready answers this, not generally known, is worth recording of Sydney Smith. He was invited by a *nouveau riche* to a great 'house-warming.' His host was essentially vulgar, and displayed his ostentation and vulgarity in rich gilding all over his dining-room. The dinner was not only badly cooked, but it was insufficient. Even the side dishes did not go round: they stopped half way. After dinner, in a moment of pride, he said to Sydney Smith, 'Well, Canon, what do you think of this dining-room?' With the utmost *sangfroid* and without hesitation, he surveyed the ceiling, and said, 'Well, to tell the truth, if there were more carving and less gilding, I should like it better.' This reply, which could not give offence, hit off to a T the feeling of all present. What a gift is the gift of repartee! A gentleman in a supper-room was accosted by another who said, 'I beg your pardon, but are you the waiter?' To which he promptly replied, 'No, are you?'

I can well remember, after preaching in some of the City churches, finding a table laid out with wine and biscuits, and a churchwarden saying to me, 'Thank you, sir, for your excellent sermon—take port, sherry, or claret, sir?' This, I imagine, indeed hope, is no longer the custom. In the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the 'Queen's sherry' was always awaiting you. Some few of us had the courage to suggest to the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sydney, when I was one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, that not the sherry,



but the custom, was distasteful. It is now placed in a cupboard, ready at hand if need be. It was the old eagle-eyed Lord Derby to whom some wine-merchant, hearing his Lordship suffered from gout, wrote, recommending his sherry, to which Lord Derby replied, 'He had tasted the sherry and much preferred the gout.' It was Sheridan who said that 'when he put up at a hotel he ordered a bottle of port for the good of the house, and abstained from drinking it for his own good.'

I do not, by quoting these sayings, wish to disparage what we were offered after preaching, but I think that a change has come over men's minds for the better in not caring to be offered wine in the vestry. I often wonder what is the history and *raison d'être* of those capacious flagons which are met with in many churches. Is it that there were more communicants in days gone by, when partaking of Holy Communion was less frequent, or that communicants were not instructed then as they are now to take but little when the Chalice is administered to them?

I was for some two or three years chaplain to St. John's House Sisterhood for Training Nurses. Bishop Tait asked me to undertake this office, adding, with a twinkle in his eye, 'I fancy you can manage to drive a team of ladies, but you will find that they sometimes kick over the traces.' They were a very devoted band, and represented women of experience and culture, *e.g.*, Mrs. Hodgson, Miss Wordsworth, Miss Parry. In some cases they were possessed of considerable private means, which they ungrudgingly spent on the Institution. I used to hold a short service, and briefly address the nurses before they went forth to their night duties. The sisters had their 'proclivities,' but I felt that, in view of their devoted and self-denying lives, they ought to be allowed, within reasonable limits, to indulge them. I recall an amusing incident. About the time when I was their chaplain, considerable excitement prevailed with reference to placing a cross on the Holy Table or re-Table. Some may recall the cartoon in *Punch*, in which Bishop Tait

was represented saying, 'Take these baubles away.' We were about to have a function, and to admit one or more as probationers or full nurses. The late Bishop of Lincoln's daughter was to be admitted with other ladies. He and Bishop Tait were present in full canonicals. I went into the little chapel, and found that some of my good friends had 'kicked over the traces.' Some time during the night, and without my knowledge, they had placed a cross on the re-Table. I was aware that Bishop Tait would at once notice this, as the 'vexatious question' was on his brain. I asked him if he would look into the chapel and see if it was all as he wished, preparatory to the service.

His eye at once fell on the cross, and he was not a little annoyed. He sent for Mrs. Hodgson, and expressed his surprise that, notwithstanding his well-known views, a cross should have been placed where it was. He added that, if it were a public place of worship, he should have to *order* its removal, but that he left it to her not to make this necessary. 'Does your Lordship see any objection to its being in my bedroom?' 'Oh, not the least,' replied the Bishop, evidently greatly relieved. 'Will your Lordship kindly place it there yourself?' 'Oh, certainly; and I think, Pigou, you had better come with me, as chaplain.' I shall never forget the scene. The Bishop carried the cross in solemn procession, closely followed by Mrs. Hodgson and myself, placed it on the mantelpiece in her bedroom, and we all 'processed' back. But this is not all. Immediately before service, as the two Bishops were standing on the altar steps, one of the sisters came, dandling in her arms a *huge doll*, and presented it to Tait. 'Bless my heart!' he whispered to me, 'what is this?' I was at a loss to say. I suggested it might be a *bambino* for his blessing. 'Pray what is this?' he said to the sister. 'Oh, my Lord, it is a *typical doll*.' 'A what doll?' 'A *typical doll*, my Lord.' The Bishop was really put out, and insisted on knowing what she meant. The explanation was that on their 'high days' the sisters had provided and dressed up a doll in the typical dress of the

sisterhood and deposited it in a chest, so that if, some years hence, anyone should wish to know what the dress of the sisterhood was in the year of grace 1860, they had only to look into that chest for information. Shade of Superiress, forgive me for telling this!

It was during my ministry at St. Philip's that I was offered by the late Duke of Newcastle the Bishopric of Nassau. I did not feel disposed to accept it, having a sphere of great usefulness at home, and was about, perhaps too summarily, to decline it, when I was advised, before definitely declining it, to ascertain what the climate of Nassau was, and how far I could live and work in it. So I went down to Kew Gardens, and called on my friend, Sir J. Hooker. 'Well, Pigou,' he said, 'what can I show you—a new orchid?' 'No,' I replied. 'I have the offer of the Bishopric of Nassau, and I want, as far as may be, to know how I should stand the climate.' 'Come with me,' he said, 'and I will lock you up in the banana house, and give strict injunctions that you are not to be let out under a quarter of an hour.' As soon as I emerged from that moist, warm climate I felt I should never be acclimatized, and declined the offer. I cannot but think, though perhaps the authorities at Salisbury Square will demur at my saying so, that it would be well if men, who have already a sphere of influence at home, would take some similar step before accepting a bishopric where the climate is so trying as, before long, to enfeeble and incapacitate them for their work. We should not have so many 'returned empties,' a matter of frequent and cynical comment.

I have a strong feeling that clergy who assure their sorrowing flocks that they feel 'called' to accept a colonial bishopric should resolve to be obedient to the call 'even unto death,' and, like Horden, Field, and others of that ilk, should, in the true spirit of a martyr, be content to lay down their lives for Christ's sake in the sphere of their ministry. There may be some exceptional cases by which the episcopacy and the work of the Church are strengthened

by recalling home one who has laboured faithfully abroad; but if one is to judge by what both clergy and laity freely think and say, such instances ought to be very exceptional. The majority of the laity strongly feel that one who says 'he has a call,' etc., should fulfil the conditions of a 'call.' The clergy are naturally and justly aggrieved when a Colonial Bishop is preferred to one of the best livings in a diocese, and men who have worked faithfully in it for years are passed over. Until we have a native Clergy and native Episcopate, this will never be remedied. My name was subsequently sent in with that of Dr. Milman for the Bishopric of Calcutta. My friend, Sir James Hogg, Bart., was at that time at the head of the India Office, and a constant attendant with all his charming family at St. Philip's. He had set his heart on seeing me a Bishop. The choice fell, and most wisely, on the proper man, who, besides having an extraordinary facility for learning languages, was unmarried.

It was a curious coincidence that, shortly after Milman accepted Calcutta, I was to have preached at the Nave Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop of London wrote to me to say that Milman was desirous to preach at the Nave Service before going out to Calcutta, that the only available evening on which he could do so was the one for which the Bishop had invited me, and asking me to take another evening, which, of course, I did. The closing years of my incumbency of St. Philip's were to myself, in more than one way, eventful and memorable. I was in the habit, as are most of the London clergy, of taking a *locum tenency* as soon as the London season is over, somewhere in the country. I am not sure that to do this is real rest, however refreshing it is to breathe the sweets of country air and life. It is rather a task to have to take two or three full services single-handed, and to be responsible for occasional services and visiting the sick in the week. I took Woodlands, near Hungerford, for six summers in succession, and both Lord Ailesbury and Mr. Eyre, of Welford,

gave me trout-fishing to my heart's content. I took Thorp Arch, in Yorkshire, and Bamford, in Derbyshire; *inter alia*, Castleton, Brackley, West Molesey, Henstridge, Llanidan, in North Wales, Coln-St.-Aldwyn, and others, each with its own interest and opportunities. I endeavoured, under God, to make and regard these *locum tenencies* the occasion of a 'mission,' and much might here be written on the special trials, but also special opportunities, of isolated country clergy.

I am more and more convinced of the sympathy we town clergy should have for our brethren in remote country villages, who, far removed from towns and the intercourse town life affords, having few or none of the inspiring influences of large and ever-changing congregations, and doomed, shall I say, to speak to the same people Sunday by Sunday, lapse, if not careful, into a condition of lifelessness which must affect their people. There are, of course, thousands of exemplary, devoted parish priests in the country parishes who are ever intent on the physical, moral and spiritual good of their flock, aided by equally devoted wives and children; but there are not a few where somnolence reigns. Notice was sent to one 'buried in the country' that I was to hold a quiet day for clergy in a neighbouring town. His reply was: 'What on earth do I want with a quiet day? *I have 365 every year.* Send me a *Boanerges*; that is what both I and my people want.' Recently, in a particular neighbourhood where I took a *locum tenency*, my wife and I called on all the neighbouring clergy. One of singular gifts, who ought not to be where he is, remarked: 'It is a very godsend to hear our front-door bell rung. Week after week passes without our even seeing a friendly visitor.' At Llanidan, in the island of Anglesey, nothing would induce the congregation, numbering about *twelve*, who attended the English service, to come inside the church *until the train was viewed from Bangor!* It may be imagined how punctual we were.

Amongst some of my happiest recollections are the occa-

sions on which I acted as *locum tenens*. I might, indeed, write a separate chapter upon them. My friends the Trygarn Griffiths, of Cary Glwyd, near Holyhead, lent me for my holidays their charming place for a few weeks. The only request they made of me was that I would attend the parish church, and represent the squire. They warned me that I would not be able to enter much into the service, but there were bi-lingual prayer-books, so that I could follow the prayers, and volumes of sermons in English were placed in the pew, which I could read whilst the Vicar was preaching. I soon found how difficult it is to read when someone else is speaking, especially in an unknown tongue. I gave myself up, therefore, to listen well. The Vicar called on me the next morning, and said: 'I am afraid you did not understand much or any of my sermon.' I said at once I did not, but that I noticed he frequently used the word 'bobl.' 'What did "bobl" mean?' 'Oh, that is "people,"' he replied. 'You use the word "brethren"; we say "bobl."' The following Sunday I missed this word in his sermon. The Vicar seemed ill at ease, not himself, when preaching. Calling on me the following day, he said: 'I am going to ask a great favour of you.' 'By all means,' I replied. 'What can I do for you?' 'I am going to ask you not to come any more during your stay here to the parish church, for when I see you there I cannot use that word "bobl."' To few would this happen, that the squire of a parish should particularly ask you to attend the parish church, and that the Vicar should ask you not to do so.

Calling on the curate, I noticed that he had copies of Lord Tennyson's works elegantly bound. Knowing the curate to be poor and needy, I asked him if they were prizes that he had won. There was a ruined building in the parish, and strolling in it one morning, the curate chanted one or two Gregorian chants. Presently a striking and rather weird personage, wearing a cloak and slouch hat, accosted him. He said: 'I thought I was alone here, and, sitting down, heard some notes which seemed to harmonize

with this ancient ruin. I traced them to you. Would you mind chanting them again?' The curate demurred, and said he had no pretension to be a singer, etc. The stranger took out his card-case, and, presenting him with his card, said: 'Perhaps when I tell you I am Tennyson, you will comply with my request.' Lord Tennyson sent this curate copies of his poems as a souvenir of that memorable day. How great the encouragement to country curates to resort to some ruin in their neighbourhood and chant Gregorians, in hope that some similar visitor may call and leave such a blessing behind!

I must not dwell on fishing excursions in Scotland, Ireland, and North Wales, as rest from work; of pleasant visits at Plas Coch, the seat of the late Mr. Bulkley Hughes, M.P., and Mr. Vincent, Vicar of Carnarvon, long since called to their rest; of my three ascents of Snowdon, on which I slept, as far as bugs would allow me, in the only available hut on its summit. I ascended with some friends from the Llanberis side one night, that we might arrive in time to see sunrise. The sun was to rise at 5.30. When we reached the summit a very clever boy indeed said to me: 'You are all too late, sir. *The sun always rises here at five punctually.*' In later years I conducted a mission in the cathedrals of Bangor, St. Asaph, and Llandaff. At Bishop Lewis's request, I spent a fortnight with him on a kind of preaching mission in that diocese, which may indeed be congratulated on its devoted diocesan. I took charge for a few weeks of the parish of Welsh Bicknor, on the banks of the Wye. The small parish church is almost unique for its beauty in every detail. There was no organist, so I had to take the music as well as prayers and pulpit. I made up my mind to preach extempore from a few carefully-prepared notes. The people flocked from far and wide. I believe that my preaching 'extempore' was regarded as phenomenal. The people said I could not really be a clergyman of the Church of England. So rare and unwonted was extempore preaching in those districts, that my preaching 'without a

book' spread like wildfire throughout the neighbourhood. I see now people crossing over that perilous river, the Wye, in every available boat. It is extraordinary how rapidly the Wye will rise, and how great the force of its current, when swollen by contributory streams. I have seen people come almost dryshod on a Sunday evening, and after heavy rain during the same night the river was overflowing its banks. The family residence of the Vaughans is close at hand. More than once I was courteously invited to dine with them.

Many a pleasant walk and deeply interesting conversation have I had with Kenelm Vaughan, now, I believe, at Rome. I do not remember what relation he is to Cardinal Vaughan. Kenelm used to come to this little church whilst I was *locum tenens*. He at that time was passing through a crisis in his spiritual life. He told me that his mother made all her daughters promise her on her deathbed that they would take the veil, and all her sons that they would enter the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church. The time came when he began to think for himself. No one knows better than I what passed through his inquiring and anxious mind. However, it came to either his father's, Colonel Vaughan's, knowledge, or to that of his chaplain, that he attended our services and sought counsel from me, and our interviews were peremptorily forbidden. I retain a vivid recollection of Kenelm Vaughan, and my heart yearned over one the charm and sweetness of whose personality I can never forget.

Somewhat overwrought—for though my *locum tenency* was not one of rest, it was one of singular happiness in feeling that God gave me the power of speaking extempore—enfeebled by the relaxing air of Welsh Bicknor, I returned to London much run down, and contracted an illness which at last developed into typhus fever, due to the insanitary condition of my house in Suffolk Street. Seymour Haden attended me, but there was no chance of my recovery so long as I remained in my unhealthy surroundings. My dear



uncle, Dr. Smith, of Reading, an expert in fever cases, came up and had me removed to his quiet home at Mortimer. My dear, devoted wife accompanied me, and for some time my life was despaired of. No words can adequately express the devotion, love, and unwearying ministries with which the room in Mortimer House is indelibly associated. I lost all my senses but that of sight. I was reduced to the very lowest ebb of life. My dangerous illness brought out the heart of my affectionate flock at St. Philip's, and every post brought in tokens of their anxiety and solicitous inquiries from every grade of social life. As I lay there, called 'aside from the multitude,' hovering between life and death, my uncle fearing that I had not rallying power, and himself doubtful at times of my recovery;—free from pain, and therefore with ample leisure for reflection, I thought, amongst other things, to how small a focus religious belief resolves itself; how little interest the mind takes in those controversies and non-essentials to which so much thought is given, and which are the occasion of so much strife; how the *great* question, after all, is, Do I believe simply and savingly in Jesus, and is all my hope of salvation resting on His finished work? I remember a circular found its way into my sick-room, asking me for my signature to a protest, largely signed, about some vexatious question which at that time was dividing the Church. In the prospect of Eternity and the all-absorbing thought of the possibility of soon entering into that state, how indifferent one was to such questions as these! Might it not go far to discourage controversy and reduce it to 'essentials' if we sometimes referred all to a deathbed, and to the light in which a dying man would regard them? After three months of slow but sure recovery, mainly due, under God, to the skill, devotion, and nursing of my dear uncle and my now sainted wife, I was sent to Clifton to recruit, where my mother and sisters resided in Pembroke Road.

How little did I think when inhaling the fresh air on the Downs that I should one day be Dean of Bristol! I was

to try what I was worth before my return to London. I made my effort at St. Paul's, Clifton, of which Canon Mather was at that time Vicar. My name will be found inscribed in his preachers' book some thirty-six years ago. Dr. Symonds fortified me with a prescription which contained strychnine. I shall never forget the peculiar effect the dose had on me. It seemed to pull together every nerve and fibre of my being. The following Easter Day at St. Philip's was a red-letter day. My congregation testified, by the packed state of the church, to their joy at my restoration. The number of communicants was a record number. The large west window, by Gibbs, representing the Lord's Supper, was erected as a thank-offering for my recovery, with a suitable inscription immediately beneath it. It has been to me a source of great pain that my immediate successor, whose appointment I was largely instrumental in obtaining, thought good, without consulting or in any way referring to me, to *erase* that inscription, which used to be immediately underneath the window, and transfer it to a brass let into one of the chancel steps, where no one can see it! I doubt whether my successor had either the right or power to practically obliterate inscriptions of this nature. What his reason was for thus acting towards one who only sought to befriend him has never been given, but it is one of my few painful recollections in connection with St. Philip's.

My long illness, with its enforced absence from my people, added to a rumour that my recovery was improbable, brought home to me the feeling that my position was precarious, as my income depended on my health and personal efforts. I felt, therefore, that the strain of filling St. Philip's was too great, and God was, in His good providence, gradually loosening the cords which bound me to it. It pleased Him at this time to take from us our dear and only boy, and my wife, sore stricken with grief, never again could lift up her head. She contracted cold, and, pining away with sorrow, as some plant smitten with rough winds,

I laid her to rest, after a most trying illness of rapid consumption, within less than a year, in the same grave at Brompton Cemetery which we had together selected for our loved child. All who knew her loved her. Every expression of sympathy and considerate kindness we can show each other was showered on her during her last days with us. But over all this I draw a sacred veil. There are facts and feelings in private life when 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and with which no stranger can intermeddle. I obtained permission to transfer to glass Sir Noel Paton's picture of the Good Shepherd, her favourite picture, which stood at the foot of her dying bed. Everyone who enters St. Philip's is struck with the pathos and exquisite simplicity of that picture. The window on the corresponding side of the west wall was the loving gift of our choir to her cherished memory. The pew in which she sat with my two dear girls, Mildred and 'Pussy,' now Mrs. Alfred Inglis, is effaced, but St. Philip's is haunted with her presence as with that of many more who have long ago entered into rest. The death of my dear wife and child following so quick on each other, as wave on wave, excited widespread sympathy, and our valued friend, the late Dr. Monsell, suggested, for an epitaph, these four beautiful lines from Coleridge—they are engraved on her tombstone in Brompton—adding to them four others of his own :

'Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade  
 Death came with friendly care ;  
 The opening bud conveyed to Heaven,  
 And bade it blossom there.'

COLERIDGE.

'The mother mourned her babe departed,  
 Submissive, but so broken-hearted,  
 That He who knows a mother's love  
 Took her to share its rest above.'

MONSELL.

Her one ambition—and pardonable—was that the Queen would 'command' me to preach before her. Shortly after her departure, returning home late one evening, I found

amongst letters awaiting me a small, insignificant looking note in an unfamiliar hand. On opening it, I read this :

'May 25, 1868.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'I write by the Queen's command to ask you to preach at the Private Chapel in Windsor Castle, June 21.

'Yours faithfully,

'G. WELLESLEY.'

My eyes filled with tears, for one, who would have so rejoiced, was not with me to know that her ambition was gratified. A letter followed this from the Dean, who became a most faithful friend, whose memory I cherish for many acts of kindness, one than whom the Queen had no more honest, outspoken and loyally faithful servant. The Dean of Windsor gave me kindly counsel, which must, however, not be divulged, as amongst 'State secrets.' This much I hope I may say without betrayal of confidence, that I gathered from the Dean in conversation that there was nothing, next to controversy, that Her Majesty more disliked than the feeling that she should be preached *at*, or that the service should be, as it were, for herself alone. I called on my friend, the late Countess of Caledon—she was at that time one of Her Majesty's Ladies-in-Waiting—and sought advice from her. She said : 'Take the sermon you preached to us last Sunday. That is the sort of sermon the Queen likes, plain and practical. You could not have had her in view when you wrote it.' I went down to Windsor, the guest of Dean Wellesley, and preached on St. Mark vii. 24 : 'He entered into an house, and would have no man know it ; but He could not be hid'—'The Power of Unostentatious Piety.' Her Majesty graciously expressed a wish to have the sermon printed for private circulation, and sent me a message through the Dean 'that she would like to hear me again ; and hoped'—alas for me !—'*that I would be less nervous and less hurried.*'

Her Majesty 'commanded' me the year following. I preached on St. Mark i. 35—'Private prayer as a great safeguard to a life lived necessarily much in the world.' The late and much lamented Princess Alice was present, and at her request the sermon was printed. I might, were I at liberty to do so, relate not a few interesting facts in connection with preaching before the Queen. Her Majesty is a most attentive listener. Dean Wellesley used to say he knew no better judge of a sermon than Her Majesty. I have preached twelve times before her, and it is idle to say it is not an ordeal. 'Remember,' said a friend to me, 'that you are in the presence of a yet greater Presence, the King of kings and Lord of lords.' That is true, and God forbid that anyone preaching before the Queen should be unmindful of that fact. At the same time, you cannot be indifferent to the Queen's presence, as the Royal pew at Windsor is right *en face* of the pulpit.

Many have heard, and, as is not infrequent, a distorted and somewhat exaggerated version of the late Dr. Liddon's unfortunate and surely mistaken remark on the only occasion of his preaching at Windsor. It so happened that I was preaching there on the Sunday immediately following, and heard from Dean Wellesley himself the *actual* facts. It was Thanksgiving Sunday for the Duke of Edinburgh's escape from some would-be assassin in Australia, and for the safe return of our troops after the taking of Magdala. It was the third Sunday after Trinity. Liddon took for his text the words out of the appointed epistle for the day: 'All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility.' He proceeded to remark that 'every instance of God's goodness to us was a fresh occasion for thankfulness on our part,' and then, looking straight at the Queen, he added, '*especially, Madam, in your case.*' I give the version as the Dean gave it to me. The first time I ever heard Liddon I should have said, had I not been in All Saints, Margaret Street, that I was listening to one of the more famous Lent preachers at Nôtre Dame. They occasionally

apostrophized, but I doubt whether there is any instance on record of their personally addressing the Sovereign. The nearest instance I have met with is of a celebrated Court preacher, who, having effectually put the King to sleep, noticed that the Lord Chamberlain followed the King's example. He could not 'stand that,' and exclaimed: 'My Lord Chamberlain, if you snore so loudly, you will certainly wake up His Majesty.'

My ministry at St. Philip's was drawing to an end. I must leave much unrecorded of what so strongly attached me to London, and made it so great a wrench to leave. *For there is no place like London.* Whatever your taste, you can have it gratified to the full. It is when you leave London that you realize what you have lost, which no provincial life can pretend to replace. What you most miss is intercourse with men and women of 'light and leading.' In London you are always *learning*. I was a Fellow of the Geographical Society when Sir Roderick Murchison was President, and occasionally met him at Mortimer House. At those meetings in Burlington House one met the most travelled men of the day. If the discourse was on Africa or the Arctic regions, you had the privilege of meeting men like Livingstone, Baker, Speke, or Sir E. Belcher, McClintock, Parry, and many more. I was not in the habit of frequenting theatres or operas, though I had abounding opportunity of doing so. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, who lived opposite to me in Suffolk Street; Madame Jullien, of Drury Lane, who came to St. Philip's whenever she could; Graves, of Pall Mall, who supplied the theatres with old prints for costumes, constantly offered me a stall when one was not to be had for 'love or money'; but I did not see my way to availing myself of it.

My one 'dissipation' was German Reed's, whose place of entertainment was, at one time, in the German Gallery, exactly opposite St. Philip's. I always told them I came to 'look them up as parishioners.' Very irreverently poor

German Reed replied, 'Tell that to the Marines.' German Reed and his company, including one whose loss London still deplores, Corney Grain, supplied exactly what many clergy needed: it was a place for 'light refreshment.' No more frequent attendant was there than myself, and never once have I heard or seen anything which could offend or stain. Their place is not yet filled—will it ever be? The Monday Popular Concerts more than satisfied my passionate love of music. The lectures at the Royal Institute were a weekly intellectual and scientific banquet.

I sometimes proposed to 'country cousins' that, instead of going every night to a theatre, they should accompany me one evening to the Royal Geographical Society. They ridiculed the idea. 'Fancy coming up to London for a lesson in geography!' Whenever I did prevail upon them to accompany me, they confessed themselves amply rewarded. We always knew when we were going to have a 'gala' night, or some 'swell' was to lecture. Sir Roderick invariably on these occasions broke out into spotless white waistcoat, and wore his baronet's decoration. Habitues at the Geographical Society will recall Mr. Craufurd, dubbed 'Objector-General.' It did not matter who the speaker, nor even if Craufurd had not himself visited the region lectured on, he invariably objected, and in broad Scotch. He became a standing joke and rather a bore. On one occasion, and one only that I can remember, did he confess himself beaten. Someone who had spent half his life in Queensland, and was owner of vast flocks and herds, was descanting on the great importance of developing the resources of a part of the world at that time comparatively little known, especially in connection with the wool trade. 'Who ever heard,' said 'Objector-General,' 'of wool being grown in the tropics? Nature, by giving the sheep a warm fleece, intended it for cold climates.' The Australian stared at him in amazement. 'Why,' he said, 'I have lived there nearly all my life, and made my fortune by wool. As to wool never growing in the tropics, who on earth have more

wool on their heads than niggers?' There was a roar of laughter, amidst which Craufurd's voice was heard saying, 'You have beaten me. I offer no more objection.' I remember hearing Du Chaillu, much lionized. Bishop Wilberforce wrote and invited him to meet some friends at breakfast, but received no reply. When next the Bishop met him, he expressed his regret that he had not come. 'I was not invited,' said Du Chaillu. 'Oh yes,' said the Bishop, 'I left a note with my own hand two days ago.' 'I received no note from your lordship. I did receive a note from some impertinent fellow who signed himself "S. Oxon"; but I make it a rule never to take any notice of these impertinent invitations.'

I was present when Sir Samuel Baker and Mr. Speke gave their account of their discovery of the source of the Nile (?). Burlington House was crammed to excess. We were sitting on the window-sills and in every available place. Sir Samuel Baker was a very fine, fluent speaker, a great contrast to poor Speke, who was painfully nervous, and could with difficulty make himself heard. To 'make confusion worse confounded,' Sir Roderick suggested, as the subject was one of great interest, and everyone eager to hear it, that Speke should *stand upon a table*. Never shall I forget the scene. Speke took with him on the table a small Uganda boy, and made him stand by him. Most speakers have some trick. Watch after-dinner speakers nervously grasping napkins, or fidgeting with the wine-glasses. Speke rested his hand on the little nigger's head, and as he spoke, kept moving this lad's skull-cap over his eyes. The boy, evidently thinking he had been brought over for a show, rolled his black eyes and put out his tongue as far as it would go. He was exactly like one of those toys with which children amuse themselves, pulling about the limbs with a piece of string. We were in fits of laughter. 'Here,' said Speke, 'we arrived at Lake Tangi-something.' Peals of laughter. 'We proceeded further next day, and came to Lake Bangi-something.' Again a burst of laughter. The



fact was that, unconsciously to Speke, the Uganda boy was making such frightful grimaces and so distorting his whole body under the pressure of Speke's hand, that laughter was irresistible. I believe that Speke never could divine why the narration of the discovery of the source of the Nile, not unattended with much risk of life, caused such merriment.

Often have I sat next to Darwin in the theatre of the Royal Institute. Professor Tyndall was my delight. I have heard all his lectures on Light, Heat, and Sound. Never did he fail in his experiments, a great contrast to some well-known Professor at Oxford who rarely succeeded, who would say, 'Now, gentlemen, if you watch carefully, you will see that the blending of these two gases will result in a brilliant red.' Ten to one it resulted in a brilliant yellow. I have been reminded of another Professor who was generally uncertain as to the results of his experiments. On one occasion he said, 'The result of the combination, gentlemen, ought to be *red*. Upon my word, *so it is!*' My only regret about Tyndall was that, brought as he was into contact with the invariable constancy of the laws of Nature, and dependent absolutely for the success of his experiments on that constancy, he not only could not entertain the idea of a miracle, but never lost an opportunity of practically repudiating or ridiculing the possibility of one.

I have reason to know that he latterly abstained from this. I knew him very slightly. He was aware how devoted a disciple he had in me, and I ventured once, and not in vain, to point out to him that it was not only not essential to the success of his lectures, but that to many of us it was a matter of deep regret, that he should 'cast stones' at miracles. He had a curious theory about lightning-conductors, one I do not know to be generally held, viz., that electricity, massed together in clouds, is not attracted *down* lightning-conductors from buildings into the earth, but that their sharp points *prick* the cloud as with a needle, and *disperse* the electric fluid. I asked him if I had understood him rightly, and he assured me that I had.

It was about this time that Spiritualism was all the rage, not with the strong common-sense of the middle class, nor had it any attraction for the poor. It found its favourite haunts amongst the more frivolous and empty-headed of the upper ten thousand, ever on the look-out for some new excitement. Belgravia was 'bitten' with it. Frank Buckland and I agreed that we would investigate this last craze. We had rare fun amongst the spirits. They somehow got to scent our presence, and firmly declined to take any part in the 'development of spiritual phenomena' until 'two unbelievers' were dismissed. A Bishop was once prevailed upon to attend a séance; and the spirit began by saying, '*I hate a Bishop!*' We assailed the spirits in Hanover Square Rooms, where the Davenport Brothers, then at their height, were palming off the clever imposture of the Cabinet Trick. Buckland knew a particular knot which, the harder you pull, makes its unloosening next to impossible. He proposed to tie the Davenport brothers together with this knot. They smelt a rat, and proposed to return our money. If it had not been that we were in Hanover Rooms, I think we should have been mobbed and maltreated. In vain we urged that it could not possibly matter to the spirits with what particular knot they were tied together. The only reply we could get was being shown the nearest exit!

Foster was the greatest fraud. I have seen Bryanston Square and the adjoining streets lined with carriages—the great majority of them having on them a coronet—of people waiting for their turn. We interviewed Foster. My friend Sir Thomas Hare accompanied me, and paid the 'guinea a head.' We were shown into a room in broad daylight. I at once told Foster that I had heard he could summon the spirits from the other world. We refused to give our names, for of course to discover those was a light matter with the spirits. This is what actually occurred. I said: 'Can you summon anyone?' 'Yes,' he said, 'anyone.' 'I have always,' I said, 'had a great admiration for St. Paul. Could you summon St. Paul?' He began, I could see, to

feel a little uncomfortable, and suspected he had got a Tartar. However, I admire him for nailing his colours to the mast, and, at all costs, to his credit assuring me he 'could summon St. Paul.' I asked him how *I* was to know that St. Paul appeared. He asked me what would satisfy me. I replied that, as a rule, the spirits verified their unseen presence by writing their names on pellets of paper. This seemed momentarily to relieve Foster's mind. St. Paul was summoned to appear in that drawing-room in Bryanston Street, and was announced by rappings. So far, so good. I proceeded to say, 'That I may be quite sure that it is St. Paul, let him write his name in Hebrew characters.' There was an awkward pause, and Foster apologized for St. Paul. 'It is astonishing,' I said, 'that a Hebrew of the Hebrews has forgotten his Hebrew! He lived some time in Corinth; let me have his autograph in Greek.' Again St. Paul declined. I went on, to Foster's ill-concealed dismay, to say, 'He lived a long time in Rome; let me have it in Latin.' St. Paul held out, and Foster had not the wit to write 'Paulus.' I proposed he should summarily dismiss St. Paul, and, to make matters easier and more up-to-date, asked for a brief interview with Goethe. Goethe appeared. In vain we appealed to him to write his name in German characters. I place this on record as an absolute fact, and at a time when Foster was coining money. I said to him: 'How can you carry on this imposture, when hundreds of honest folk do not know where to get their daily bread? How do you justify it?' This was Foster's reply: 'Do you see those carriages outside my door? They represent, for the most part, a class, worldly, credulous, living, many of them, without much thought of a preparation for the unseen world. They come here for a "sign," or to question their deceased relatives about the after state, and I startle and even scare them by these supposed manifestations. I do what you clergy fail to do: I for a few moments make them believe in a spirit world.' I told him I would not give much for his converts. He shortly left London. I did not

publicly expose him. I thought that all the fraud must, sooner or later, come to light, and he died in great poverty in New York.

In January, 1869, I married my present dear wife, daughter of Mr. William Gambier, of Sacombe, Herts, living with her widowed mother at Bengoe. We were married in Bengoe Parish Church, and continued to live in 14, Suffolk Street. It was in June of that year that an important crisis in my life came to me. The late Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, attended my ministry with his wife and children. An impression seemed to get abroad among my people that he was going to take me away, and so it came to pass. I have before me my farewell sermon at St. Philip's, preached in October, 1869. It was not until I came to bid my dear church and people farewell that I fully realized what I was leaving, nor how deep the roots had struck in the soil.

St. Philip's was my first piece of preferment. I rarely pass down Waterloo Place without turning into it for a few moments of silent prayer. It is changed and yet unchanged. It can never be the same, and yet much remains so unaltered that I can hardly realize it is no longer mine. As I leave it, haunted with so many kindly memories, so eloquent in its very stillness of so many tender associations, I feel myself saying, not of one only, but of many who have passed away, lines I may be pardoned for again quoting :

'Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still !'

The years of my life spent in an active ministry in London were years of great happiness, and, I humbly hope, of usefulness. I can never, while life lasts, forget them, but how soon you may be forgotten ! It seems so strange to revisit London from time to time, and to feel well-nigh a stranger in it. Thus God accustoms us to the last great change and a once-for-all separation. But the feeling is not without pain. During my vicariate at Halifax, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields was vacated by the death of its well-known

and much-respected vicar, Mr. Humphreys. Great interest was used with Dr. Temple to persuade him to bring me back to London. My former fellow-workers, Bishop Wilkinson and Archbishop Maclagan, wrote. The churchwardens of St. Martin's urged my appointment, for St. Martin's was in the immediate sphere of my former *eleven* years' ministry. Dr. Temple's reply was, *it would paralyze all his work to bring a stranger (!)* into his diocese. His Grace had but recently brought the Bishop of Marlborough and one or more personal friends out of other dioceses into his diocese! Alas! for consistency in 'high places.' But God had other thoughts and places for me in His vineyard.

## CHAPTER XII

DONCASTER, 1869—1875

The Parish Church—Dr. Vaughan's 'doves'—Offer of the Vicarage—Interview with the Vaughans—My curates—Jeremiah Rogers, organist—Hirst—Bishop Fraser and the bread-pills—The voice of the turtle—Lampreys—'Pastoral work'—How to cure coughing—The 'terrier'—A smart candidate—Appointed Chaplain in Ordinary—Parochial missions—Influence of the races.

THE presentiment, or prediction, of my people was soon to be verified. The late highly respected and widely-lamented Dr. Vaughan had resigned the Vicarage of Doncaster, after holding that important post for nine years. Every passenger on the Great Northern Railway is familiar with the far-famed Parish Church of Doncaster. The ancient Parish Church, of which I have a valuable print, built about 1204, was destroyed by fire February 28, 1853. It is commonly said that Dr. Sharpe, the immediate predecessor of Dr. Vaughan, fearing that the Vicarage, which closely adjoins the church, might also be consumed, took refuge in a small building used for tools in the garden. When he saw the

Parish Church in flames, he exclaimed: 'Good gracious! I have left my set of teeth in the vestry!'

The foundation-stone of the present Church of St. George was laid on February 28, 1854. The late Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect entrusted with its restoration. The present Lord Grimthorpe, whose family resided in Doncaster, took a very active interest in the rebuilding of a church of great beauty, notwithstanding its confessed defects. The transepts are too short. The nave ought to be lengthened out by at least one bay. The chancel needs raising considerably higher above the nave. The central tower, intervening between the choir and nave, whatever architects may have to say in its favour, is fatal to effective singing, and to making one's self heard in the pulpit. I always say that architects have neither to robe nor preach. If they had, they would not put an organ-chamber in a vestry, so as to make prayers before and after Service next to impossible, nor would they encourage the Gothic roof. The reason why the weakest voice may be heard in Halifax Parish Church is because we retained the flat roof throughout. On all sound principles of acoustics the voice is thus carried throughout the building and not lost in upper skies. The flat roof is a continued sounding-board. I did my best, when consulted, to persuade my Edinburgh friends not to have a central tower in St. Mary's, Edinburgh, unless the open space were boarded over, but without avail. It stands to reason that if a great central tower, with open and uncovered space, be midway between choir and nave, the sound must first penetrate that open space before it can, with diminished force, reach the nave; and if the pulpit is placed before this space, those who sit in choir and transept cannot hear.

Notwithstanding its confessed and serious defects, no one on entering Doncaster Parish Church can fail to be struck with its refined beauty, dignity, and grace. It is enriched with stained-glass windows. It possesses one of the finest peals of bells and most perfect organs in the kingdom. The

organ was built by Herr Schultze, at a cost, exclusive of the case, of £2,500, and consists of five manuals and some ninety stops. Its special 'thunder' pedal is a thing to be heard.

Previous to Dr. Vaughan's Vicariate, Doncaster was more known for its celebrated race-course and the Town Moor than for Church-work. The Parish Church bells were always rung on the St. Leger day, and generally so timed as to communicate to Doncaster when the winner passed the winning-post. Dr. Vaughan was largely instrumental in making Doncaster henceforth known as a centre of Church-work. The spell of his name, his characteristic and almost unique influence with young men, lured graduates from Oxford and Cambridge, and many of his pupils at Harrow, to come to Doncaster, and to place themselves under his able guidance for instruction in parochial work previous to their Ordination. Scattered all over England and elsewhere are quondam 'doves,' as they were called, of Dr. Vaughan's. I do not know why they were called 'doves.' They were, I suppose, like himself, soft and gentle in their ways, and fluttered about him. He would have none but 'gentlemen' by birth and manners. I had one or two young men who were called 'pigeons.' The reason for this is not far to find.

Vaughan raised Doncaster to a level which it had not before his time, and has not had since. It became *renommée* as a training-ground for the Ministry. His own great University reputation as an accomplished scholar, Headmaster of Harrow, and singularly able expositor, has left an ineffaceable mark on the history of a town known once chiefly for its races and butter-scotch. It has now for some years past acquired increased importance as being to the Great Northern Railway what Swindon is to the Great Western. Some thousands are employed in the great factories connected with the Great Northern Railway localized there.

It was at the close of the London season, 1869, that the

Archbishop of York called upon me, and subsequently wrote offering me the Vicarage. It was first offered to Thorold, the late Bishop of Winchester, at that time one of His Grace's Chaplains, who declined it. Never can I forget the tumult of feeling with which I received the offer. Never did anyone more seek Divine guidance and the counsel of trusted friends. To such eminence had Vaughan raised Doncaster that naturally the question was on every lip, 'Who is to succeed Vaughan?' I was thirty-nine years of age, and had had no post of this importance or nature. I received the offer when *locum tenens* at Woodlands, and day by day 'spread that letter before God' in that quiet Church. I at once proceeded to Doncaster to see Vaughan. On my arrival, I was first introduced to Mrs. Vaughan, who characteristically thus welcomed me. 'I knew,' she said, as I entered the drawing-room, 'that a distinguished visitor was coming.' 'Pray,' I replied, 'do not call me a *distinguished* visitor.' 'I cannot do otherwise,' she replied, 'because, whenever we have a distinguished visitor coming, we always have one of two bad smells: one from a bone manure factory, the other from a tanyard. You must be *very* distinguished, because we have had *both* bad smells to-day!' What could I say, as I stood in that drawing-room, with those bad smells pervading the room? 'Do you think,' she proceeded to say, 'of coming here? If you do, I pity you from the bottom of my heart. There will be days when you will certainly wish to *commit suicide*!'<sup>\*</sup> All this was particularly encouraging to me in my divided and distracted state of mind! Nor did I receive much more encouragement from Dr. Vaughan. We sat up together far into the night discussing the matter. How well I remember Vaughan saying to me sadly, 'If you come, it will probably be shortly after the races. I feel that the races undo all my work of nine years. There is something peculiarly paralyzing to all spiritual work in a town that

\* This remark had reference not to the people of Doncaster, but to its somewhat enervating climate.



lives, like Doncaster, on races. Vaughan, as is well known, stopped the ringing of the Parish Church bells on the St. Leger day. He got the master-key of the belfry and *took an unusually long walk.*

After this not very encouraging visit, I went to Bishopthorpe, and had a long interview with His Grace. He did not in any way urge or press me to take it; but he pointed out, fully alive to what I was leaving, the advantages of a parish over a Chapel of ease. 'You have had,' he said, 'great preaching experience. I know, from always attending your Church, what I am taking you from, but you have not had large parochial experience.' He was right. I could not have dared to touch Halifax if I had not had the experience which I gained at Doncaster. Doubtless nowadays there are many parishes as well, but none better organized than Doncaster was in Vaughan's time. The Archbishop most considerately gave me as long as he legally could to consider his offer, and I wrote to three friends for their advice: Mr. Kempe, of St. James's, Canon Cook, with whom I had been associated at Vere Street, and Dean Hook. In addition to this, I went down to see Hook personally at Chichester, little thinking, as his guest at the Deanery, that I should one day occupy that Deanery. He was busy with his work on the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Cecil, his son, who did so great a work at All Souls', Leeds, was staying at the Deanery, and was not yet ordained.

After prayerful and mature consideration, I wrote to the Archbishop, August 26, accepting the offer, and on the day following wrote to Mr. Kempe to resign St. Philip's. I see that I have entered in my diary, 'May God, who has ordered all my life, overrule my decision to His glory.' I could echo what Dr. Vaughan wrote to me when he resigned Doncaster: 'The parting has been a most painful one; but could any man desire that such a parting should be pleasant?' No words can express what I felt on taking leave of my dear people in my farewell sermon at St. Philip's,

October 31, 1869. I have in my study, and have given a high place to, a handsome timepiece, which formed part of the testimonial the congregation presented me with. My friend Sir Kingston James was asked to write an inscription. At first he put :

‘Time flies! with it our Pigou!  
Take this, think of us, Adieu!’

The very much amended version is :

‘Tempus edax rerum soli parcit amicitiae.’

I received a kind invitation from the Mayor of Doncaster, Alderman Hatfield, to be his guest, accompanied with every promise of the cordial support of the good people of Doncaster. But I had already received a similar cordial invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Brock, of Christ Church Vicarage. Doncaster mourned, as one man, over her grave when we laid that gentle and loving soul to rest. Subsequently an invitation came from one of the most faithful and generous friends I have ever had, the late Mr. Robert Baxter, who lived with his family at Highfield. So anxious was he to retain me at Doncaster that when other offers of preferment came to me, he undertook to give me £200 a year that I might not leave on the score of emolument. Lord Radnor offered me Christ Church, Folkestone; and Sir Lawrence Palk a valuable living in Devonshire. The actual income of the Vicarage of Doncaster is £619 8s. 6d., but I could not think of having less than four curates; the salary of one—£120—is paid by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and is included in the £619. At the time Dr. Vaughan resigned, three of his curates resigned with him—Wigram, Chapman, and Pelham. Wigram, beloved by all who knew him, very kindly remained for a short time with me.

The Hon. and Rev. Carr Glyn, who succeeded me at Doncaster, afterwards Vicar of Kensington, and now Bishop of Peterborough, then a deacon, remained with me for

upwards of a year, as did also Mr. Lambert. No man could have been more fortunate than I in my curates at such a crisis. I brought with me Mr. Patch. The present Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Kennion, passing incidentally through Doncaster, heard I was seeking a curate, and kindly expressed his wish to work with me. It was a case of *Veni, vidi, vici*. I had also, later on, the valuable services of Barrington and Trower. Trower accompanied me to Halifax. It is a source of thankfulness and happiness to me to look back on those far-off days, and to think of all the help my faithful and loyal curates rendered me, and to feel that years have not lessened our mutual and abiding affection.

The Church was densely crowded in the evening on the occasion of my first sermon, October 17, 1869. I took, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I unto thee.' *Punch* commented on this, and honoured me with a notice, remarking that St. Peter would not have said this with £600 a year; but *Punch* did not take into account the curates' salaries that came out of this £600. I was really impoverished by my six years' Vicariate. The expenses incidental to a 'move' from London to Doncaster; heavy fees; putting a house into order; the constant drain of stipends and subscriptions, absorbed legacies which had from time to time been left me by relatives. It is as difficult, I think, as it is useless to tell the laity what clergy pay out of their own resources rather than let a parish suffer. I calculate that I have spent exactly £14,000 on curates' stipends out of the incomes of St. Philip's, Doncaster, and Halifax. There was no help for it.

Amongst the first to call on me was Jeremiah Rogers, the famed organist at the Parish Church. He and Vaughan did not 'hit it off.' Vaughan did not care particularly for music, and Rogers not only at times brought out the full powers of that splendid organ until it was almost deafening, but he occasionally played inordinately long Voluntaries before Service. Vaughan very mildly remonstrated with

him, and there was no little friction. 'I am afraid,' said Rogers to me, 'that you have been prejudiced against me. I am only anxious to work happily with the Vicar. What have you heard against me?' I felt I had been prejudiced, so I replied that it was only necessary to see him to have that prejudice removed. 'Oh, sir, that won't do in Yorkshire. Do you mind telling me what you have heard?' I thought I would tell him what could only amuse him, but he took it much to heart: we rarely met without his pressing me, but in vain, to name my informant. 'I have heard that when you want to produce a really sublime effect on the organ, *you turn round and sit on the manuals.*' Poor Rogers! I shall never forget his indignant remonstrance: 'I, sir, sit on the keys of that beautiful instrument!' In vain I tried to console him by saying it was at any rate not so bad as the organist who *sat on the keys and played on the music-stool.* He could 'let out' at times. Robert Baxter came one evening, when Rogers was rampaging, and said, 'My dear friend, your music to-night *was* noisy. It was more like "O Baal, hear us!" than "Lord, have mercy upon us!"' I expected to see the congregation jumping on their seats and cutting themselves with knives and lancets until the blood gushed out.' But all this was, I am bound to say, exceptional. Rogers and I were the very best friends, *usque ad finem.* I have in my library a parting gift from him which was evidence of his regard for his Vicar.

The new Mayor, not Mr. Alderman Hatfield, also took an early opportunity of calling personally, and, *inter alia*, said he wished to have a *Conversazione* on my account, and would I give him a few suggestions, etc. I suggested Music and Microscope. He said, 'Oh! all that I have provided for; but what would you suggest about light refreshments?' I said I thought that that was more in his line than mine. 'Well,' he said, 'Vicar, what do you think about *spoon meats*?' I at once said, 'Surely you are not giving bread-sauce, or porridge!' I had to learn that 'spoon meat' was Yorkshire for creams and jellies.

Some of the beautiful stained-glass windows were put up in my time, as also the handsome gates entering the Norman Chapel. Sir Isaac Morley put up the West Window to the memory of his wife. It is a 'Jesse' window. A local reporter described it as a *Jessie* window, and proceeded to say that he thought 'the *portraits* excellent!' He must have been on peculiarly intimate terms with the Kings of Israel! We had an excellent, though slightly irritable, Verger, for whom I had a great regard—Hirst. One evening the gas suddenly went out, and the Church was in almost total darkness. A lady deemed it a good opportunity to faint, and lay across the pavement of the Nave. Hirst, in the darkness, and also in a high state of irritation, stumbled over her. It was close to the reading-desk, so I heard what passed. Stooping down to her, he said, 'What are you fainting about?' It is not usual to put this question to a person in a faint. 'Oh!' she said, 'I am so dreadfully afraid we shall all be blown up.' 'You stupid old fool,' said Hirst, 'why, it is the very thing we want, is the gas to blow you up with.' This revived her. When the gas came back to us, to his horror he saw that the person he had addressed as a 'stupid old fool' was a lady who had a nice villa, kept her carriage, and 'thought no end of herself.' She called on me next day in a high state of indignation. 'I was really, Vicar, much alarmed, but I think it was hard on me to be called in the dark a "stupid old fool."'

Both of two valued friends, the late Sir Frederick Ouseley and Dr. Dykes, were our guests when they came to preach at our Church Festival. It was a treat to hear Dykes play some of his own and best known tunes on our organ, as also to hear Sir Frederick extemporize. I always regretted that such authorities in the musical world preached on such an occasion an ordinary sermon, and did not give our assembled Choirs the benefit of their special knowledge and experience. Ouseley paid me the great compliment, as I felt it to be, of inviting me to preach at his Festival at St. Michael's

College, Tenbury. Bishop Selwyn preached in the morning and I in the afternoon. I see Ouseley now at his piano, surrounded by Precentors and organists he had trained, on the eve of his Festival, sitting up into the small hours, leading delicious concerted music with his élèves in his drawing-room. What a charming personality was his!

I invited dearly-loved Bishop Fraser to preach the sermon at one of our Church Festivals. I knew him when he was Vicar of Upton, not far from Mortimer. He, Goldwin Smith, Mr. Mowbray, M.P. for Oxford, and I, used to take long walks together, and it was a great joy to me to renew our close friendship in after-years. He was transparently genuine and guileless. He could not tolerate anything that was not straight and above board. I invited a Mayor of Doncaster to meet the Bishop at luncheon. The conversation turned on the different ways in which men earned their bread. The Mayor said, 'There coomed a chap, my Lord, into our toon, and he put up a penny peep-show. You know, one of them shows at which you pays a penny and looks at Wellington and Bonapartey. I says to the lad, "I'll show you a better way to make money. *Make bread pills, tell folk to take cup of tea in the morning, and sell 'em as raal.*"' Fraser looked at the Mayor across the table and said, 'Do I understand you right, Mr. Mayor, that you took advantage of your official position, and induced a boy to give up a thoroughly honest trade, such as a peep-show, and to adopt a thoroughly dishonest one, of selling bread pills?' Poor Mayor! I was sorry for him. 'I say, Vicar,' he said afterwards, 'I think the Bishop was a little hard to coom down on me like that afore you all.'

I had to sit through a very trying scene one Sunday evening at the Parish Church. I had invited a well-known preacher, 'familiar as a household word,' to preach at our great evening service, and went out of my way to encourage my people to avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing him. The Church was crowded. The Mayor

and a considerable number of the Corporation came. The preacher took for his text—rather a doubtful one in a mixed congregation—Song of Solomon ii. 10-14. At the close of a period, or division of his subject, he dropped his voice, and, leaning over the pulpit, said, in soft, luring tones, ‘Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.’ There was an audible giggle in the Church, of which he was quite unconscious. I dreaded these pauses, at each of which he quoted tenderly this invitation. I saw people putting their handkerchiefs to their mouths to suppress the giggles. He proceeded to explain the spiritual meaning of ‘Flowers appearing on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come.’ The Mayor and Corporation were evidently not interested. I discerned indications of ‘nodding’ on the part of the Mayor, and some of the Aldermen followed suit. The preacher, leaning over the pulpit, and looking straight at the drowsy occupants of the Mayor’s pew, said: ‘I have explained the meaning of “the flowers appearing on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come.” Now we come to “And the voice of the *turtle* is heard in our land.” I ask you, What is meant by *turtle*?’ At the sound of ‘turtle’ the Mayor and Corporation almost started to their feet. Every eye was riveted on the preacher. He thoroughly commanded their attention. The effect was surpassingly ludicrous. Laughter was audible, and yet the preacher was utterly unconscious of the humorous aspect of this question, which he insisted on repeating: ‘Again I ask you, What is *turtle*?’ Next day the Mayor said to me: ‘I say, Vicar, that was a curious question the preacher put to us last night, wasn’t it?’ One would not be without a sense of humour, but it is at times very trying. On State occasions, when the Mayor and Corporation came to the Parish Church in procession, Hirst, in distributing the plates for the offertory, always reserved the largest for the Mayor. He had a habit, which I in vain tried to discourage, of distributing the alms dishes during the singing of the *Te Deum*. The Mayor was devoutly joining in the *Te Deum*,

and Hirst, without the Mayor seeing it, slipped this very large alms dish immediately under the Mayor. I had no means of preventing what I clearly foresaw. The Mayor sat immediately under the reading-desk; I could not warn him. He ended, 'O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded,' and sat down plump in the awaiting alms dish, jumping up as if he had had an electric shock.

It was on one of these occasions that Kennion, brimful of humour, asked me if I would read the Lessons. We made it a rule that whoever read the Lessons read the Banns. As the end of the second Lesson drew near I noticed Kennion putting his surplice to his mouth. The first Bann was, 'I publish the banns of Marriage between *Timothy Fiddler*,' etc. Kennion let me in for that, and is not ashamed to tell it to this day. I cannot refrain from telling one or two more stories, and my Doncaster friends know me too well to think that I do so in any spirit that could offend, for we were always fast friends. We had an annual dinner at the Mansion House, and I was Chaplain. As the time drew near for giving the toasts, the Mayor said to me: 'I wish, Vicar, I had never accepted the office.' 'Why?' I replied. 'You fill it to the satisfaction of the citizens.' 'Oh, it is these speeches. Come, now, you are accustomed to public speaking, give me one or two hints.' 'Well,' I said, 'the first is, be calm and collected. If you are flurried, your words will not come.' 'You are a poor Job's comforter,' said the Mayor, 'for that is exactly what I cannot be. Can you give me any other advice?' 'Well,' I said, 'look down the table, and realize that of all your 150 guests not one will remember or think to-morrow morning of one word you said.' 'I say, Vicar,' he replied, 'that's no great compliment to me.' Yet is it not true? There was a rivalry amongst successive Mayors as to who could secure for the Mayoral Banquet some rare delicacy. One year the Mayor confided to me that he had got what no other Mayor had ever had on his menu—*lampreys*. I ventured to express my doubts on the subject, but in vain; I could not shake his



faith in these lampreys. The day arrived. As soon as the cover was removed I came to the conclusion that they were either leeches or slugs. 'Now, Vicar,' he said, 'you must taste my lampreys.' I assured him that I cared very little for these delicacies, and as there were not many, and his guests seemed eager to taste them, would he excuse me? No, he insisted on my having one. Whatever doubts I may have had were settled. I took half of this leech or slug, but could not swallow it. Seeing one near me who was rather *bon vivant*, I said: 'Have you ever tasted lampreys?' 'No,' he replied; 'I am very anxious to do so.' 'Well,' I said, 'they are very rare; take this other half of mine.' I saw him making a wry face, and he dare not swallow it. I took an opportunity, as I had hoped unobserved, and threw my half under the table. The next day I was passing the Mayor's place of business, and, seeing me, he said: 'Come in, Vicar, I wants to see you. I saw what you did yesterday, you chucked lamprey under table. I came home. The Mayoress was gone to bed. I called her down, and told her what you had done, and that you said they were not lampreys. So the Mayoress, she gets up, and she says, "Let's try 'em on tom-cat," and tom-cat wouldn't touch them; so I think, Vicar, you were right, after all.' I often smile at the thought of the Mayoress turning out at midnight and testing her lampreys on a tom-cat!

The British Archæological Society proposed to visit Doncaster. Whatever there may have been of antiquarian interest, there is absolutely nothing worth a visit from that learned society, except it be a very doubtful Pickwickian milestone. The Mayor very kindly announced that he would entertain the members, numbering seventy, to luncheon. As soon as this was known, the number of persons professing a profound interest in archæology rose to 150, and, like locusts, devoured the meal prepared for seventy. The kind, hospitable Mayor, taken aback, doubted very much whether all his guests were archæologists.

'Why, Vicar,' he said to me, 'there was one woman as *took sweet jelly with salmon*. I am sure she was not an archæologist.' I could not see the connection, but I give it as a warning to anyone taking sweet jelly with salmon not to pose as an archæologist.

The Parish was, as is well known, thoroughly organized. Some thought that the poor were pauperized by the 'doves.' They were young men of little or no practical experience, with generous hearts and, in many cases, with private means. The story has found its way into print, somewhat mutilated, but what is related did actually happen to one of my curates. He set out on his round of pastoral visits, and had been but a few weeks in Holy Orders. The first person he went to was a woman of whom, when she died, it might have been said 'died of visitation.' On entering the room, she said to him in broad Yorkshire: 'Eh! you're new Curate, ain't you?' 'Yes,' he said; 'I have just come to this Parish.' 'Well, now, I'll tell you what yer does when yer comes to see me.' The Curate, fresh from Lectures on Pastoral Work, was rather taken aback at being told by a poor parishioner what he was to do. 'You takes that stool, d'ye see?' It was a three-legged affair of very uncertain footing. 'You sits down, reads me a *short*—mind, a *short*—Psalm; you gives me a shilling, and then ye can go.' There was one old crony who was constantly asking to see me. Every Monday morning, when we all met together for prayer, apportionment of work, going over our Sick List, etc., Glyn and Kennion told me how much this woman craved to see me. At last, believing that she had some spiritual trouble, and feeling that I had more experience than my curates, I went to see her. She was sitting on one of those very uncomfortable horsehair sofas, smooth and slippery. 'Eh! it's Vicar,' she said, as I entered the room. 'I'se glad to see you; sit ye down here aside me.' I said to her that my good and faithful curates had regularly visited her. 'Yes,' she said, 'they are nice young gentlemen; but it ain't Vicar.' 'Well, now,' I said, 'how can

I help you?' Of a sudden she threw herself back, and, suiting the action to the word, she planted her hand on her stomach, and exclaimed: '*It is a great piece of beef in a bowl of gravy as I wants!*'

I visited a man who had something the matter with his *duodenum*. It is a small and important duct connected with the passage of bile. He never could get hold of 'duodenum.' If you asked him how he was, he invariably said: 'Fairly well, thank you; I should be quite well but for my troublesome *rhododendron*.'

Our plan was one I have often recommended to my brother clergy who have a considerable staff associated with them. Each of my curates brought his list of Sick and Poor. The names were read out at our Monthly District Visitors' Meeting; and in this way it was scarcely possible for anyone to be in need or sickness without being visited.

Shortly after my appointment I was made Rural Dean. Visiting a parish in the Deanery, I had just come to the end of the queries which the Archbishop had drawn up, when I remembered I had not seen the Terrier.\* 'Well,' said the Churchwarden bluffly, 'have you pretty well done?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'but I have forgotten to ask you for the Terrier.' 'D'ye hear that?' he said to his co-warden. 'He wants to see Terrier. I've often told you he ought to have one, *for there is a deal of rats about this place*.' This same Warden invited me to see a book on which they set great store. 'It is old,' he said. 'How old?' said I. Turning to page 172, he said: 'Why, look here, you can see for yourself, it is 172.' I told him I did not wonder they so highly valued it. I had to visit a particular parish with a view to persuade one in temporary charge of it to leave it. He was anxious to know why the

\* For the uninitiated I may explain that the Terrier, from the French *terrain*, is the document or parchment which records all the properties of the Parish, also Sacramental Plate and gifts made from time to time to the Church.

Archbishop wished him to leave. I told him it was desirable that he should, and that His Grace sent him, through me, £10 to facilitate his movements. Amongst other things, I said: 'You are not, like your predecessor, a diligent visitor.' 'No,' he replied. 'In thanking His Grace, please tell him I am not one of those who *grin like a dog and run about the city*.' His idea of pastoral visiting! A neighbouring clergyman, assisting him one morning, asked him if he could lend him a stole. 'No,' he said. 'I always say to anyone who asks for a stole, "*Let him that stole steal no more*."' He was cheaply got rid of for £10.

An Ordination was held at Doncaster, the present Marquis of Normanby being one of the Candidates. The examination was held in the Vicarage. The Archbishop saw each candidate personally for about ten minutes. One man, who had escaped by the 'skin of his teeth' through Basil Jones' examination, quailed at prospect of this interview with His Grace. The Archbishop proceeded to ask him to translate a rather difficult passage in Greek in the Epistle to the Colossians. A moment's survey of it convinced the candidate he could not. Assuming an air of great anxiety, he said: 'Before I proceed to translate this somewhat difficult passage, I wish to take this opportunity of telling your Grace that I am sore troubled with a certain question, and unless my mind is satisfied upon it I do not see how I can proceed to Holy Orders. May I ask your Grace's view?' The Archbishop, as briefly as he could, gave him his views. 'These are precisely my own,' said the candidate, 'and unfortunately I differ entirely from my Rector on that point.' 'I am sorry it should be so,' replied his Grace. 'Will you please translate that passage?' 'There is one other question, your Grace, on which I cannot make up my mind, and, unless I fully understand it, I do not see how I can conscientiously be ordained. May I have your Grace's view?' Again the Archbishop, and at some length, gave him his view. 'Thank you, my lord. That is precisely my view, and I am sorry to say

that here again my Rector and I do not agree.' Meanwhile half an hour passed, and all the other candidates had to be interviewed. The Archbishop told me it was the cleverest feat within his experience. The candidate had got off the difficult passage, had learned his Grace's views, which justified him in his own, and put him more than ever at loggerheads with his Rector, and all done in half an hour!

Dear Archbishop Thomson! Peace to his memory! Though he was, perhaps, what no Bishop ought to be, a party man, yet he had a most kindly heart. Few on the Bench of Bishops could compare with him for thoughtful sermons, clothed in nervous and telling language. He was idolized by the artizans of Sheffield. His utterances were as commanding as was his stately presence. He looked every inch an Archbishop. Of few men are more good stories told, and few appreciated them better. One of the best out of many which I recall was of his conversation with a Yorkshire lad by the roadside. The Archbishop was riding to a country village to preach, and finding he had spare time, sauntered along. A boy was busy with a heap of '*muck*' (dirt). 'What are you going to do with that dirt, lad?' 'I'se going to build church with it.' 'Yes! How are you going to build it?' 'Wall, this bit of muck is for Church, this bit for pulpit, this for desk, sir.' 'Have you any for the parson?' 'Eh!' said the lad, 'I doan't know,' scratching his head, '*it takes a deal of muck to make a parson.*' The Archbishop rode on.

What changes have taken place since the days when we Rural Deans met together at those pleasant and profitable gatherings at Bishopthorpe! How many brother Rural Deans I have survived, and to-day the See is occupied by one associated by many ties of common work and friendship in our earlier days. I took pains to let my people at Doncaster hear, from time to time, some of the best preachers of the day. No less than four Vicars of Leeds have occupied the pulpit—Hook, Woodford, Atlay, Gott.

The list is too long to give of leading men, Vicars of the great towns, who in my time preached in the pulpit of Doncaster Parish Church. Vaughan did not leave much for a successor to initiate. I was glad to initiate Children's Services and Harvest Festivals. Our Penny Readings were a *grand success*. One winter we made £70 by them. I had engaged to give a lecture one evening on *Noses*—a very interesting subject. Imagine my feelings when I saw the town placarded, 'The Vicar will give a lecture on *Moses* '!

One or two events in my life are closely associated with Doncaster. It was in 1871 I was appointed Honorary Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty, a distinction no one can seek, and such as cannot but strengthen your hands, under God, in your ministry, in proportion as it is unsought. As Honorary Chaplain I had no regular 'wait' at the Chapel Royal; but I received every year a 'command' to preach at Windsor, and on one memorable occasion. Everyone will remember the grave and critical illness of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and how his life was well-nigh despaired of. Through God's mercy and the skilful treatment of Dr. Jenner and Sir William Gull, he was restored to health. The Thanksgiving Service was held at St. Paul's, February 27, 1872. Her Majesty's Chaplains attended it. I had received a few days before a 'command' to preach before the Queen on Sunday, March 3. As I stood in St. Paul's Cathedral and joined in that memorable service, I felt the responsibility of preaching on the Sunday following before the Queen. Returning home to Doncaster, I knelt down in my study and prayed that God the Holy Ghost would guide me to a suitable text. On rising from my knees, I opened my Bible at Psalm xxi. ! What more appropriate text or theme? The nation had, with one voice, been pleading that the Prince's life might be spared. It was spared, but there was also the yet higher gift of 'life eternal' through faith in Christ. I wrote a sermon on this which was 'published by request.' I went down to Windsor.

Dean Wellesley always invited some specially interesting personages to meet the Preacher. The conversation was almost entirely on the Thanksgiving Day and on incidents connected with it. The Dean told us that, as the procession was going up Ludgate Hill, the Queen directed the Prince of Wales's attention to a banner across the street, and to what was written on it. I asked the Dean if he remembered what was written. He said it was the verse 'He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever.' Now, I certainly had not heard that. If ever anyone was 'given in that hour what ye shall speak,' it was given to me.

Much more I could tell which would interest many, but a Queen's Chaplain is not free to do this. It would be a betrayal of special confidence arising out of special relationships. But the same year was memorable to myself, inasmuch as it brought with it occasion for special thanksgiving on my part. In my Bible I have marked 'Doncaster, December 8, 1871, *Re-natus laus Deo.*' No one at one time was more prejudiced than myself against what is well known as a Parochial Mission. In one sense I was almost a 'blasphemer and injurious.' I well remember inveighing against them at Canon Wilde's, at Louth, Maclagan and Wilkinson present. With great reluctance, I consented to take part in a General Mission at Doncaster. It was mainly conducted by the well-known Mr. Aitken, of Pendeen, father of the equally well-known Mr. Aitken, who has devoted his life of late years to Missions. Haslam and one or two more assisted. I did not approve of methods many of which are no longer adopted. They were to my mind too sensational, more likely to produce hysteria than any quickening or deepening of the spiritual life, and inconsistent with the sobriety and decorum of our church. My whole being was set in array against it, so much so that I resolved not to be present at any more of the Services, and only longed for the hour when the mission would be ended. I had made up my mind not to be present on a particular evening. Haslam

persuaded me to come, lest my absence might be commented on. So I agreed, and said, 'I will read the First Lesson.' Reading it over, whilst the bell was ringing for service—Isaiah xxviii.—my attention was riveted by the concluding verse: 'This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.' I see I have marked opposite it, now twenty-seven years ago, December 7, 1871, 'N.B.—I had but just said to Haslam, to whom I always feel so deeply indebted, "I do not believe this is God's way of bringing souls to Christ."' It pleased God that night to reveal His Son in me, and to give me 'joy and peace in believing.' I saw the difference, as Canon Hoare once expressed himself to me, between two religions, working *for* and working *from* life. I saw how much one may believe *about* Christ; but how different is that belief *in* Him, which comes by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. On the Sunday following I felt it right to testify to my people what God had done for my soul, and to express my regret for anything I might incautiously have said to the prejudice of the Mission; that no one had received a greater blessing than myself. *Re-natus*—yes, not only by Baptism, but by apprehending 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' From that hour God was pleased to use me as He had never used me before. I was called almost immediately afterwards to conduct my first Mission at St. Paul's, Huddersfield, and for twenty-five years since have conducted Missions in the principal towns of England, in Edinburgh, Dublin, in three of the Welsh Cathedrals, and in New York. The largest I have ever conducted was at Great Yarmouth Parish Church. For several years I, who at one time had not a good word for Missions, have been invited to read a Paper on them at Church Congresses. Curiously enough, I have been called of God to revisit and conduct a Mission in almost every place associated with my childhood and earlier ministry—Ripon Cathedral, Cheltenham, Edinburgh, Paris. I conducted the first 'quiet day' for clergy ever held in the neighbourhood of my first curacy, and for the clergy of



Cheltenham and Gloucester. I cannot but look back on that crisis in my own spiritual life with deepest thankfulness, and as, in part, God's preparation for a yet larger sphere of usefulness than Doncaster afforded. But this is to anticipate.

My ministry was drawing to a close at Doncaster. Shall I say that when the time came for me to leave it for Halifax I had to pass the same verdict as Dr. Vaughan? I have many happy recollections of Doncaster. I have by me much grateful testimony from individuals. On a clock, part of a testimonial, is inscribed, 'Memento of a faithful and affectionate ministry.'

I cannot recall anything, during my six years there, on the part of the people that ever caused me pain. I think I lived in an atmosphere of loving kindness, and am remembered as one would wish to be remembered to this day. I know no town in which more earnest work was being done. Brock at Christ Church, Campion at St. James's, are names still cherished. The Clergy in the Deanery were all zealous and hard-working. But there is something blighting, neutralizing, paralyzing to spiritual work in a town which encourages and lives chiefly on Races. Racing nowadays is not what it used to be. Lord Fitzwilliam, the late Sir Edward Beckett, and others told me the same thing. It is well known to the police that pickpockets resort to Doncaster *dressed as clergymen*. An Essex Rector happened to be passing down High Street on the way to the station on the St. Leger day. Someone's pocket was picked, and a policeman at once collared the Rector. Half choked and indignant, he said: 'It is disgraceful! I am the Rector of —.' 'You old scoundrel!' rejoined the policeman. 'You pickpockets are all Rectors or Vicars.' He was 'run in.' Fortunately he had his card-case, and insisted on my being communicated with, and I extricated him from durance vile. It was long before he calmed down. Time was when the racecourse was not the occasion of extravagant gambling and betting by which fortunes

were lost and great families came to wreck and ruin. 'A présent c'est une autre chose.' The best horses do not always win. Every vigilance has to be exercised that no tricks are played with the favourite. One who knew Doncaster from his childhood, and has much to do, professionally, with the Races, told me himself that not only had the jockey to sit up all night with the favourite, but even to put minnows into the pail of water given to it to drink, to see that the water was not poisoned. There is no more harm intrinsically in a race than there is in any other national sport. It might be as harmless as, say, a race between cows. The love of it is inborn in Yorkshiremen. At Doncaster is focussed and localized on the Town Moor what is really spread throughout England. When I was appointed to Doncaster, this wise caution was given to me: 'Do not risk your influence by protesting and preaching against the Races as races. You cannot interfere with the sports of a people; but do what you may or can to protest against their abuse. They are not brutal like a bull-fight.'

What I think we all felt was, that to live, as Doncaster mainly does, on the general proceeds of the Races is fatal to healthy industrial life. With the exception of the Railway Works, Doncaster is not a centre of any of our larger industries. It has none of the tall chimneys of great manufacturing towns. Houses and lodgings let for sums for the three days which more than cover the year's rent. I remember Lord Ripon, of Studley, paying £100 for three or four pokey rooms, which met the rent for over two years. The Mayor and Corporation are generally conspicuous by their absence from the Parish Church on the Sunday before the St. Leger is run, which shows some prickings of conscience. The jockeys who are to ride generally attend the evening Service. There is no doubt at all that the spirit of gambling and betting most seriously affects the home life, and tempts to embezzlement on the part of employés. The facilities of locomotion, to a very considerable extent, lessen the evils which accompany races. People return

home the saine evening from far-off distances. You do not see loose women in the streets. I went in mufti with one of my curates at night on the Town Moor, where there are drinking-booths, and noticed nothing disorderly; but the general effect on the town is not for good. The Races create and encourage a habit of mind which, like the Upas Tree, sheds a baneful influence over the town and neighbourhood.

It would be wrong to call Doncaster, as I have heard it described as, a 'whited sepulchre,' full of dead men's bones. There are many earnest Christians and earnest workers for Christ in Doncaster. No Vicar had ever a more faithful band of Sunday School teachers than I. Glyn did, amongst other things, a great and enduring work in connection with Temperance. Canons Wright and Tebbutt are too well known to need words of commendation from me. There are hundreds who deplore the Races, and who, if they had influence and power, would have them abolished. But Doncaster is too long and too intimately identified with racing. Races are so supported and countenanced by Royalty, by the 'upper ten thousand,' and by all sporting men, that it were simply Utopian to even think of effacing the Town Moor. But so long as the religious life of a place is one of compromise; so long as the influential people of any given place allow, connive at, actively or tacitly encourage, as a source of income, anything which Conscience cannot heartily approve, and which in various ways is fraught with the confessed results of gambling and betting, you cannot have or look for a *high religious tone*.

My friends at Doncaster will not, I hope, take umbrage at what a former Vicar feels he cannot but say. Six years' experience as Vicar compels me to say that work for Christ is seriously let and hindered by the demoralizing, insidious, baneful influence of racing. All the more need for faithful, unwearying, persevering work, and while I shall be forgiven for saying what one is constrained in faithfulness to say, I, at the same time, retain a most grateful recollection of much

help and sympathy, and of an unfailing kindness towards myself, my wife and children, on the part of my former parishioners of Doncaster, and heartily wish them well.

## CHAPTER XIII

HALIFAX, 1875—1888

The offer of the Vicarage—Semi-episcopal post—Vicar's Rate—Dr. Mellor and State Church Groundsel—Condition of the Parish Church and its Restoration—Institution—Reception—Marriages—Sagar—Vergers—Bishops Bickersteth, Crowther, Fraser—Lichfield—Walsham How—Division of the Diocese.

I WAS on a visit to my valued friend the late Dean of Edinburgh when I received the offer of the important Vicarage of Halifax. I am not at liberty to give the letter in full. It was written by the present Lord Rowton, perhaps better known as Mr. Montagu Corry, Lord Beaconsfield's intimate friend and Private Secretary: 'Dear Sir—With your consent, Mr. Disraeli is desirous to submit your name to the Queen for the vacant living of Halifax,' etc. It had already, it is right to say, been offered to Dean Farrar and to the late Rev. H. White, the well-known Chaplain of the Savoy. They both declined it. Dean Farrar had not, at that time, had much parochial experience. Literary work, added to his already commanding position in London, led him to decline the offer, without even going to Halifax to see it. My friend of many years' standing, Mr. White, loved the Savoy too well to leave it. Parochial work was not his *métier*. He was content to remain in the more quiet waters of the precincts of the Savoy, and to minister in the Chapel so indelibly identified with his cherished name. Rarely have I been present at a funeral where such genuine and unaffected grief was manifested as at that of Henry White. The Savoy was crowded

to excess with all sorts and conditions of men. I sat in a pew behind the late Speaker of the House of Commons and Lady Burdett-Coutts. Every available spot was occupied by those who mourned his loss. There is a story current that Disraeli was much struck by a sermon White preached at St. James's, Piccadilly, on the occasion of one of the series of Conferences which Mr. Kempe arranged, and that he next morning offered him Halifax. White went down to see it. Everyone was on the *qui vive* at Halifax as to who was to succeed the late Archdeacon Musgrave. It was a dull, foggy morning. A strange clergyman was seen in Halifax Parish Church—demure, observant, of a somewhat sallow complexion. The congregation made up their minds that he was their future Vicar. White, on leaving the Church, asked which was the very earliest train to London, and fled!

The Parish Church, one of the finest in England, of the twelfth century, with most interesting Registers, was in a deplorable condition. That was nothing, however, compared with the ferment which existed respecting the vexed question of the *Vicar's Rate*. The ancient Parish of Halifax is equal to Rutlandshire in area. The late Archdeacon, I have heard, claimed £40,000 a year. This may be exaggerated. However this may be, an Act of Parliament was specially created and passed limiting his income to £2,000 or £2,500 per annum.

The position of the Vicar of Halifax is semi-episcopal. He has more patronage than some Bishops, far more than the Vicar of Leeds or the Vicar of any of the great West Riding towns. I had thirty-four livings in my gift. In some respects Halifax is of a more commanding position than Wakefield, or even Leeds, but it is less known. I have often been asked, 'Where is Halifax?' Letters addressed to me have found their way back from *Nova Scotia*, with 'Try Halifax, Yorkshire, England,' written on them as a last, desperate hope. One reason—I abstain from giving more—is that it is 'rather off the line.' It is not on the direct route from London. You have to 'change

at Laister Dyke,' etc. But Halifax has for years held a most important position in the mercantile and industrial world. It has been less known for Church-work. Probably, at the time I was appointed, in 1875, there were few, if any, towns, including, of course, the neighbouring 'townships,' where so much wealth existed and had been accumulated.

Halifax is honourably associated with great manufacturers and merchant princes in the days of monopolies, which probably can never be again. Akroyd, Crossley, Baldwin, Foster, Edwards, Watkinson, Hall, Huntriss, Rawson, Appleyard, and many more, represent firms which counted their employés in their vast factories by thousands of intelligent mechanics and artizans. Though it has suffered, as all England has, by competition, by strikes, and the fact that the producing power of modern and most elaborate machinery is greater than the demand, still it is to this hour a flourishing town, inasmuch as it has never been dependent on any one single trade. There are many scattered up and down the ancient parish who, living quietly and unostentatiously, are men of large fortunes or 'snug incomes,' and by inter-marriages fortunes are kept in families. There are visible tokens of the wealth of Halifax. Mr. Akroyd gave Sir G. Scott a carte-blanche for All Souls', Haley Hill. The 'little bill' was £70,000, and his own house adjoining cost £40,000. There are several handsome family mansions, notably Pye Nest, and a recent noble effort to build a new Infirmary at a cost of some £100,000, amongst the evidences of wealth. For area and extent I doubt if many places can compare with Halifax for its wealth. It had at one time a rather unenviable notoriety. It was commonly said that a clause in the Thieves' Litany was, 'From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, good Lord, deliver us!' This arose from the fact that Halifax could summarily proceed against anyone within a radius of nine miles who had committed a felony, especially in connection with stealing cloth, and after a brief trial the thief, if apprehended, was executed in Gibbet Lane. The place where the gibbet was erected is shown to

this day. I think this fact of the summary power which Halifax had of dealing with offenders has something to do with the singular independence of Halifax folk.

I have heard that it was generally said on the death of Archdeacon Musgrave that for many reasons it was desirable that a perfect stranger should succeed him. Isolated in some respects by its very locale, and keeping itself to itself by intermarriages, it was inevitable that it should abound in cliques. Caste is not peculiar to India. It prevails, more or less, everywhere. Halifax could not have had a more perfect stranger than myself. I had preached and conducted Missions and 'quiet days' in almost every town of note in Yorkshire and Lancashire, but it so happened I had never set foot in Halifax. I had heard how the town was exercised about the obnoxious Vicar's Rate, and the Prime Minister, in subsequent letters, did not conceal the fact from me. I received more than one confidential letter on the subject, putting it all before me; and I was allowed a reasonable time to consider the offer. If the Vicar's Rate was not paid, the actual income of Halifax Vicarage would be reduced to £700 a year, and of this some £400 was derived from Fees for Marriages. There seemed to be a resolute determination not to pay, but to resist this Rate. I felt it would be quite impossible to do what had to be done with less than six curates, and I declined the Living on that ground and that only. I was at Callander at the time I declined it. It so happened that Mr. and Lady Victoria Erskine, of Cardross, attended the little Church at Callander, where I was ministering, and Dean Wellesley was their guest. He heard that I had declined it, and came to see me. I had that same morning received one or two letters which made me regret my decision. One expostulated with me for want of heart and faith; another encouraged me to believe that, if I would accept it, the people of Halifax would rally round me. I accordingly told the Dean that, if it was not too late, and if the Queen was disposed to renew the offer, I would accept it. He, with his wonted kindness, at once wrote to

the Princess Beatrice to that effect. In the course of a day or two Mr. Disraeli wrote to me renewing the offer, and giving me twelve hours in which to reply. Accompanied by my faithful curate, Trower, who has lately passed away, I went to Halifax to spy out the land. I knew no one there. No one wrote offering me hospitality. As I had always been on terms of close friendship with the Mayors of Doncaster, who once a month attended the Parish Church, I naturally concluded that the Vicar and Mayor of Halifax were on the same terms. I accordingly addressed myself to the Mayor of Halifax, said I was coming, and should feel grateful to him if he would allow me to go to him. I had to ascertain at the Railway Station who he was. Evidently my proposal created great surprise: and as I had reason to know, in some quarters more than surprise. The Mayor, Mr. Edward Crossley, most kindly met me in his carriage. I had not been a half-hour under his roof before it became evident that he was not a Churchman, but an Independent and a Liberationist. Nothing could exceed his courtesy and kindness, as that also of his amiable wife, whose father, the late Sir E. Baines, of the *Leeds Mercury*, was amongst the company present. Notwithstanding that I was taken to task for having gone, on the occasion of my first visit, to one who was an avowed Liberationist, what I did 'ignorantly and in unbelief' I never regretted. All throughout my thirteen years at Halifax nothing interrupted the mutual friendship begun that day at Bermerside.

No one outside Halifax can have any idea of what I had to face in connection with the 'Vicar's Rate.' On the death of Archdeacon Musgrave, in 1875, the Nonconformists, influentially and numerically strong in Halifax, one of the very strongholds of Nonconformity, commenced an agitation for the Repeal of the Vicar's Rate Act of 1829, so far as the same related to the rate of a house. They contended that, as the Rate upon houses imposed by the Act of 1829 was in lieu of Easter Dues, and as such Easter Dues were no



longer recoverable by law, such Rate ought to be abolished. They did not object to the charge upon Land, which was in lieu of Tithes. Within a very short time a sum of £12,000 was raised to meet any cases of prosecution for non-payment! On my arrival at Halifax, I saw, posted and placarded in large letters on hoardings, with deep black-edged paper, the following pleasant greeting: '*Judas Vicar's Rate, died 1875, buried in a pauper's grave, to know no Resurrection.*' The Rate used to be collected like Gas or Water Rates. Occasionally I found my letter-box stuffed full with them. I received a large envelope, containing some thirty or forty, with this letter: 'Dear Sir, we found these poor little papers fluttering in the street, having no home, and send them to you, as you will probably best know what to do with them.' Dr. Mellor, of Square Chapel, a tower of strength to the Nonconformists, a man of great gifts and eloquence, gave notice one Sunday morning to this effect to his great congregation: 'The Vicar's agent will be calling this week upon me, and I advise you all to do what I am going to do: *button up your pockets.*' The Sunday following he told them that my Agent had called and that he had refused to pay him. There was no alternative but to distrain for the amount, some five or six shillings. "All right," I said, "take what you like." The Agent went into my larder and took a *ham, which you will be glad to hear was bad.*'

One could only take all this in good humour. The people of Halifax knew perfectly well that I had not originated the Rate. They knew, also, that I had no alternative, as matters stood, but to claim, and, if need be, to enforce payment. It does not do to show the white feather in Yorkshire. Yorkshiremen fully appreciate sticking up for your rights. It was evident, however, that to persist in enforcing it would only intensify the bitterness of animosity, as it did at St. Michael's, Coventry. The matter was referred to the Government. They brought in, after much inquiry and debate, a Bill in 1877, providing for the extinction of the

rate on houses on payment of the sum of £11,200 to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; in other words, they proposed the redemption of the rate at twenty-three years' purchase. My faithful friend Mr. Robert Baxter came down to Halifax, and consulting with local lawyers and men of business, particularly with Messrs. Emmett and Walker, formulated with great care a scheme for the redemption, fixed at £11,200. And thus the redemption was brought about. I was calling on the late Mrs. Prescott, and expressed to her my fear that I should have to place my resignation in the hands of the Prime Minister, inasmuch as £1,300 a year was imperilled, and I could not afford to work the parish on £700 a year, and have, as I felt I must have, six, or at least five, curates. She said: 'But you do not think, do you, that we are going to let you leave us for the sake of the Vicar's Rate? I will give you £500 towards its redemption.' On leaving her, I met Mr. Hill, the well-known solicitor in Halifax, and told him of this handsome offer. He immediately went to Pye Nest to inform Sir Henry Edwards of it, and to Sir Henry Edwards' devoted efforts the redemption of the Vicar's Rate is largely due. Sir Henry called on me next day and went with me to see Mr. Joshua Appleyard, at Clare Hill, and this brief conversation took place, to show how quickly things are done in Yorkshire: 'Mr. Appleyard, there is no doubt that the right thing to do is to redeem the Vicar's Rate. The Vicar has received £500 towards it; what will you do?' 'Whatever you do,' replied Appleyard. 'I will give £1,000,' said Sir Henry. 'So will I,' said Appleyard. We started with three subscriptions amounting to £2,500! The matter was at once taken up. A meeting, at which Sir Henry presided, was summoned. A committee was formed, everyone engaged in raising this fund cheerfully and gratuitously worked for it, and in about six weeks no less a sum was contributed than £12,955 by 360 contributions! Many Nonconformists, anxious that an end should be put to this internecine strife, contributed, and through the most generous and hearty help of all well-wishers

to the Church, I was instrumental in bringing it about that the income of over £2,000 a year is permanently secured to the Vicarage of Halifax.

Dr. Mellor and I became fast friends, and interchanged visits both of hospitality and sympathy. His was a friendship to cultivate and I hold his memory in great regard. The result of our friendship was that he discontinued to a very large extent his attacks against the Church. An amusing incident occurred which he was himself fond of telling. He had a favourite lecture on 'Why Meddle?' which he delivered in the chief towns in the West Riding. The object of the lecture was to show that the Established Church was full of abuses, and ought to be done away with, root and branch. Lunching one day with me, we strolled together in my garden, and he said: 'Vicar, you have a great deal of groundsel here. I wish you would give me some for my canaries.' 'Take,' I said, 'as much as you like; but wonders will never cease. I am indeed surprised.' 'Why?' 'Well, how do you know that your canary, after eating groundsel from a garden of the Established Church, will not break out to-morrow in "God save Church and Queen," or something out of Hymns Ancient and Modern? Bethink yourself, Dr. Mellor, is it not a risk?' 'It is,' he replied, 'a *great* risk. I never thought of such a possibility. But my bird wants the groundsel, and I must take it with its risk.' I filled both his hands. Next morning there was a violent ring at our bell, and he was ushered into my study. Stretching out his hand with his dead canary in it, he said: 'Now, Vicar, am I not justified in delivering my lecture, "Why Meddle?" Even my poor canary cannot eat State Church groundsel without dying a violent death.' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'you so starved it on Liberationism, that when it did get a chance of a good hearty meal at the hands of the Established Church, it over-ate itself.' My wife immediately presented him with another canary.

If the Vicar's Rate was a formidable matter with which to have to deal, what shall I say of t'ould Parish Church?

I shall never forget my first impression of it. No words can convey to anyone visiting it now, restored and beautiful, what its condition, as I found it, was. I went into it alone, knelt down and prayed that I might be allowed and spared to see it restored. I saw at a glance all its capabilities. I pictured to my mind all that I was given to realize. No words can adequately describe its forlorn-looking state. Coming direct from Doncaster Parish Church, I was the more dismayed. There was every indication that it was desired to preserve it as a relic of antiquity, much in the same way as mummies are embalmed and kept. An organ-gallery with mixed choir was at the West end, shutting off much available space. Throughout the nave were high square pews in which it has been whispered in my ear that rubbers of whist were sometimes played. The Rokeby and Holdsworth Chapels were filled up—the one with a gallery, the other with rude benches for the Sunday-school. Two pews called ‘the Cow and the Calf’ occupied the place of the present Chancel Screen. The spacious Choir itself was in a most dilapidated state. Large nails in the carved oak mullions served as pegs on which to hang hats; dust here, disorder there. But worst of all was the fact that it was a vast charnel-house. Anyone who could pay a certain sum and claim to be a parishioner could be interred in it. The floor was strewn with human remains. When the Bishop of Ripon and Sir Gilbert Scott came to inspect it, prior to its restoration, I went from pew to pew, lifted up a carpet, put my hand through openings in the floor, and brought out a skull or a thigh bone. The sight of human remains was, when we set to work to restore it, sickening. Even strong-stomached workmen could not stand it. On more than one occasion I had to give them some brandy. Though no one had been buried within its walls for the last fifty years, some of the bones were as if recently interred. The chancel—I am not exaggerating—*shook* as you walked over it because of the mass of corruption beneath. It was the burial-place of former Vicars. There was always a

faint smell of decayed mortality. Constantly, when the Church was crowded to excess at evening service, someone was carried out, fainting, overcome by this insidious, all-pervading odour!

I was instituted by the Bishop of Ripon on Monday, September 29th, 1875, in the presence of a vast congregation. The Bishop preached from one of my favourite texts: 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' On all sides I received a most kind and hearty welcome, and at a great gathering subsequently in the Drill Hall I felt assured that, notwithstanding all one had to do and face, I had the sympathies and goodwill of cautious but warm-hearted Yorkshiremen. It has been my experience to succeed to a Parish where, as in the case of Doncaster, I found everything well organized and in 'apple-pie order,' and elsewhere, where everything had to be organized and put right. On the whole I prefer the latter. I 'read myself in' Sunday, October 5, 1875, giving the people a strong dose of orthodoxy from the Thirty-nine Articles; and preached my first sermon the same evening. The Church was densely packed. I thought it best at once to say to people deeply attached to 't'ould Parish Church' that its Restoration must without delay be taken in hand. Someone was overheard saying: 'I say, oor new Vicar is a bold chap, ain't he?' I commenced this work of restoration in a very mild but effective way the same week. I had all the nails taken out of the oak mullions in the Chancel. It would have been more than human to have refrained from smiling as one after another came inside the Chancel, and offering up a prayer with closed eyes, tried in vain to hang up the hat on the peg that was gone. More than once I heard muttered: '*Why, what's coom of the nail?*' That this state of things should have been so long tolerated was due partly to my predecessor, who was loath to alter what he had ministered in for forty years, and in his old age did not care or feel equal to undertake the restoration. He was in the habit of saying: 'Oh, it will last my time; my successor

will see to it.' It was due also in part to the very deep-rooted attachment of all classes to their old Parish Church, a sentiment to be respected; but when strong beams are rotten at the ends, and a Chancel quakes like a morass with poor, decayed humanity, such sentiment must give place to the stern exigencies of the case. People did not consider themselves properly married unless married at 't'ould Parish Church.' They looked forward to being laid to rest somewhere within its venerable walls.

I give one instance out of many of this strong attachment to the old Church, ludicrous to a degree, but in its way indicative of this attachment. We had a Mission, conducted by William Hay Aitken. Mr. Robert Baxter assisted in it, giving most able and stirring addresses to men in the mills. He was anxious to be of some use on Sundays. I placed at his disposal our large schoolroom, close to the Parish Church. He asked me if he might have an 'after-meeting,' to which I, of course, assented. We had all returned home from evening service to the Vicarage, where he joined us, much earlier than I had anticipated. I could see that something had happened which not only brought him home so early, but which caused him, grave and solemn as he generally was, to burst out laughing. 'Come, tell me,' I said, 'what has happened. I did not expect that your "after-meeting" would be so short, and I am sure something ludicrous has occurred.' For their sakes who may not know what is meant by an 'after-meeting,' I may say that it is a very important feature in the conduct of a Mission. People are invited to remain for awhile for silent prayer, for some few words emphasizing what has been said in the more formal sermon, and for a personal interview with the Missioner if they desire it. This is what happened. Robert Baxter said that at the close of his address he would be glad to remain for a reasonable time and personally see, speak to, and pray with, anyone who might be disposed to remain for that purpose. Everyone filed out save one old woman; she remained.

He was, of course, a little disappointed, but he remembered that, after all, it was the individual here and there that was brought to Christ, and that men nowadays are not won *en masse* to Him. All being quiet, he accosted this woman, and said: 'Well, my good woman, I am glad to see you have remained. How can I help you?' 'Eh,' she replied, 'I was right grieved when I saw folk go away. I says to myself, "To think of that gentleman cooming all way from London to speak to us and no one stayed. I'll stay if no one else does." I say it is a shame! I'll speak to you.' 'Thank you,' said Baxter. 'And now how can I *help* you, my good woman?' 'Well,' she said, 'I always goes to t'ould Parish Church, and I says to my old man, "Coom, look sharp, or you'll no' get seat." You know, I likes to be in time. My word! one maun be in time, or one can't get seat.' 'I am glad,' said Baxter, 'that you attend the Parish Church and the ministry of my friend the Vicar; but now, *how can I help you?*' 'Eh,' she replied, 'I was right grieved when I see'd folk go away, and I says, "If no one else stays, I'll stay and speak to that gentleman." Yer know, when I was little one, faither and maither always went to t'ould Parish Church. They'd say to me: "Coom, lass, look sharp, or you'll no' get seat." My word! our new Vicar, I knaws him well; he's changed church. You know, there was great high pews and galleries. He's cleared all that; it is no' as 'twas when I was child.' 'Yes, I understand,' said Baxter, 'that some alterations have been made; but, my good woman, it is getting late—tell me how I can *help* you.' 'Well,' she said, 'yer know, faither and maither is both buried in t'ould Parish Church.' 'Ah! that's interesting,' said Baxter. 'It is one more tie which binds you to your Parish Church. But now how can I help you—how can I *help* you?' 'Well,' she replied, gathering herself up for one further communication, 'I says when I see'd folk go out, I says, "I'll stay and speak to that gentleman." So I stayed, yer see. It is this way: Grand-faither and grandmaither is also buried with faither and

maither in t'ould Parish Church.' 'Oh, bother your old Parish Church!' said Baxter, and fled, leaving this aged inquirer, who, mistaking the purport of an 'after-meeting,' had beguiled him with this family history, to put out the gas. This accounted for the brevity of the After-Meeting. 'The people,' said Baxter, 'seem very much attached to their Parish Church.'

In my time we had close upon 700 marriages every year in the Parish Church. We generally published from 80 to 100 Banns every Sunday, and the curates carefully looked over them in the vestry beforehand. This question of marriages at the Parish Church from district Churches is one of no little contention, and creates a sore feeling amongst the parochial clergy. Of one thing I was quite satisfied, that if I refused to marry any who came from District Churches, they would have gone to the Registrar's Office and contracted a civil marriage only. I acted on Lord Cairns' celebrated dictum, that 'Parishioners by the subdivision of a Parish acquire new rights, but do not part with their old ones.' Lord Grimthorpe has always challenged this; notwithstanding I acted upon it, but I endeavoured as far as possible to recognise the rights of the Clergy of the District Churches. Calling them together, I arranged to give them four shillings on every marriage by Banns, and ten shillings on every marriage by License. This, with but two or three exceptions, was agreed to. They were relieved from marrying, and I returned some £150 a year. Of course, if it was legal to marry couples out of their districts, it was legal to retain the fees; but the matter was practically and for the most part happily settled. No doubt, in the course of years, as a new generation springs up that 'knew not Joseph,' the marriages at 't'ould Parish Church' will be fewer and fewer, and the difficulty will be practically settled.

Marriages are contracted very early in these manufacturing districts. Wages are good. Young people are of necessity brought much into close and daily contact with



each other in mills and factories. It is difficult to know what to say about these early marriages. One could not but feel how little a lad of nineteen and a lass of seventeen could realize the responsibilities of married life, and how sickly and immature must be their progeny; but in what direction can legislation touch or prevent these early marriages? Better they should than that they should not be, for reasons on which I need not enlarge. I confess that I and all my staff felt that this marrying and giving in marriage was the least agreeable of our offices. The behaviour is rarely devout, often very unseemly. If I was at any time particularly interested in a girl—*e.g.*, a Sunday-school Teacher, or Scholar, or a Communicant—I generally arranged to marry her apart from the ten or twenty couples at a time. We had trying and amusing scenes. Wooing is not very protracted in those districts. A man has not always time to take his *fiancée* to try on the wedding-ring. I have known a man buy it on chance of its fitting, and to bring a piece of soap with him in his pocket. When the time came to put on the ring, he would say, 'Come, lass, let's soap finger and try ring if it fit you.'

One of my curates, Mr. Robinson, of Luddenden, was sore exercised on one occasion, and came to ask me if he had done right. When he put the question to a man, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' he replied, '*I woll if lass will black my boots.*' This in Yorkshire is equivalent to 'obey.' He cautioned him that if he did not answer properly, he would not proceed with the Service. He put the question again, and the bridegroom gave the same reply. Cautioning him once more, the man said, standing outside the Altar rails: 'If yer'll listen for moment, I'll tell yer how it is. Cooming down Horton Street, I says to this 'ere lass, "Now, lass, ye maun promise yer'll black my boots. If yer'll no promise, I'll no wed yer."' Of course, as the Rubric makes no provision for such pledges or replies, the couple went away unmarried. Fancy this sort of thing transferred to St.

Peter's, Eaton Square, the language or terms being altered according to circumstances! The Banns had necessarily to be read with speed. One could not always know who were going to be married. But little time was left to 'forbid.' Indeed, they might, as was not infrequently the case, be put up, without parents' knowledge, by a boy or girl residing in some remote part of the ancient Parish. A girl has been known to come home, and, to the astonishment of her parents, announce that she was 'wed a day or two afore at t'ould Parish Church.'

I have been asked over and over again if I have ever heard Banns forbidden. Yes indeed, with a vengeance! I doubt if any other clergyman has had the same experience of 'forbidding Banns.' I was to preach at St. Clement Danes in the Strand, now under repair. I never pass that Church without recalling the scene. I was early in the Vestry, and a woman came in in a very excited state, pacing the small vestry with a very large gingham umbrella in her hand. I asked her what was the matter. She said she had come to forbid her son's marriage. I asked her for what reason. She said he had no money. I told her that was no legal objection. 'Well,' she said, 'he has no *brains*.' I told her that *that* again was no legal objection, that not only many people married without either money or brains, but that I thought it would be well, seeing she was his mother, not to give out that her son was so deficient. The truth was, the lad was under age. I told her I was not the Vicar, but had come to preach. I said, 'Take my advice: go, if you can, quietly into the Church; sit near the Reading-desk, and when the Curate gives out their Banns, stand up and say, "I forbid them."' My heart went pit-a-pat as the Second Lesson drew to its close. I was prepared for a scene, but not for what actually took place. There were several Banns to be published—first, second, third time of asking. Several loving couples were in the Church, looking forward to their marriage next day. The Curate began, 'I publish the Banns of Marriage——'

Without waiting to hear who they were, she sprang to her feet, waved the gingham over her head frantically, and exclaimed, '*I forbids them all—all—all!*' The consternation which followed is better imagined than described. The Vestry was filled with Edwins and Angelinas to know 'who this old fool was.' In the general tumult I called a hansom and made good my escape!

Who that knows Halifax Parish Church does not know that Prince of Vergers, Sagar, so long, so faithfully, so loyally connected with 't'ould Parish Church,' and for whom we all have the greatest regard? He is a 'character,' and a fine specimen of real Yorkshire wit and readiness. What stories I could tell of him, who has a place on the mantelpiece of my study, and looks so venerable in gray hairs, skull-cap, gown, and verger's staff, that I was asked if it was an *Armenian patriarch*! What experience he has had, spread over many years, of marriages! On one occasion a bridegroom discovered after the Service that he had no money with which to pay the fees. 'I knowed right well, Vicar, that he had the brass.' Sagar went to the bride in his most winsome way and asked her, 'Hast ever seen Black Bibles? We've a rare lot on 'em in this 'ere vestry.' 'No,' she said, not having the faintest idea of what a Black Bible was. 'Coom along, I'll show yer them.' He lured her into our inner vestry. 'There's the Bibles,' he said, pointing to them, locked up as they were in a bookcase with glass panels, of which he had not the key. 'Wait a while till I come back.' He turned the key of the vestry on her, locked her up, and, going to the bridegroom, said, '*Lass is all right, but you'll no have her till you have paid.*' The 'brass' was immediately forthcoming. A butcher, on being married, expressed to Sagar his regret that he had no fees, and said: 'Do you think, Sagar, Vicar would take it out in sheep's heads?' Fancy being paid 'in kind,' and a sack of raw sheep's heads left at the Vicarage! A neighbouring Vicar came to me one morning to tell me that he was sure I could not know that we had, a few days

before, married a man to his deceased wife's sister. I told him it was impossible for me to know this, unless warned beforehand, but that I would make inquiries. Sagar had to see, in his office, the parties who wished their Banns published. In Yorkshire they call Banns 'spearings,' from the old Saxon word 'spear,' to ask. I interviewed Sagar. 'You take the "spearings," do you not, Sagar?' 'Yes, I do, Vicar, and, my word, I've a lot of trouble with them young folks.' 'Did you take the spearings of So-and-so?' 'Yes, Vicar, I remember them, and, Lord, they gave me a lot of trouble! Why, they sat and jabbered, I thought I'd never get rid on't.' 'Were you aware that the man was going to marry his deceased wife's sister?' 'Oh yes, Vicar, I knowed right well. I knowed parties.' 'But why did you not tell me? I should, had I known it, have forbidden them.' 'I knowed, Vicar, you would, so I didn't tell you, do you see?' 'But you ought not to have done that, Sagar. You might have got me into trouble.' 'Well, Vicar,' said Sagar, 'it was just this way, do you see: one of the parties was eighty-four, and t'other eighty-six. I says to myself, "*Lord, it can't last long; let 'em wed, and bother the laws!*"' It was about this time that the whole question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister was being discussed in the House of Lords. I said to myself, There is one man in Yorkshire who knows how to solve this vexed question.

Many more good stories I could tell of Sagar, a warmly welcomed guest whenever he can pay us a visit, and one of the first I go to see when revisiting Halifax. He is a contrast to a verger at St. Giles's, Northampton, where I conducted a Mission. This man had long flowing locks of gray hair, and wore a coat which was a cross between a beadle's and a fox-hunter's. He always called the congregation 'his dear people.' He could not make me out. A Mission, After-Meetings, etc., were to him a profound mystery. I offended him by drawing attention to some of the windows, which he insisted had been opened by the

wind. I said the wind must have been *very* violent, as it had twisted the cords of the windows tightly all round the hasps. He said nothing at the time. The following Sunday, the Church being under repair, the Communion Office was read from the Reading Desk. What possessed me to do so I cannot say, but, in a moment of forgetfulness, I went into the Pulpit during the recital of the Nicene Creed. I was on my knees praying, and felt a thump on my back. As I looked up, there was my avenging angel. He said, quite loud enough for some to hear, 'What are you doing in this 'ere Pulpit afore the Nicene Creed is said? My dear people won't have it; *come down.*' To this day it is remembered how, guilty and crestfallen, I obeyed the peremptory summons.

I must tell something which will scarcely be believed, but I tell it word for word as it took place in my study at Halifax, apropos to marriages. We hear of projected marriages broken off because of unsatisfactory settlements. I doubt if many have heard of one broken off on a question of *best clothes*. A well-dressed woman called on me and said: 'I'se glad, Vicar, to find you at home. I've coom for advice. I'se going to be wed.' 'I hope,' I said, 'it is for your happiness.' 'I'se no' sure,' she said. 'You know, Vicar, I've been wed twice afore.' 'If that is the case, you cannot want my advice.' 'Well, I doan't know. I thinks I likes this chap better than twa others,' pointing to where they rested; 'but he says he'll no' come in best. Twa others came in best.' I must explain that this man was a bargee. He did not want to be bothered about changing his clothes, but to be married straight off his barge. 'Well,' I said, 'if your two former husbands, out of respect, put on their best, I should insist on the third, or, possibly, a fourth, doing so. Have you any money of your own?' 'Aye, that's it, Vicar, he wants my brass, but I says to him, "You know, Bill, yer can't have my brass without me; yer maun take me if you wants my brass." (Can we conceive such wooing!) "And you'll no' have me nor my brass if

yer don't put on best.'" 'Quite right,' I said. 'Nao, Vicar, how much is license?' 'Two pounds twelve shillings.' 'How long will it last?' 'Three months.' 'Can I swop it if I likes for another chap in three months?' 'No,' I said; 'it only holds good for Bill.'

She paid the money, and on leaving my study said, 'Good-bye, Vicar, and thank you kindly. I'll see Bill this afternoon, and I'll tell him what ye said.'

That marriage never came off. Bill would not 'put on best'; she, equally resolved, would not yield. I think she got well out of it for £2 12s.

A neighbouring clergyman, after he had married a couple, was accustomed to shake them kindly by the hand, and say, 'God bless you! now, remember if I can ever do anything for you, be sure and let me know.' A working-man called on him about a fortnight after his marriage. 'Ye doan't remember me? Why, you wed me a fortnight ago, and you *was* kind; ye took me by the hand, and ye said, "God bless you! and if there is aught I can ever do for ye, let me know." ' 'Oh yes, to be sure,' said the unsuspecting clergyman; 'now what can I do for you?' 'Well, I *se* just coom to ax yer, will yer undo it?' Not far from his parish was one in which a friend, newly come from the South, who had yet to learn Yorkshire ways, was invited to preach. He had already had an early celebration and full Morning Service in his own Church, and had to return after a drive of some four miles for the Evening Service. It poured with rain, the congregation was very small, but he did his best. After service he was somewhat surprised and chagrined at the Churchwardens and the Sidesmen leaving the vestry without shaking hands or even saying good-bye. Left alone with the Verger, he was determined someone should say something, so he threw his fly over the Verger. 'Well, my friend, I am glad I have been able to come.' 'Yes,' replied the Verger, 'I *se* glad ye coom, and as I sat a listening to yer, I says to myself, *I think we might have had a worsen.*'

I was preaching soon after my appointment in one of the

churches in my gift. It was crowded to excess, as 'new Vicar' was to preach. Sufficient provision had not been made for collecting the Offertory. The Vicar went in his robes into the vestry and brought out a very seedy old hat. I saw the alms collected in the Chancel, and heard the 'chink, chink' of the coins as they followed each other to the bottom of the hat. The hat was in due course presented to me by the 'people's warden.' I refused to accept it, and waited until some more 'decent basin' had been found. On another occasion I was preaching in a Church not far from Dewsbury. Everything was in a very woebegone state. As a very dilapidated-looking verger was conducting me to the pulpit, and my mind was full of what I was going to say to the people, he suddenly stopped, and, pointing to the vestry, the door of which was open, whispered, '*Wad ye like a drop of somat first?*' There was a half-witted man in Halifax who used to try and persuade me to buy a bottle of some mixture of his own 'composure,' which he dignified with the name of Sauce. All his attempts were in vain. How he evaded my good and faithful friends the Churchwardens, Edward Huntriss and 'Jo' Kirk, I am at a loss to understand, but, secreted at the foot of the pulpit, he suddenly burst on me one evening as I was ascending it, and, producing a bottle of his 'Sauce,' whispered, '*Take a drop of it, sir; it is first-rate for the voice.*' It recalls to me what his butler remarked when staying with the late saintly Dean Fremantle at Ripon. Someone said, 'The dear Dean preached with great vigour this evening.' 'Yes, sir, I gave him a glass of sherry with a hegg beat up in it.' We put down his earnestness and vigour to a very different source.

How rich and rare are stories many of us can tell of things said by those who have to do with churches! Walsham How, full of humour as he was, as of all higher gifts and graces, was making inquiry as to how far, throughout his diocese, churches were kept open for private prayer, and how far they were used for that purpose. Asking a verger if he noticed anyone using the Parish Church for

private prayer, he replied, '*Yes, my lord, I ketch'd two of 'em at it only t'other day.*' I was leaving Halifax one day for some appointment, and on my way to the station passed a Church, the Vicar of which I wished to see. It was during Divine Service on a week-day. As I had not many minutes to spare, having to catch a train, and seeing the verger outside not worshipping, I beckoned to him, and asked him if he could quietly find out for me how far service had proceeded, as I should then know whether I could stay or not. He put his ear to the keyhole, and came back, saying, '*Please, sir, I've been a-listening, and Vicar is in all conditions of men, but I think he'll be out on 'em soon.*' By way of retaliation, this Vicar told me that on one evening when the Parish Church was likely to be very crowded, two old women arranged that they would take their chance for a seat and meet after service. I confess the handsome lectern, the generous gift of Mr. Norris, was a doubtful 'eagle.' The same might be said of many lecterns. They met after Church, and one said to the other: 'Well, did yer get seat?' 'Oh, I got first-rate seat; *I sat by Vicar when he was standing at "turkey."*' Two more were comparing notes about one of my curates. One said, 'I likes him best in pulpit.' The other said, '*Nay, I likes him best when he is at "goose."*' Am I not justified in saying that ours was a doubtful bird?

Two years after my appointment to Halifax I was travelling to London with one fellow-passenger, a stranger. He knew who I was, and entered into conversation with me about Halifax. I deplored the condition of the Parish Church, all the more as I saw its capabilities. I even went so far as to say that I did not feel I could continue there if the Church were not soon restored. It was all against earnest work, and did not lend itself as it was to many functions I had in view. As we drew near London, he said, 'Well, I do really feel for you, especially coming from that beautiful church at Doncaster. I will start you with £500.' In cordially thanking him, I said, 'I ought to assure you, I do not know to whom I have the pleasure of speaking.'



He introduced himself as Major Stocks. On returning home, I at once made this offer known. Sir Henry Edwards, hearing of it, called on me, and said, 'I did not like, Vicar, the idea of touching the old Parish Church, but I have come to tell you I am now quite of your mind, and will do all I can to help you in bringing about what you have so much at heart.' I said, '*Then, Sir Henry, we may look upon it as done.*' We went down together to see Mr. Appleyard. The interview was a success, and the conversation the same as on a previous occasion. 'I will give £1,000,' said Sir Henry. 'I will do the same,' said Appleyard; and we commenced the work of restoration with precisely the same sum—£2,500—as we did for the Redemption of the Vicar's Rate. The matter was at once taken up. A Committee was formed. No Vicar could have had a more faithful and resolute body of men to support him. Twenty thousand pounds was raised, and the Parish Church restored from end to end—gutted of everything, nothing but bare walls left standing—*within two years*. I left it a thing of beauty.

The work was entrusted to the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who was occupied with it even during his last illness, and on his lamented death his son, J. Oldred Scott, carried out faithfully his father's plans. We had a most imposing and impressive Octave of Services, and I was fortunate in securing as Preachers Archbishop Thomson, Bishop Bickersteth, Bishops Woodford of Ely, Goodwin of Carlisle, Fraser of Manchester, and Thorold of Rochester; Atlay of Leeds, Bishop Ryan, and the Dean of York (Purey Cust). Our able organist was Dr. Roberts, now of Magdalen College, Oxford, backed by our own splendid Choir, numbering some seventy voices.

The workmen who had done the work, mostly of the firm of the late well-known builder and contractor, Mr. Thompson of Peterborough, *headed* a procession composed of some 200 clergy. On that day God answered my prayer. I had the 'open reward' of prayer offered up in secret two years before. Of all those who preached during the Octave, not

one but myself, with the exception of the Dean of York, remains. I was annoyed to notice that at the opening service our capacious Font was filled to repletion with hats, etc., I instructed Sagar, who carried out implicitly 'Vicar's orders,' to fill the Font half full of water, in view of an evening service. The Church was again crowded. In poured the people, and in went the hats, bobbing about like corks in water. One woman put in a large woollen neck-cloth, and dragged it out more like a sea-serpent. 'Eh,' they said, 'that's Vicar as has done that. No one else but Vicar would think on't.' The Font was for the future carefully avoided. It was indeed a red-letter day, and marked a new era in the life and history of the Church in Halifax. No one ventured to dispute the confessed improvements. If always proud of their Parish Church, the people of Halifax point to it now with yet greater and juster pride. Everything worth preserving was jealously preserved. The Church is singularly enriched with old oak screen and pews. It is notable also for some elaborately glazed windows, which it were Vandalism to touch. All the clerestory and other windows were filled in with stained glass, and few, if any, Parish Churches in England are finer, or in every detail more perfect. I was one of the first in the West Riding to apply for a side Altar. The Holdsworth Chapel is now fitted up entirely as a small side Chapel. The late Bishop Bickersteth, so far from objecting to it, expressed to me how fully he was in accord with me in applying for a faculty for it. My opposition came from Dr. Swabey, Chancellor of the Diocese. I went up to Town to see him on the subject, and assured him we had no intention of dedicating it to a particular Saint. I found he had not gone carefully into the question. He most kindly said he would consult authorities of the Reformation period, and the result was—I use his own words to me in his rooms in the Temple—that 'he found that wherever the word "Altar" occurred, "Holy Table" was to be substituted; but he found *no* prohibition against a second Holy Table, or any injunction to remove any where

such existed.' He then and there granted me the faculty, and some short time afterwards Leeds Parish Church followed suit, and quoted to Dr. Tristram his brother Chancellor's opinion. This I know for certain, because the Vicar of Leeds put himself into communication with me. What conceivable objection can there be to a second Holy Table in a Cathedral or large Parish Church, where the sole object is the convenience of worshippers at the Celebration of Holy Communion, when Communicants are few, besides other advantages of Side Chapels for daily or special services?

Few in the South have any conception of the grandeur and capaciousness of some of the Parish Churches in Yorkshire—notably Leeds, Halifax, Bradford, Sheffield, Wakefield, Hull, Beverley, Dewsbury, etc. Yorkshire choirs are famous. The late Sir G. Elvey said to me, 'I suppose you will not care to listen to our music at St. George's, Windsor, coming as you do from the Germany of England?' It is marvellous with what power and pathos ordinary mill hands will render some of our more familiar Anthems. In remote villages in Yorkshire you will often hear a rendering of the musical portion of the service in a manner which puts many a Town church to shame. It is true that the noise and din of machinery somewhat affects the delicacy of the ear. The complaint of Precentors when we sent applicants for vacancies in the Cathedrals from Yorkshire was that the men had good voices, but did not sing in tune. Nevertheless, there are few Cathedrals in which we do not meet with a Yorkshire or Lancashire voice. Often have I, when preaching in one of our Cathedrals, had a hearty shake of the hand after service from some Lay Clerk who knew me in Yorkshire, with, 'Eh, I'se right glad to see you again.' The chief Bass, Mr. Shipley, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, was in my Halifax Choir. The late Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal was very much exercised, when he asked me, 'How do you think the Choir rendered the Litany this morning?' on my saying, 'I should have been

ashamed of it at Halifax.' There is a heartiness also, a 'go,' about their singing in Yorkshire, with which the apathy and careless ways of some of our Cathedral Choirs are in marked and painful contrast. We had a splendid choir at Halifax, trained by Dr. Roberts (now of Magdalen College, Oxford), and subsequently by the late and deeply lamented Mr. Garland, Dr. Roberts' successor. Sir Frederick Ouseley, no mean authority, preaching on the occasion of our grand Choral Festival with 500 carefully trained Yorkshire voices, assured me he had never heard anything finer.

As for little Bishop Crowther, coming from the Niger, I shall never forget his dazed look when he heard our Service. How well I remember his preaching in Halifax Parish Church, and the dignity of his bearing! It will be remembered that he was originally a slave-boy, and rescued from a galley. He was a 'dusky-darkey.' We had had some new Office-books presented to us by our dear Sunday Scholars; 'dear' I call them, for how devoted they were! How, to this day, they gather round me, grown up men and women, with their bright, cheery welcome! Seeing Bishop Crowther's little black hands just peering beneath his lawn sleeves, one girl said to me in her anxiety, '*Eh, Vicar, weren't you just afraid black would all coom off his hands and spoil nice books?*' Bishop Crowther was staying with us. He hoped that the offertory at Churches in which he preached would severally purchase one 'plate' for his steel-plated yacht, with which he wished to navigate the Niger. He had already preached in the morning and given an address to a crowded gathering of children in the afternoon. He was to preach again in the evening, when the Parish Church was packed. He was well on in years, and the effort was great. We were at tea, and someone called to see him. 'I am very tired,' he said to me; 'would you,' speaking in broken English, 'see him for me?' I told the man who called that the Bishop was too tired to see him. He said he wished particularly to see him, as he had some-

thing to give him. Returning to the room, I said to the Bishop: 'He wants to give you something, Bishop, perhaps a "plate" for your ship.' Suddenly rising from his seat and spilling his cup of tea, he said: 'Oh, I do not think, then, that I am too tired. I will go and see him.' He came back with a very disappointed look. 'Vat do you dink he wanted to see me for? He vanted to give me a portrait of his aged grandmoder to take out to his moder in my diocese.'

In my time Halifax people had the opportunity of hearing some of the more noted preachers of the day. It were invidious to mention names, but the Vestry Register contains the autographs of most of those who are best known in the Church of England. My friends Canon Body and Dean Hole have more than once preached within its walls. A gardener, hearing that Dean Hole was to preach, and having read his book on 'Roses,' said: 'Nay, I maun go and hear him. Maybe he'll tell us someat about Roses.' I could not persuade Bishop Selwyn to come. I had been his guest at Lichfield, and subsequently on a similar occasion, with Bishop Maclagan, gave addresses for Candidates for Ordination and preached the Ordination Sermon. I have his letter before me, January 25, 1878. With characteristic humility he writes:

'I owe you a great deal which advancing age makes me feel more and more unable to repay in kind, if, indeed, I was ever able. I now shrink from large Churches and crowded congregations, from a sense of nervous decay, unconnected with muscular weakness. I desire most of all to devote myself to such works as Barge Missions, Workhouses, Hospitals, and Prisons. "Solve Senescentem"\* is now my humble petition.

'Yours most truly,

'G. A. LICHFIELD.'

\* A correspondent writes: 'I observe with sadness the "solve senescentem."' The dear Bishop's appeal to me was never other than "parce senescenti.'" I quote from the Bishop's letter before me.—F. P.

I count it a great privilege to have been under Selwyn's roof. It was with difficulty I could give the Addresses, he sitting amongst his clergy as one of them, as did the late Bishop Campbell of Bangor, when I conducted a Retreat at Eastbourne. I felt how much they could teach me. I was alone at the Palace with Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn, and over the fire he gave me not a few of his New Zealand experiences. On one occasion a Maori chief came to him and craved a great favour. It was that the Bishop would give him his episcopal hat. Asking him why he wanted his hat, the Chief replied 'that he noticed it had a wide, deep brim, *and would afford good shade when taking aim with his rifle!*' On another occasion a Maori came, as they were wont, to get the Bishop to interfere about some cattle raid. The Maori was in a high tantrum. Suddenly his eye fell on an officer's jack-boots with spurs, which had been left in the Bishop's tent. Forgetting in a moment his quarrel, he was seized with an all-absorbing desire to be the possessor of those boots. He did not stay to ask if they fitted him, but plunged, not head-long, but leg-long into them. He stuck fast before he had got half-way, and could not extricate himself, occasionally in his frantic efforts having a prick from the spur. The Bishop told me it was the most laughable scene he had ever witnessed, as half of the boots dragged along the ground. So anxious was the Maori to be delivered from this imprisoned condition of his long legs that the real reason of his visit was not mentioned again. Mrs. Selwyn told me that sometimes a month or three months would elapse without her having any tidings whatever about or from the Bishop. His good son, but recently called to his rest, was delivering a Lecture at the Oxford House, Bethnal Green, at which I was present. He told us that, visiting a Chief in one of the many Pacific Islands, he found him suffering from a severe chill, and recommended a glass of grog. The wary old Chief insisted on the Bishop and his chaplain having a stiff glass first before he could be persuaded to take one himself!

What stories and anecdotes I could tell about Bishops I have known for the last forty years, with whom, in almost every diocese, I have been brought into contact by preaching, conducting Missions, or Retreats in their dioceses. Some few out of many I must tell. I knew Bishop Fraser intimately, long before he came to Manchester. Never was there one more transparently true, genuine and *mali innocuus*. With all his *bonhomie*, he was not, however, one with whom anyone could take a liberty. He was impatient of anything that even bordered on what was not straight. He was our guest at Halifax, and my cousin Goldwin Smith being in the neighbourhood, I asked these two Oxford chums, Hertford Scholars, etc., to meet. A book had recently been published on 'Misquoted Texts.' I showed it to the Bishop, and asked him if he had ever seen it. At breakfast he said: 'Goldwin, I am going to quote you this morning out of your recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*.' The Bishop was to preach for our schools. I happened to say that I thought it would be very difficult to keep up our Voluntary Schools side by side with Board Schools. The contest was unequal, etc. He went into the pulpit, the Church being crowded. He gave out his text, and then said: 'Your Vicar this morning put into my hands a book on "Misquoted Texts." I hope he does not think this is one.' In a few minutes he said: 'By the way, I recommend you all to read Goldwin Smith's article,' etc. I saw Goldwin shudder and shiver. Next, 'By the way, your Vicar said this morning he did not think that Voluntary Schools and Board Schools could thrive together. I do not agree with him. Look here! Give £1 rs. to each. There are plenty of rich men here. You do not mind giving £2 zs. for your wife's bonnets, and'—lowering his voice—'a bonnet is not much in these days: two strings and a patch of something.' Of course there was audible laughter in the Church. In the evening he again preached to a densely-crowded congregation. He was speaking of the Bible. He said: 'You know, you must not think that everything in the Bible is to

be strictly obeyed. For instance, the Bible says you are not to have two coats. Now, I have many more than two coats. If any of you would like to inspect my wardrobe at Bishop's Court, you will see them for yourselves.' Again I heard the ripple of laughter. After service we were walking up and down the station platform waiting for the Manchester train. His love of, and devotion to, his mother is well known. If possible, wherever he might be preaching, he endeavoured to return home for her sake. Of a sudden he thrust his arm into mine, and said: 'Pigou, you and I have known each other for years. I want you to be frank and honest with me; forget that I am a Bishop; let me feel that someone in the world will tell me the truth. How is it,' he said, 'that after preaching I never feel to have lifted a congregation to a higher tone? I have preached to-day to two vast congregations, and the same feeling haunts me.' At first I demurred saying anything, but as he insisted on it, I said: 'I honestly believe that if once you make a congregation laugh or titter, it never recovers its tone. This morning every head went down when you told them the price and material of a bonnet, and they tittered when you invited them to inspect your wardrobe; can you wonder?' 'You are right,' he said, 'quite right. I cannot conceive what leads me to say such foolish things!' I was conducting a 'quiet day' for the G.F.S. in Preston Parish Church on October 22, 1885. The evening address was specially for mill-hands. About five minutes before service the Churchwarden rushed into the Vestry, and said: 'Terrible, terrible news! our dear Bishop is dead! He died this morning from a clot of blood on the brain.' 'You will tell the congregation, will you not?' said the Vicar, 'and say something to them.' 'Yes,' I replied, but with the full heart of one who loved him. When I announced his 'departure' to the congregation, composed chiefly of Lancashire lasses, the weeping and wailing was such that, for some time, I could not proceed with my address. He lived in the hearts of those warm-hearted people. They say that to this day



women shed tears and strong men feel 'the lump in the throat' as they look at that dear face carved in stone in Manchester Cathedral. Not the least of my many privileges in life is to have enjoyed the friendship of honest, guileless, simple-minded Bishop Fraser.

Until the severance of the diocese, Halifax was in that of Ripon. Few men had a more rare *répertoire* of good stories than Bishop Bickersteth. I knew him well, not only as one of his Rural Deans, but in connection with the Mission at Ripon, which he asked me to undertake at the time when McNeile was Dean. He was an excellent administrator of his diocese; a preacher of no mean ability. His sermons always gave evidence of care, thought, and method, and he bravely did his work *usque ad finem*, notwithstanding not a few sorrows, with which no stranger may intermeddle, and a condition of health which must at times have sore distressed him. I know, from his having been our guest, under what conditions he often fulfilled engagements, and how a strong sense of duty made him oblivious of much which might have justified his not fulfilling them. He had, happily for him, in the midst of arduous work a keen sense of humour, and was a good *raconteur*. He was once sore tried in Halifax Parish Church. He was holding a Confirmation, and amongst the Candidates was a Mute. I engaged one connected with the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Leeds to come and interpret the Bishop's address, as I have done from time to time when having a special service for Mutes. Gesture language has largely superseded finger language, and is wonderfully expressive. Unfortunately I forgot to tell the Bishop that someone would be present to interpret his address. His eye fell on a man making strange gestures and grimaces whilst he was preaching, and it evidently 'put him out.' The climax was reached when the two hands approached the nose. It looked exactly as if this man were making 'a long nose' at the Bishop. The Bishop, evidently much vexed, summoned the interpreter into the vestry after Service, with a view of giving him a bit of his mind.

When the facts were explained, he burst into laughter at the thought of the unintentionally humorous scene.

He told me that he had a rather trying experience when at Lisbon, where he had gone for his health. He took donkey-rides, and taught a lad to say 'donkey,' by which he would know when he wanted a ride. One Sunday afternoon, when the Bishop was strolling with the élite of Lisbon life in the public parade, the boy spotted the Bishop, and called out, 'Dönkey, dönkey, dönkey!'

Bishop Bickersteth, like many more Bishops, had his stories of men coming up for examination for Holy Orders. One young man presented himself, of whom it could not, with the utmost charity, be said that he was 'apt and meet' for his learning. The Bishop, finding him rather hopeless, suggested that he should go into a private room, and, giving him a text, proceed to give a skeleton of a sermon. After a considerable interval, the paper was returned with absolutely nothing upon it, except the text. On the Bishop expressing his surprise that, after a good half-hour's consideration nothing came of it, young hopeful, an Irishman, said: 'I beg your pardon, my lord, but I ought to have informed your lordship that *I am an extempore preacher.*' The Bishop proceeded to examine him. 'Have you ever read your Bible through?' 'Oh no, my lord.' 'I am surprised that one purposing to take Holy Orders should never have read the Bible through!' 'I misunderstood your lordship. I meant I do not read it through *every* day.' 'I did not ask you if you read it through every day.' 'Oh, certainly, my lord, I read a portion of Holy Writ every day.' Bishop: 'I am glad to hear that. By what rule do you read your Bible? By the Church Calendar?' He: 'Oh no, my lord; by a rule of my own.' Bishop: 'You have rather excited my curiosity. Would you mind telling me what you read to-day?' He: 'Well, my lord, I knew I was coming to see your lordship, and passed rather a restless night. I rose unusually early, and *read all the consolatory portions and comforting promises of Holy Writ.*' It was an

appeal *ad misericordiam* which the Bishop could not resist. These, if you please, reader, are *genuine, authentic* stories. I was present when all that was mortal of Bishop Bickersteth was laid to rest, amidst every token of respect, under the shadow of Ripon Minster.

This brings me to tell what has never yet been told, and what I think Halifax people should know authoritatively from me, how it was that on the occasion of the subdivision of the Diocese the Bishopric did not come to Halifax, but was established ultimately at Wakefield. To most persons conversant with these matters it would seem as if Halifax could have had no rival for the distinction. Its position, as I have already said, is semi-episcopal. The Vicar's income is over £2,000 a year, and when certain leases fall in would, but for the action taken, be fully £3,000. All seemed ripe and ready for it. No heavy call would need to have been made for the purpose of endowing the See. The Vicarage is capacious, and considerable grounds are attached to it. Wakefield pressed its claims on the fact that it had certain local privileges, traditions and advantages, was better situated as regarded railway communication, etc. Its claims had also the support and persistent advocacy of its Conservative Member. Halifax was so far disadvantaged that not one of its M.P.'s, all being at that time Radicals and favouring Disestablishment, lifted up his voice that Halifax might thus be raised to the dignity of a City. But, despite this, the Government, as I have good reason to know, hesitated in their decision. As Vicar of Halifax, I was naturally asked to give my opinion as to the relative claims of the two rival towns for the See. I had an interview at the Home Office with the then Home Secretary, Viscount Cross. He admitted that it seemed natural that the Bishopric should go to Halifax, but he said: 'You do not want it at Halifax.' I said that was the first time I had heard that, and that he must have been misinformed. Laying his hand on some papers, he said: 'But there is a petition signed by several clergymen against it, and as no

such petition comes from Wakefield, and Wakefield does not protest against it, but is eager for it, it will most probably be decided in its favour.' That petition sealed the fate of the Bishopric. It had got abroad that some £1,000 a year would accrue to the Vicarage of Halifax in the course of a few years. The Vicars of the poorer Benefices had a secret meeting. Their cause was espoused by one or two clergy at Halifax whose names, though I know them, I will not reveal, who posed as their champions, and who did their very utmost to prevent the Bishopric coming to Halifax. They represented that, so far from establishing and enriching a See with it, the £1,000 should be expended in the augmentation of the smaller Livings for the poorer clergy. One can understand such a wish. It would commend itself to the minds of many, but it was in the way in which it was secretly done that the sting lay, and so, having no Member of Parliament to advocate the superior claims of Halifax, the Bishopric went to Wakefield. Halifax people know now the *real* reason which led the Government to decide in favour of Wakefield.

To Yorkshire generally the gain of the subdivision was incalculably great. For while relieving the Bishop of Ripon of a considerable portion of an enormous and onerous diocese, it secured the 'familiar as a household word' Walsham How, whose praise is in all the Churches, who has left his mark on his Yorkshire diocese as he left it in the East of London, and whose end was almost tragic in its circumstances. He was an old friend of mine. We had been brought together in days past in the conduct of Missions, in correspondence about Hymns and Tunes, and in ways which made his appointment particularly grateful to myself. One of the saintliest of men, he was also brimful of humour. He delighted in Yorkshire and Yorkshire ways. Shortly after his appointment a Verger said to him: 'I heard as you' (no 'my lord') 'was a cōoming to preach, and I jist looked at yer, and I says, Nay, I maun give yer someat to stand on in pulpit, or folk will see nowt

but your head, and you'll look as if you was in a tub.' He told me he had been out fishing, and had taken nothing. He met a boy with his creel full. 'Are there any fish, my boy, in the river?' 'Yes, there's a deal of 'em.' 'I have not caught any,' said the Bishop. '*Sōom doant*,' said the boy, and, without further remark, went on his way.

He had been visiting a costermonger in London who had lost his only child, and was really in great trouble. The Bishop endeavoured to comfort him to the best of his power. Rocking to and fro in distress of mind, he suddenly looked at the Bishop, and with tears running down his cheeks, said: '*D'ye think I could get the young beggar stuffed?*' He was visiting a poor man in the East of London who was supposed to be dying. The Bishop began to read a chapter out of St. John's Gospel. While he was reading, the man, supposed to be dying (!), dived with his hand under the bed and brought out a cake and ate it. 'Go on,' he said to the Bishop; 'I hear you.' The Bishop, not a little disconcerted, resumed his reading. Again the man dived under the bed and produced another cake and ate it. 'What are you doing?' said the Bishop. 'I came to see you, hearing you were dying.' 'Oh, I'm not dying,' he said. 'My old woman thinks I am dying, and she goes out to get funeral-cakes, and I eats them' (suiting the action to the word). 'She thinks it be rats, when she finds them gone, as has taken 'em, *but I'm the rat*. Go on.' The Bishop's eye twinkled as he told his stories, 'rich and rare.' A clergyman, taken very ill late on Saturday night, sent for a neighbouring Vicar, and asked him to preach for him the next Sunday morning. He was in too much pain to speak much, and directed his friend to his drawer, where he would find a sermon. The friend had not taken the precaution to look over it, and went to preach to a congregation *he had never preached to before*. As he proceeded he became painfully aware that it was a 'farewell' sermon. He became hopelessly confused, and plunged into a passage full of pathos: 'When I think of the twenty years so happily spent amongst

you, now so near their end,' etc. Finishing as quickly as he could to this amazed congregation, he came back and said to his friend: 'It is really too bad of you: you ought to have told me that was a "farewell sermon."' However, I must tell you, for my own satisfaction, that I *left the congregation in tears.*'

Another story too good to go unrecorded was of Bishop Bickersteth's experience. A certain Vicar had a married curate whose wife was in constant collision with the Vicar's wife. She was undoubtedly a "meddler." Things reached such a climax that the Vicar made it the subject of a Sunday morning sermon. He took for his text: 'If any of you be a murderer, or a thief, or a busybody in other men's matters.' He described in detail the commission of a murder, the apprehension and conviction of the murderer—the question, 'Guilty or not guilty?'—the Foreman's answer, 'Guilty, my lord:'—the judge, putting on the black cap, answering, 'I sentence you to death, and serve you right.' He then described a thief, the apprehension of the thief, and verdict of guilty. 'Seven years of penal servitude, and serve you right.' 'Now,' said the Vicar, 'we come to a "busybody."' But, you will say, is a busybody to be classified with murderers and thieves? The inspired Apostle so classifies them, and of all busybodies, the worst, to my mind, is a female busybody—quite the worst.' The Vicar then described in full detail, in a manner which no one present could mistake, the doings of the curate's wife. The curate writhed in the reading-desk during this description. She is arraigned before the same imaginary jury which brought in a verdict of guilty in the two preceding cases. 'Now, gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict, guilty or not guilty?' 'Guilty, my lord.' 'I thoroughly agree with you. My sentence is transportation for life, and serve you right.' When the curate heard the sentence on his wife, he rushed out of the Church! The Bishop told me this story, and further, that, hearing of this abuse of the pulpit, he sent for the sermon, read it, and returned it with strong com-

ments of displeasure and disapproval. The Vicar wrote in reply that he was very sorry his lordship did not approve his sermon, inasmuch as ever since he had taken Holy Orders *his one desire was to preach the everlasting Gospel.*

Full of humour himself, Walsham How fully appreciated humour in others, and could put things neatly. It was generally understood that his relations with Bishop Temple were, at times, strained. I remember hearing him asked how he got on with him. His reply was: '*It was a daily disputing in the school of one Tyrannus.*' He received a kindly letter from him when appointed to Wakefield, and said on receiving it: '*This is a long-missing, polished corner of the Temple.*' Everyone knows how fond he was of fishing. He used to tell of his experiences in Ireland. I recall two out of many. Stopping at a hotel in Ireland he asked to see a particular porter. One standing by and hearing him said: 'Your Reverence, was it that ye forgot to tip him? for if you did, I'm the man you're seeking after.' He was visiting a particular district in Ireland, and the driver of the car pointed out objects of interest to him. 'That, your Reverence is the Devil's bridge.' A little further on: 'That, your Reverence, is the Devil's cave.' Yet further on: 'That, your Reverence, is the Devil's kitchen.' At last the Bishop remarked that it was strange that everything should be thus named and associated, to which the driver replied: 'I must tell your Reverence he is one of the absentee landlords, and is gone to the country your Reverence comes from.' Walsham How, of saintly memory, was a man of great personal piety, which shone transparently in him. It characterized all his widely-read writings; his well-known hymns are fragrant with it. All brought into contact with him were conscious of it. He was not a man of great intellectual power. His preaching in that respect disappointed Yorkshire folk; but he was like St. Barnabas—'a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost'—and his ministry was singularly owned and blessed of God. It is true that more are won to God by holiness than by cleverness. He is at

rest in Paradise. Wakefield may indeed be congratulated that, when the appointment of a successor to Walsham How—no easy task—had to be made, the Prime Minister was guided of God to appoint Bishop Eden.

It was not long after the severance of the diocese that my time came to leave Yorkshire. My thirteen years at Halifax were, in my personal life, singularly eventful. I was not only allowed of God to have been instrumental in the Redemption of the Vicar's Rate and the Restoration of the Parish Church, raising in one way and another some £50,000, but I was appointed Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Trinity College, Dublin, conferred on me, *honoris causâ*, my two degrees of B.D. and D.D. Bishop Carpenter appointed me to an Honorary Canonry in Ripon Minster. How little could I have foreseen, when a boy at the Ripon Grammar School, that I should one day conduct a Mission and have a Stall in Ripon Minster! How little, when a fellow-student at Trinity College with Archbishop Plunket, could I have foreseen that I should conduct a Mission in Dublin, be the Archbishop's guest when I went with my wife to receive my Degrees, and be invited to take my seat in his place at the Council of Cheltenham College!

Of all the distinctions conferred upon me, I think I set more store on the conferring of my two Degrees than on any other. As Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, I had now my 'wait' at the Chapel Royal, and, constrained as one cannot but feel by the peculiar surroundings of the Chapel Royal, I always looked forward with interest to my 'wait.' The stipend is £30 per annum—*voilà tout*; but the honour is not to be estimated by £ s. d. The fine for not keeping your 'wait' on Sunday is £4 4s., so strictly enforced that even when I was down with scarlet fever at Halifax it was not remitted, and I threatened the Sub-Dean that I would come and infect the congregation! The fine is £2 2s. if you do not obey a 'command' to preach on a week-day in Lent. Into whose pockets these fines pass



remains a profound mystery. 'My Lords' covers large ground, and the amount each receives, however carefully distributed, cannot easily be calculated. On your appointment to a Deanery or Bishopric, you resign your Chaplaincy. The pill is gilded in courtly language to this effect: 'In consequence of your well-deserved preferment, you will please send in your resignation.' I have my Jubilee medal of 1887, and Her Majesty graciously sent me the additional Bar for 1897, though I had long ceased to be her Chaplain. I have preached several times in St. James's Chapel Royal, Whitehall, and the Savoy. Interesting as it is, for many reasons, to preach on these occasions, until recently the surroundings were unhelpful and uninspiring. For some years the pulpit was so placed in St. James's that you were overlooked from a gallery behind, where you caught a glimpse of bonnets like flower-pots on a window-sill. At the suggestion of the present Sub-Dean, Edgar Sheppard—deservedly a *persona grata* with all who know him—a small Lectern in the choir stalls serves as a pulpit, and the congregation is more *en face*. The singing also is much improved. On one occasion when I was preaching in Lent on a week-day, I was in a pew adjoining that of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. One of them was writing a letter—possibly to his *bien aimée*—during the Litany. He broke off to join in 'We beseech Thee to hear us.' The interruption was very frequent, and the letter can hardly have escaped being interpolated with clauses in the Litany. The letter thus interpolated was probably as confusing as that which a *fiancée* received from her lover, a medical man, who, instead of writing in the usual strain, put by mistake into the envelopes addressed to her several *prescriptions*.

I have often asked myself, 'Can any solitary instance be produced of anyone converted and really brought to God in the Chapel Royal?' Can any single instance be adduced or quoted of anyone in that congregation whose life has been changed, and who has become a living witness for Christ as a direct and traceable result of a particular

sermon there? It is so cold, frigid, courtly, that you cannot feel at your ease. Interesting for many associations, you feel inclined to say: 'Come, O Breath, from the four winds of heaven and breathe over this Chapel and congregation!' But St. James's was nothing compared to Whitehall, once a banquet-hall, with Bacchus and Venus on the ceiling, unconsecrated, now the United Service Museum. It used to be said that there were only three clergymen who could fill Whitehall Chapel at an afternoon service; they were Charles Kingsley, Magee and Boyd Carpenter. Full to repletion, I can understand a preacher unmindful of the surroundings, but, as a rule, you could not be. One incident occurred at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which found its way into the Society papers. The late Mr. Gladstone had resigned the seals of Office on the Saturday preceding, and attended the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the Sunday following, July 18, 1836. It was my 'wait.' The pew assigned to the Prime Minister was immediately in front of the choir and pulpit. By a singular coincidence, the Anthem was taken from Mendelssohn's 'Elijah': 'It is enough now, O Lord; take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers.' The gentleman to whom the solo was entrusted, seeing Gladstone there with Mrs. Gladstone, and anxious to acquit himself well, if not to 'improve the occasion,' kept looking at Gladstone and almost personally addressing him. I saw Gladstone following every note of the music, unaware that the bass was singing *at* him. It was so curious a coincidence that Lord Sydney said to me after Service: 'Did you, Pigou, notice anything this morning about the anthem?' I said it seemed impossible for anyone not to have noticed it. 'You may be sure,' he said, 'the only person who did not notice it was Gladstone himself!' Speaking of Lord Sydney, who with Lady Sydney constantly attended St. Philip's, he was, as everyone knows, a typical Court Chamberlain. His bearing was by some thought to be pompous. I heard that on one occasion, when the Prince of Wales was much

besieged for the entrée to some great function, he is reported to have said: '*Go and ask Blastus.*'

I once, and only once, had a short conversation with Lord Beaconsfield, but it was of interest, and I place it at the disposal of the Primrose League. I was preaching 'by command' at Windsor in April, 1880. Lord Beaconsfield had come down to resign Office. I knew, before the London world was aware of it, that he had that morning, before Service, resigned. I was walking after Service with Dean Wellesley in the private grounds of Windsor Castle, and two at Court, Colonel Gardiner and Lord de Ros, who came in and went out of office with the Ministry, accosted us and said, 'We are taking our last walk here this morning;' by which we knew that Lord Beaconsfield had resigned. I went down in the afternoon to St. George's Chapel, Windsor. After Service, passing down the Nave, Mr. Montagu Corry, now Lord Rowton, saw me and said to me: 'Lord Beaconsfield wishes to be introduced to you.' He had appointed me to Halifax. I ventured to say: 'Many, Sir, will be sorry to hear what has occurred this morning.' His reply to me was: 'Ah, well, wait; you will see that a great reaction will before long set in, and *I shall look forward to seeing my favourite primrose at Hughenden.*' The reaction came eight years later. What Lord Beaconsfield said about 'primroses' ought to give the *coup de grâce* to those of his political opponents who, *inter alia*, have said, 'It is all nonsense about Beaconsfield caring about primroses in particular.' It is perfectly true that he had a special love for primroses.

I always enjoyed preaching at the Savoy. It used to be a trysting-place of dear old friends of St. Philip's days, and I had a great regard for White of the Savoy. In some ways singular or even eccentric, there was a peculiar charm about him which was one secret of his power in filling the Savoy. He made the Savoy so much the opportunity for his congregation hearing different preachers of the day and of all schools of thought, that he was, naughtily, nicknamed

the 'Nelson amongst the clergy,' 'expecting every man to do his duty.' He quoted, and so aptly from a well-stored mind, passages from different authors that his sermons were described as 'elegant extracts.' I have heard—I am not prepared to say how far it is true—that on one occasion when he was commanded to preach at Windsor, the Queen said to him, 'I liked your sermon, but I particularly wanted to hear you.' He had a curious experience with an old pick-pocket. The man was dying and sent for White, who, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to leave behind him a handsome presentation watch and gold chain. The pick-pocket was really dying. White, leaning over him and speaking words befitting so solemn an occasion, saw a smile steal over the man's face, which he not unnaturally thought arose from a consciousness of forgiveness and sense of peace. Alas! no; with 'the ruling passion strong in death,' the old pick-pocket had deftly relieved White of watch and chain, and smiled at thought of his cleverness. I have been told, though White himself never told me, that the dying man handed back watch and chain.

One scene rises before me which I cannot help recording. I had recently been giving a Lecture at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on 'An Evening with the Microscope.' I conducted the Mission in that Parish Church when well-loved Blenkin was its devoted Vicar. Towards the close of the Lecture I was throwing on the screen different specimens of parasites (not proselytes), amongst others a flea. I said, 'I do not call this *Pulex irritans*, for that you would not understand, but I call it by its old, familiar, well-known name, a flea.' On returning home, Blenkin, who was a ripe scholar, said, 'I much enjoyed your Lecture, but you said one thing which quite spoiled it.' 'What was that?' I said. 'Why, you said *irritans*; it is *irritans*—as long as my arm.' I am afraid I had been thinking of *irritable*, *irritant*, suggested by a flea! The very following Sunday who should be in the Savoy Chapel but Blenkin! I was the preacher that evening. White used sometimes to ask

one of his choir to read a Lesson. It happened that evening to be Rom. xvi., a chapter not infrequently selected in Divinity examinations to test our knowledge of 'quantities.' All was fair sailing, like going down the Thames until you get to the choppy Channel. Then came Epictētus, Andronicus, Aristobūlus, Tryphēna, Tryphōsa, Asyncritus. The reader evidently thought he might as well introduce a little *variety*, e.g.: Patrōbas, Philolōgus, Nērēus. Blenkin with his grave, demure face sat opposite this delightful reader, who was utterly unconscious of the misery he was causing. He sat with hands clasped in agony; he shivered with visible *shudders*, as if he were receiving a series of galvanic shocks. Next day he wrote to me: 'Dear Pigou, your *irritans* was nothing to last night's performance; do persuade that good fellow White to get someone to read who knows Greek.' I never go up the Strand and pass the Savoy without recalling my warmly attached friend White, and many happy evenings spent in Savoy Chapel.

But I must bring this chapter in my life to a close. I might write of not a few interesting incidents in connection with being Chaplain to the splendid regiment of the Duke of Wellington's 4th West York Volunteers, and to Sir Henry Edwards' fine Yeomanry Regiment; of our ten days at Scarborough, Harrogate, Whitby, and other places, and of much kindly intercourse and good-fellowship. I think I was the first to introduce a short daily service in Camp with the Volunteers. The example was followed elsewhere. The Colonel allowed me twenty-five minutes. The Service was purely voluntary. The Band volunteered to play, and I have had sometimes as many as 200 men of all ranks at that short service. I think we all agreed that a ten days' outing was too short.

It was during my Vicariate that I was invited to conduct a Mission in New York. The generous congregation of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in Fifth Avenue sent me a cheque for £100, to cover our expenses to and fro. My wife accompanied me, and gave many addresses at different

gatherings. We went out in the ill-fated *Oregon*. The Americans thought we accomplished a good deal in a short time. The Mission (1885), which was one of great interest, was from November 27 to December 6. We reached New York a week beforehand, and I took the opportunity of visiting its principal Institutions, particularly its Hospitals, Prisons, and Asylums. The Mission, opened by Bishop Potter of New York, whose acquaintance ripened into valued friendship, spread over ten days. A Member of the Congregation offered to take my wife and myself to Niagara Falls, on the one condition, rigidly enforced and very easily consented to, '*that I left my purse behind me.*' We went *en luxe*, travelling all night by the express to Buffalo, spending the day following in visiting the Falls, Rapids, and Whirlpool. We came home the same night to New York, and, crossing in the *Arethusa*, were back at the Parish Church for Christmas Day! I have many pleasant and grateful souvenirs of our stay and work in that Church, which represented the élite of New York society, and of the hospitality and kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Glover, of Madison Avenue.

For parts of two successive winters I took charge of Christ Church, Neuilly, built by Miss Leigh, now the wife of the Archbishop of Ontario, and acted as Chaplain to her devoted band of workers in the Avenue Wagram. Familiar with the ordinary sights of Paris, I took the opportunity of leisurely visiting many places of interest, specially the Night Schools in different *arrondissements*. As many as 12,000 names are down in some of these Night Schools. The Municipal Buildings are placed by the Mayors at the disposal of the working-classes, and leading Professors at the Sorbonne are required to give instruction *gratis*. We accompanied that exemplary man MacAll and his devoted wife to many Evangelistic services held in different parts of Paris. One result of the Republic is that religion is *libre*. No let or hindrance is now placed on the preaching of the Gospel in Paris. We helped good Miss de Broën in her

work at Belleville, and paid a visit to, and were entertained by, the king of the *chiffonniers*, who out of things picked up at night in the streets of Paris was able to provide his daughter with a handsome 'dot' on her wedding-day. I also visited with a detective many places where it would have been unwise and unsafe for me to have gone alone. Our summer vacation was generally spent at Whitby or Hom-burg, at both of which resorts I have conducted Missions and held 'quiet days.'

I might speak of our grand choir at the Parish Church, and many memorable services held within its walls, notably the putting up of the honourable and riddled colours of the Havercake lads, a spectacle never to be forgotten; of special services for the Blind, and at another time for Mutes; of organ recitals and Masonic gatherings. I once had a special Service in the Holdsworth Chapel for the whole company of a circus. People ask me, 'Do you mean to say the clown came in his garb, and young women in their tights?' I have never had a more reverent and attentive congregation. The Manager said to me, in thanking me for having a Service for themselves alone on a Sunday afternoon, 'This is the first ever arranged for us. We are looked on too often as pariahs, as if we had no souls to be saved as other men, as if there was anything sinful in a circus. If such services were held for us in the towns or villages we visit, it would do a world of good amongst men of our class.' I took for my text Ecclesiastes iii. 4.

No man had more faithful and devoted curates than I had—Trower, Stedman, Archer, Lennard, Henman, Robinson, Davenport, and many more, my fellow-helpers in Christ Jesus; we worked in godly and happy concord. Each had his own Mission-room, separate staff of visitors and lay-helpers. No poaching was tolerated on each other's districts. We met every Monday morning for prayer and apportionment of work. Each Curate brought his list of sick, which I read over at our District Visitors' Meetings,

so that it was almost impossible, even amongst the 12,000 souls in our parish, for anyone to be ill without being regularly visited. I had a curate once who was disposed to give himself airs. One of my wardens said, '*I say, Vicar, that new chap is someat cocky, ain't he?*' I answered him that six weeks' experience of Halifax would cure him of any 'cockiness.' They have funny ways of speaking in Yorkshire. One of my curates was engaged to preach in a church in the country, and the train was very late. The congregation did not disperse, but kept singing and singing and singing, in momentary expectation of his much-desired arrival. The churchwarden kept a look-out for him, and viewing him coming up a hill, panting from heat, waved his handkerchief and shouted out, '*Coom along, coom along, we are just stalled (i.e., satiate) with singing.*' I remember hearing of a man supposed to be on intimate terms with Noah, and who thus accosted him: 'Well, Noah lad, and how's getting on in t' Ark?' 'Oh, fairly well, but *I'se fair bunged up with t' elephants.*'

We had some 1,200 scholars in our Sunday School, and amongst my happiest recollections, both at Doncaster and Halifax, are those of our Monthly Teachers' Meetings, in part devotional, in part social, at the Vicarage. Some of my readers will remember our most interesting open discussions at the Drill Hall, when that eminent controversialist, Mr. Harrison, held his own against all comers. Night after night it was packed to its utmost limits with some 3,000 people drawn from all parts—Huddersfield, Bradford, Wakefield. We publicly invited so-called Atheists and Free Thinkers to come. You may thoroughly trust a Yorkshire audience. They have keen wit to discern the force or weakness of arguments. One night Harrison, quick in repartee, gave a most thoughtful and elaborate address on 'Causation.' For a considerable time no one seemed disposed to tackle him. At last one, who evidently posed as a Goliath, came up on the platform. I heard his friends say, 'Go up, Bill, you'll give it him.' He began by



saying he objected to the whole theory of 'causation.' I reminded him and the audience that to object was no argument. 'That's right, Vicar, he maun say why he objects. Geron, Bill, and tell us why you objects.' Thus hard driven and challenged, he said, 'I objects to the whole theory of causation because——' Harrison rose and quickly said to this excited crowd, 'Do you think, my friends, we need listen any longer to this gentleman? He says he objects to causation *because——*' From all parts of the Hall I heard: 'Coom' doon, Bill; nay, you're no match for him. Your mither's waiting at door with perambulator to tak yer home,' etc.

I was always struck with Harrison's way of dealing with professed infidels. He did not abuse them for honest doubts. He gave them credit for sincerity, and won them by his attitude of considerate recognition of earnest thought on the part of those who professed unbelief. I had a great Temperance Mission one evening. One much interested in the temperance cause gave a lecture, and brought with him a tumbler of water which he had procured from a pond covered with duckweed. I recognised familiar animalculæ, freshwater shrimps, diminutive eels, shell-fish, etc. This is not the water people drink. Holding up the glass, he descanted on its contents, and proceeded to say, 'Now, my friends, watch the deadly effect of alcohol. The moment I drop a drop of alcohol into this tumbler all the creatures will die.' We did not want a man to come down from London to tell us that. A woman shouted out: '*Eh! my word! if that's what spirits does with the creatures, I'll always take care and put some in water I drinks!*' The lecture was brought to a premature conclusion. The same lecturer was lecturing and speaking rather loud. He was much disturbed by a baby crying. 'I wish,' he said, 'my good woman, that you would keep your baby quiet.' '*It's no me,*' she replied. '*Baby was fast asleep, and you woke it up with your talking so loud.*' I think he made up his mind never again to lecture in Halifax.

I have always been struck with the great interest Churchwardens in Yorkshire take in their churches. They may occasionally arrogate power they have not legally. More than once, in some outlying Parish, when appealed to, I have had to remind them that their office is '*one of observation, not of control.*' But such cases were quite exceptional. I remember a Churchwarden calling on me, and saying: 'I've coom, Vicar, t'ask you to preach in oor Church. Ye'll coom, woan't yer?' 'I'm very sorry; I cannot.' 'But you māun coom. D'ye think I've given up whole day's business to see you and for nowt?' 'I'm very sorry, but I am full of engagements.' 'Wall, I stays here till yer says you'll coom.' And he would have done so. And I had to find I could come. It is interesting also to notice the lively interest Sunday School scholars take in their school. It is well known that you must go to Yorkshire or Lancashire if you would realize the hold which the Sunday School has and retains over its scholars. We had large classes of adults, of married men and women. This is a great contrast to what you see in the South, where children think themselves *much too old* at fifteen or sixteen to go to Sunday School! I have seen men and women of gray hairs come, and from long distances, to the Services on the occasion of Sunday School Festivals. You will see them as well as the Scholars, waiting after Service, lingering about the Vestry door, to know what the collection for '*the ship*' amounts to. In some measure I account for this remarkable attachment to the Sunday Schools by the fact that, before the Factory Act was passed, when hours of labour were protracted, children had but little chance of even learning their letters. In not a few instances Sunday Schools were the opportunity for primary education. I found 'primers' in our Infant Sunday Schools when I first went to Halifax.

Amongst the largest assemblies of Sunday Scholars I have ever addressed, one was at the afternoon Service at St. Pancras Church, when I conducted the Mission, in

Dean Spence's time. Some 2,000 children were present. A yet larger was in Manchester Cathedral at the great gathering, when some 20,000 scholars paraded the streets. Let anyone who has had to address children imagine the effort to keep their attention when packed in a Cathedral, and on their chief holiday. The sermon has, and very wisely, been dispensed with. Another Sermon and Service has been dispensed with, but on different grounds. I was invited to preach the Sermon on the anniversary of the Oaks Colliery explosion. It was felt that the effect—not, I hope, of the sermon—was bad on the younger pitmen, for one could not but dwell on that great disaster. One fact in connection with it is worth recording. There was in the neighbouring village a somewhat notorious character—profane, of drunken habits, and generally regarded as 'a bad lot.' When no one else thought of it, he volunteered to go down that awful pit, belching forth smoke, when to do so seemed madness, that he might 'peradventure save the horses and mules alive.' He descended that pit with a supply of food and water at the risk of his own life. There was a soft spot in that man's heart.

What verdict shall I, after twenty-three years of experience in Yorkshire, thirteen of which were spent in one of its great industrial centres, pass? What impressions are left on the mind in reviewing those years? It were repetition to say that I know the West Riding and East Riding well, or that there is not a Church of importance in which I have not preached. I overheard this conversation in a railway-carriage, between two men who knew Yorkshire well. Said one to the other, 'What do you think the Yorkshire mind most cares about?' To which the other replied, '*Trade and politics.*' The artisan class are keen politicians. This is much encouraged and stimulated by the local press. Lord Beaconsfield was amongst the first to appreciate the power of the Provincial Press. Not one mechanic in a thousand takes in any of the London dailies. The editors of the Provincial Press have golden opportunities of infecting the

minds of the dwellers in Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Huddersfield with their own political opinions. Hence it is that so many editors, *e.g.*, Cowen, Baines, Hutchinson, were returned for Parliament. I should say that the general bias of politics is Radical. Hence you find Nonconformity so prevalent. The two go together. 'Independents' represent perhaps more than any other of the Free Churches the political aspect of religion. That trade should largely occupy the mind of Yorkshire is natural. Yorkshire and Lancashire are the pulse by which to tell the condition, prosperous or otherwise, of Trade. The mills are on an enormous scale, the machinery the most perfect that can be made. The employés are to be reckoned by thousands.

Nonconformity is undoubtedly a great power in Yorkshire. It is supported in many towns by the influence and purses of wealthy capitalists and employers of labour, and though I am prepared to find what I am about to say challenged, I honestly think that the Church of England does not do much more than hold her own. Nonconformity is vigilant, active, not slow to imitate and utilize anything that the Church of England from time to time introduces into its Churches and Parishes. I introduced at Halifax Choral Festivals, Harvest Festivals, Flower Services and a Choral Union. I lived to see every one of these adopted in every Chapel. I used often to say to my Nonconformist friends, 'The Church of England is not, after all, so bad, for imitation is the sincerest flattery.' The strength of Nonconformity in the West Riding lies also not only in the material support of the influential and wealthy, but in her pulpits. I doubt if you ever hear a bad sermon in a Nonconformist pulpit. The more serious and devoutly-disposed laity in Yorkshire are far from approving the pulpit being used, as it too often is by Nonconformist preachers, for political purposes. Many an intelligent Nonconformist has said to me: 'I have no sympathy with these political Jeremiads on Sunday. I want to hear Christ and not

Gladstone preached. Were it not that you are a State Church, I should infinitely prefer to go to the Parish Church.' Very few of the more leading Nonconformist laity, when in London, go to their Chapels. How often have many Dissenters in Halifax told me whom they went to hear in the Church of England when in Town. In vain you point out to Nonconformists that the State protects them as much as it protects us. It protects their Endowments equally with our own. If a Nonconformist builds a Chapel, and in the Trust Deed distinctly declares that he builds the Chapel on condition that certain doctrines are preached in it, if those doctrines are not preached, the heresy, or violation of conditions, has to be referred to the Privy Council.

Whether Nonconformity is retaining or lessening its hold is open to serious question. In many cases our Liturgy is largely used, especially at funerals. I am in a position to state, most positively and most fearlessly, that numbers of Nonconformist Ministers would gladly take Orders in the Church of England. They have come to me both at Doncaster and Halifax to consult me on the subject. I have on several occasions corresponded with some of our more liberal-minded Bishops on their behalf. A man in Halifax, who had a large congregation, said to me in my study, 'If I had my chance and were free, I would ask to be your curate here.' When I asked the reason for his wishing to take Orders in the Church of England, one Nonconformist Minister said to me, '*We are dependent Ministers on independent congregations.*' He put it in a nutshell. The time must come to many of the more intelligent and thoughtful when Christianity can never be faithfully represented by one sect. The constant preaching of one particular, favourite doctrine, is opposed to the harmony of Truth. With growing experience of life, thoughtful men fret against the cramped and limited creed put into a bottle with coins of the realm. Every Bishop in the Church of England, notably perhaps the Bishop of Llandaff—for we have talked it over together

—will bear me out in what I say, that not a month or year passes without a Nonconformist Minister seeking to be one of us. I am afraid I must say that this outward truckling to the Church of England, together with a secret wish to forsake Nonconformity, is not wholesome, it is not true.

Another impression left on my mind is that Yorkshire is *exacting*. The laity fully appreciate hard work. Leading busy and active lives themselves in the stir, activity, keen rivalries, and competition of Trade, they cannot tolerate a drone. They will listen to poverty-stricken utterances on Sunday if behind all this they know the preacher is 'a hard-working chap'; but for all that, the Yorkshire mind is *exacting, requiring*. I doubt if they have much sympathy with invalided, overwrought, broken-down clergy. This arises partly from habits of thought bred, engendered by living in the midst of, and having to do with, *machinery*. So soon as some piece of machinery cannot do its work, put it away and replace it with one that can. Occasionally I had to go away overborne with work, and needing, as well as entitled to, periods of rest and change of scene as much as any one of my parishioners. It was sometimes a matter of unfriendly comment, such as I should never have thought of making if a mill-owner sought rest. Nor could they understand your taking work elsewhere, though work lighter and more varied was rest. I found it extremely difficult to excite their sympathies for our poor clergy. I instituted at Halifax a Fund for the Augmentation of some of the poorer Livings in my Deanery. The utmost I could get, spread over that large area of wealth, was about £300 a year. The view taken was thus expressed to me: 'You know, Vicar, he takes Living as I takes mill. If he worked in our mill, he would never get as much.'

To work in Yorkshire, one of the finest fields for work, a splendid discipline for the whole man, is a strain on all his energies. Hence it is that few remain at the greater posts for many years, and he is wise who in Yorkshire resigns a

post which is arduous before the evil days come when he shall say, 'I have no pleasure in them.' The Vicar of a Parish living in the midst of activity, must be active himself, ever in the front, in season and out of season, and for his own happiness, at least, he had better not outlive his powers in Yorkshire. God in His good providence foresaw all this for me. I always suffered more or less from the severe, trying climate of Halifax. I was laid low with scarlet fever from constant visiting in an epidemic of scarlet fever, which specially attacked adults. Then followed, quick on this, an agonizing illness of gout for three months. I felt that in justice to the place itself, seeing how important such a post was, and for any future usefulness which God might allow me, I had better accept some other, should such be offered. But I retain many happy, helpful recollections of thirteen years at Halifax. I have every reason to know that my wife and daughters, who so closely associated themselves with every good work in Halifax, are to this day, together with myself, affectionately remembered. My wife took a most lively and active interest in Mothers' Union, in G.F.S., in Waifs and Strays, in Lodging Houses for tramps, and was much beloved. My daughters had much at heart their District, Sunday School Class, etc. We never revisit Halifax without abounding evidence of the warmth of Yorkshire hearts, which separation, so far from lessening, seems to foster. Amongst souvenirs of my ministry, seals, I trust, in many cases to it, we are proud to point out to visitors the costly, beautifully executed model in silver of 't'ould Parish Church,' which was publicly presented to me at a great farewell gathering in the Drill Hall; and last, but not least, a very beautiful ivory paper-knife, with silver handle, presented by the Inspector and porters as we left the station. My wife held a class on Sundays for as many of these as could be spared. Halifax is never forgotten by its 'Ould Vicar,' who will ever retain a grateful recollection of devoted Curates, faithful workers, and many personal, warm-hearted, and hospitable friends.

## CHAPTER XIV

CHICHESTER, 1888—1891

Offer of Deanery—Congratulations—Farewell gatherings—Deans Hook and Burgon—Anecdotes—Chichester Cathedral, Chapels, Cloisters—Convocation—San Remo—Epworth—Goodwood Races—Bishop Durnford's Letter.

THE late Bishop Walsham How had come over to us at the Vicarage to conduct a 'quiet day' for the clergy of my Deanery. After breakfast I went into my study, before going down to the Parish Church, and found a letter awaiting me from Lord Salisbury, dated Chalet Cecil, Puys, September 20, 1888, offering me the Deanery of Chichester, as successor to Dean Burgon. In this letter Lord Salisbury says: 'It is a Deanery that has many advantages, but, from all that I have heard, I am afraid it is a Deanery which has suffered much from agricultural depression.' The nominal value is £1,000. It is now reduced to £500.

In my boyhood I had always pictured to myself a Deanery as the *beau idéal* of a sphere of ministerial usefulness where, in later life, one could combine quiet with work. It never presented itself to my imagination as one of *otium cum dignitate*. One was accustomed to hear Deans spoken of as men of inaction, and Deaneries as a sort of paddock in which worn-out workers leisurely grazed. I used to think how great the trust must be to be Dean of one of our grand historic English Cathedrals; what centres they might be of spiritual influence which should be felt throughout the Diocese. The one drawback seemed to be the quaintness of Apron, Gaiters, and Shovel hat. I loved to stroll in the quiet Cloisters of a Cathedral, to look on the plots of sunlit grass, to hear the caw of rook and jackdaw, to think of all that Cathedrals represent—monuments of the piety and zeal of those who, with patient toil spread over many years, be-



queathed these stately piles as a sacred legacy. I thought of them as opportunities for daily worship, schools of sacred music, occasions for dignified services. I loved to watch Dean and Canons filing in procession, headed by Choristers, and to hear soft music steal through Choir and Aisle. I set before my mind endowed Canonries and Stalls assigned to men who had done good work in the Church, and who would carry on departmental work throughout the Diocese with more leisure at command, being set free from parochial or other labours. My imagination filled up one Stall with a Diocesan Missioner; another with one who should devote himself to the interests of Education; another with a learned theologian who could leisurely pursue his studies; another with an official more immediately associated with the Bishop and the Diocese. I thought how the Cathedral, with its restored side Chapels, might be utilized for great Diocesan gatherings and functions, or for more special and quiet Services.

One morning I woke up to find, unexpectedly, the offer of a Deanery! It was in some respects therefore tempting, not lightly to be declined. In other respects it was a great contrast to what I should have to resign. Mine was a position semi-episcopal, with an assured annual income of over £2,000 a year, the patronage of thirty-four livings, the opportunity of training men for the Ministry, and 'planting them out,' if they had done their work well, in such parishes as came within my disposal. I had, however, long felt that Halifax needed both a younger and more robust Vicar. The climate had made havoc of my health. I dreaded the possibility of hearing it whispered, 'He ought to resign.' It would have been as 'iron entering my soul' if, after thirteen years of unremitting work, I should have been looked upon as a piece of worn-out, useless machinery, for the Church does not exist for the individual. As a rule a man's ministerial usefulness is seriously prejudiced, if not paralyzed, by the feeling which gets abroad that 'he ought to resign.' Again, when I came to deduct the amount paid

in stipends to curates, and all the heavy expenses connected with a great parish and position such as mine, the difference of income was not so great as was supposed. I gave my good curates salaries varying from £200 to £150 each. I have calculated, as I have elsewhere said, that in the course of my ministry I have spent, out of my own income and revenues, £14,000 in stipends. The laity have no conception—do they care to have?—of how much the beneficed clergy spend out of the proceeds of their preferment, or from private resources.

When we plead in our Churches for the poorer clergy, for the augmentation of poorer livings, if people give a shilling or the *rara avis* of £1, they think they have done their share! Money bequeathed to me by relatives, by which wife and children would have been beneficed, is all gone in curates' stipends. Costly moves from place to place have so impoverished me, that I was in some respects better off when I managed to live on £75 a year with no demands upon it. I never could join in the laudation of those who, having abounding private means, which make them independent of professional income, either themselves give out, or let their friends give out for them, what sacrifices they have made in spending the whole of the income of a Living on their curates. They can afford to do so. The work has to be done. If they had not private means, they would have had to do as others do who get no credit for it. I have never applied to a Society for a grant. The people at Halifax had the belief, as persistently declared as it was unfounded, that there was some separate fund for curates at the Parish Church, apart from the Vicar's stipend. Over and over again I asked them to find out for me where the fund was. They had a deep-rooted idea that it came from surplice fees, quite forgetting that the £400 a year from surplice fees formed part of the Vicar's stated income.

A Deanery of £1,000 a year and moderate-sized house—for Halifax Vicarage was to me a white elephant—was not the great pecuniary sacrifice which I was credited with

making. Even if it had been a sacrifice, I am not sure that it is not as well that many, who credit us clergy with a tenacious love of loaves and fishes, should not know that there are not a few clergy who are prepared to make a pecuniary sacrifice for conscience' sake.

Again, important and advantageous as it is to have patronage, and to be enabled to promote good curates, patronage is not an unmixed boon. Everybody thinks he knows quite as well if not better than a Patron to whom a particular Living should be given. You are not always sure, also, how one, free from the restraints of a curacy, may act as a Vicar. I do not agree with the frequently made remark that in giving a Living you make ninety-nine unfriendly and the hundredth ungrateful. This certainly was not my experience. It was a delight to me to feel how many loyal men I had preferred—Powell, Lennard, Robinson, Davenport, Hall, Livermore, Filmer, Archer, Lloyd Jones, Bussell, Lightfoot, Oldacres, Young, Parkinson, Ivens. I grieve to think how many Edwins and Angelinas I must have disappointed! I constantly received letters asking me to give a Living to 'a most excellent young clergyman, engaged to a charming girl, and who were only waiting for enough to marry on,' etc. In one case I gave a Living as a 'wedding present' to a personal friend. I have heard that when someone said to Lord Salisbury, 'If Pigou takes Chichester he will have to forego the patronage of thirty-four Livings,' Lord Salisbury replied, 'Oh, happy man!' It has never made me unhappy since.

After much and prayerful consideration, I accepted the offer, and announced my decision to my congregation on the evening of October 15, 1888, at the same time fully and frankly stating my reasons. I was inundated with warm and hearty congratulations, and only wish I were at liberty to quote some of the letters I had received. Walsham How wrote: 'My dear Friend, I think you are right. I should have done as you have done had I been in your place. May God bless your future to yourself and to others.' Bishop

Thorold wrote: 'My difficulty is in conjecturing why you should not go to Chichester. If you are not crippled by the loss of income, there seems to be no other reason against it. May God bless you and bring you to the place He has chosen for you.' Dr. Gott, then Dean of Worcester, now Bishop of Truro, wrote: 'Rest at last—not the sort many of your friends have sometimes thought of for you, but a place where one can have leisure to live, and a work that may become well worth one's best energy. Not that I do not look back often to my dear old Leeds with envy at my successor; yet the rest is as necessary for you as it was for me, and I am very glad you have accepted it. Brother Deans, as we used to be Brother Vicars of famous Yorkshire Churches.' Mr. Cary of Bournemouth wrote: 'May the Blessing which has hitherto followed you in your important field of service for Christ be more than ever vouchsafed to you in your new duties.' Glyn, now Bishop of Peterborough: 'I am overjoyed at the news of to-day, that you are Dean of Chichester.' Daniel Moore, of Holy Trinity, Paddington, whose Mission I conducted: 'Accept my best congratulations on your promotion. It seems like taking you from an important work to a post of comparative leisure; but I remember an article in the *Times* in reference to a like remark about Dr. Hook, "If he does not find work at Chichester, he will make it," as no doubt will be said of you.' Dr. James, now Headmaster of Rugby, wrote: 'One line of hearty congratulations on your acceptance of the Deanery of Chichester. May you have long life and much blessing on your work. Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle: 'One line of friendly congratulation. As an old Dean, I am bound to believe that there is a career of usefulness open to those who are called to that "very reverend" office, and sincerely trust you may find, as I am sure you will, plenty of good work to do in Chichester, in the Diocese of which you will be Archpriest.' I received warm and generous congratulations from Archdeacon Mount, one of the Residentiary Canons, whose former acquaintance ripened into

lifelong friendship ; from Bishop Tufnell, now at rest, with whom I stayed at Croydon ; from Canon Teulon, Principal of the Theological Training College ; and from the revered and aged Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Durnford, who wrote : 'I have to thank you for your letter announcing your acceptance of the Deanery of Chichester. My relations with your two last predecessors have been in a high degree friendly and constant, and I trust the same excellent understanding may continue between Dean and Bishop.' I quote last, but not least, part of a letter from my well-loved Dean Hole of Rochester, for we 'love each other as brethren.' The letter is characteristic : 'Gloucester, Hotel —. Don't know its name. Came at midnight after preaching in London en route to preach at Tewkesbury to-day, September 27, 1888 :

'Dear Pigou,  
Is *Truth* true?  
And are you  
Going to be  
D. of C. ?

Personally I shall rejoice ; but, not to be over reticent, how about Income ? But, as the lady said when congratulated on her daughter's engagement, "Ah, thanks ; Jenny hates the man, but there's always something." One thing I must impress upon you : if you are going to be a Dean, there is only one man in England who can make gaiters—*all others are alligators*. Come at once to Rochester and I will take you on arrival to be measured. Kindest regards to Mrs. Pigou and the Misses, always affectionately yours.'

Sir Robert Raper, the able legal adviser as Chapter Clerk, most hospitably invited us all to make his house our own until we were settled in the Deanery. I must not dwell on the leave-taking, when at last it came, as day by day the time drew nearer when the tie of thirteen years was, outwardly, to be broken. The prospect of our leaving

brought out all the heart of those amongst whom we had in various ways ministered. We have many abiding and cherished tokens of warm-hearted Yorkshire friends. My wife and daughters have their souvenirs from Classes they taught and work which they did. We shall not soon forget the leave-taking at the Station on the part of the Railway officials, porters, etc., for whom my wife had her Sunday class.

The great leave-taking took place in the Drill Hall, which was made the occasion of presenting me with a purse and a very beautiful silver model of the old Parish Church, which occupies a prominent place in our Deanery. Some few will remember the last gathering of workers in the Holdsworth Chapel; the farewell there with its quiet celebration of Holy Communion. The farewell at the Drill Hall was made the occasion of welcoming the new Vicar, the present Archdeacon Brooke, in whose appointment I had a share; and our recommendation of him for the Vicarage of Halifax has been amply justified. Amongst applications for the Vicarage was one from a clergyman who laid it down as a *sine qua non* of his appointment that he should do all the work, in Parish Church, Mission Rooms, occasional Services to a population of 12,000, *single-handed*, as he had an objection to Curates. He based his qualification for the Vicarage on this fact, amongst other recommendations: When his Vicar was ill, he prayed for him three successive Sundays in the prayer for 'All conditions of men'! What different views men have of qualifications for a post of importance! I preached my farewell sermon—it cost me no little effort to brace myself to it—on the evening of October 14, 1888, and ceased from that time to be Vicar of one of the most important Parishes in England. I bequeathed to my successor the necessary income secured, the noble Parish Church fully restored, and an organized Parish which, while it left much to be still further developed, made his undertaking it more facile and less burdensome than I found it thirteen years before.

Shortly afterwards we moved to Chichester. How great the contrast from the stir and busy life of a West Riding manufacturing centre to the quiet of a Cathedral city! The Cathedral is on the borders of the Diocese, and can never hope to be made the home and centre of the spiritual life of the Diocese. The fact, again, that there are no less than *nine* distinct parish churches and a Cathedral, to a population of about 10,000, sufficiently accounts for the confessed 'dead alive' condition of Chichester. This my two immediate predecessors, Dean Hook and Dean Burgon, keenly felt. I doubt if there is a city in England that can compare with the general drowsiness and sleepiness of Chichester. Dean Burgon is credited with having said that 'Half its citizens were fast asleep, and the other half walked on tip-toe so as not to awake them.' He dated some of his letters from 'Sleepy Hollow.' This was quoted to me by one of its citizens, who interviewed me, and asked we what I thought of Chichester. My reply was: 'Your motto should be, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."' What with its deep-rooted Conservatism, favoured by three or four great neighbouring landlords, the absence of the quickening influence or active rivalries of Nonconformity, the want of room or space for real Church life, and the soft air of Sussex, Chichester is a very by-word for torpor. Morning Service in the Cathedral, lasting from 10.30 to 1, is the most sleep-inducing I have ever had to attend. Dean Hook fretted under the restraints of a Dean's rare opportunities, in Cathedrals on the Old Foundation, of preaching. The Dean's preaching turns were Christmas, Easter Day, and Whit Sunday. Hook arranged with the Chapter that there should be a Sermon in the afternoon, which he should preach. As in his later years he became inaudible, and Dean Burgon equally so, it was ordered in Chapter that the Dean and Canon in Residence should preach alternately. There were, therefore, what we Deans called 'dumb Sundays.' I very frequently spent those 'dumb Sundays' in helping my

brethren throughout the Diocese, for which they were more grateful than Chichester people were pleased. It enabled me to render help here and there in all the chief towns and many villages of the diocese over which Bishop Durnford so long and worthily presided. We could not have a Sunday evening Nave Service, for if it had not depleted some of the city churches, it might have seriously affected them, and have caused no little ill-will.

The City was much divided on the question of *drains versus cesspools*. Chichester in my time was honeycombed with cesspools, and there was much to be said in favour of them. The citizens used to speak of this as a local 'burning' question. I preferred, whenever I had occasion to allude to it, to call it an 'unsavoury' question. A large Meeting was held one evening to discuss the advantages of cesspools *versus* drains. The excitement was great, as both methods had their advocates. The excitement must have been great, inasmuch as a strong partisan had occasion to write to me after attending the Meeting—I have his envelope—'The Very Rev. the Dean, the *Drainage*, Chichester.' Whenever the citizens complained of my absence, I produced this envelope, and said that if my house was to be the centre of all the drains of Chichester, I felt fully justified in frequent absence. Such slips of the pen are as frequent as they are amusing. At an examination recently held a boy was told to give the names of some of the organs of the body. He began with the *infernal liver*. The examiner, a dyspeptic, was about to scratch out 'infernal,' but he said, '*No, on reflection I think the boy is right.*' So many stories were abroad of the eccentricities of my predecessor, that I am afraid I must have disappointed the good people of Chichester by not perpetuating their traditions.

Dean Hook had a habit of thinking aloud. The story is well known of his remarking aloud when the reader of the Lessons said, 'Here beginneth the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews'; 'Oh, then he has settled the question of the authorship of that Epistle.' Another story



is told of him: Seeing the Bishop come in a few minutes late, he wriggled in his stall and said: 'Extraordinary the Bishop of the Diocese cannot be in time when the Dean can!' Quite the best I have heard out of many, and not so generally known, is this: The offertory sentences were being read, and when this one was read, 'Zacchæus stood forth and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor,' the Dean was heard to say: '*Much too much; most unnecessary on the part of Zacchæus. I shall not give any more than usual.*' It was in his time that a great calamity befell the Cathedral. The beautiful tapering spire—twin-sister to that of Salisbury—telescoped, February 21, 1861, and an old Sussex saying was literally fulfilled:

'If Chichester Church steeple fall,  
In England there's no King at all.'

By Coronation Day, 1866, its restoration was completed, and some £60,000 was raised for that purpose. The Dean employed much of his leisure at Chichester in writing his 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.' I had my conversation with him about Doncaster at 4 a.m., when I found him, at his request, in his study, and we took an early stroll in the charming garden of the Deanery. No doubt, when anyone is known for any peculiarity, stories are invented or multiplied, but those I have given of Dean Hook are true. We were at evening family prayers at the Deanery. Dean Hook used his own Manual of Family Prayer. He turned over the wrong page and said, as we were all kneeling: "'We desire to thank Thee for the mercies of the night passed.'" Oh no,' I heard him say, 'that cannot be right; we are all going to bed. Cecil, you read prayers.' We composed ourselves as best we could under such trying circumstances, and Cecil read: "'We desire to thank Thee for the mercies of the day past.'" 'Yes, yes,' said Hook, 'that's right, we are all going to bed.' Such eccentricities were forgotten in the greatness of the man, whom I count it a singular privilege to have known.

A handsome cenotaph, designed by Sir G. Scott, constructed of polished marble, with an effigy of the Dean, is a feature in the South Choir Aisle. The pulpit is also a memorial, given by members of his own family. Beyond these there is not much to record in Chichester of the life and work of the great Vicar of Leeds. For some reason, not fully known, the only and inadequate recognition of his work was a Deanery. His brother, Mr. Hook, whom I knew well in London, assured me that there was *absolutely no foundation* for the common report that Hook gave great offence by his sermon preached before the Queen on 'Hear the Church.' All that is mortal of him rests beside his wife in the little churchyard of Lavant, about two miles from Chichester. Often have I stood by his simple grave and recalled the days when I first knew him at Leeds, heard him in my Church in Regent Street, sought counsel of him when offered Doncaster, little thinking that I was one day to succeed him as one of the Deans of Chichester. Many could have wished to have seen some recognition, for his own and father's sake, of Cecil Hook's great work at All Souls', Leeds. His son-in-law, who was in my time one of our Prebends, and is now Dean of Winchester, has done his literary best to perpetuate the memory of Dean Hook.

He was succeeded by Dr. Burgon, whom I never had the pleasure of knowing, and who was not without eccentricities remembered in Chichester. It is generally allowed that Dean Burgon was out of his element as Dean of Chichester. The change must have been great from the life and intellectual atmosphere of Oxford to the quiet and stagnation of 'Sleepy Hollow.' There are many good stories about Burgon. He was devotedly fond of children. He went to pay a visit at one of the Scarsdale Villas, expecting to find some children there, his pockets filled with bonbons. These villas are, outwardly, precisely alike. It is said that a dog, let out in the morning, thoughtfully put a stone on the steps that he might know to which to return. Burgon was shown into the drawing-room, and

enveloped himself in a tiger-skin which was used as a rug. Hearing footsteps, as the door opened, he roared like a tiger for its prey. A grave and aged couple entered, very much surprised to find the Dean of Chichester thus arrayed and thus behaving himself. He had mistaken the house.\* On the occasion of some function Burgon remained for a while in the Cloisters behind the formal procession, to play with a boy who had a ball, and, Burgon said, 'no one to play with him.' He has been heard to say on reading a Lesson, 'Here endeth the first lesson, *but why it should end here I do not know.*' He was giving a course of Lectures from Tuesday to Tuesday on Jonah. He said, 'We have now, my friends, reached that portion of Jonah's history when he was swallowed by the whale, *where, if you please, we will leave him until Tuesday next.*' Poor Jonah! The only parallel I know to this is of a clergyman preaching to a village congregation, composed chiefly of farmers and labourers, on the parable of the Prodigal Son. A general drowsiness prevailed. Of a sudden everyone woke up with a look of surprise, when the preacher, leaning over the pulpit, said with much pathos and earnestness: 'Think, dear friends, how the father yearned over that erring child, when I tell you that he *kept that calf waiting for him for three years—for three whole years!*' Burgon was at Morning Prayer at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. It was Wednesday. For some reason the Litany was not said that morning. He resolved he would supply the omission by saying it himself. He remained on his knees, unobserved, in one of those high pews, now done away with. The pew-openers left, locking up the Church. Burgon rose from his knees to find himself, to his dismay, locked in. He went to one of the windows opening on the Strand and waved his handkerchief frantically. 'Look here, here is a madman shut up in the Church!' shouted the street arabs. The more Burgon waved his handkerchief, the larger and more

• \* This story has been wrongly attributed to others.

excited became the crowd outside, until at last he was released from his temporary prison. With all his quaintness, they who knew him best know how warm and tender a heart beat under a quick and sensitive nature. I often think of his words to his sister when she was dying, which are embodied in a poem. It is well known how stoutly he contended for the authorship and authenticity of the last few verses of St. Mark xvi. 'If you should, dear, meet St. Peter in Heaven, tell him how I have contended for the authenticity of those concluding verses.' Quaint as this may sound, it is consistent with a profound belief in the Communion of Saints, and of intercourse with them in the better life to come. From all I have heard, without entering upon that with which no stranger intermeddled, Dean Burgon was not as happy at Chichester as he was at Oxford.

The change to myself, from Halifax to Chichester, was as new as it was, for a time, grateful. I enjoyed the rest from active parochial work, strange as it felt to put off that harness for ever. The quiet, soft air, the general calm and lovely old-fashioned garden, revived in me what was ready to perish, it refreshed, restored me. It took me well-nigh two months to know where I was in my relations to my brethren of the Chapter of a Cathedral on the Old Foundation. By degrees we settled down into that godly concord which comes of mutual consideration, of timely concessions, of a common desire to promote the glory of God and to make, as far as may be, the Cathedral the centre round and in which Diocesan and local interests gather. I found something left for me to initiate, or, with the concurrence of the Chapter, to alter. We were a most perfectly united and harmonious Chapter. Throughout the three years of my time as Dean I cannot recall a single word or act on the part of my brethren which caused me hurt or pain. I had good reason to know that if I would sanction and introduce the Eastward position I should remove what had been a subject of no little disagreement and even unpleasantness. Neither Dean Hook nor Dean Burgon adopted it.

I do not care for different 'uses' in a Cathedral staff. I at once introduced the Eastward position without attaching any doctrinal significance to it. There are not a few of us, dubbed 'High Church Evangelicals,' who can consistently adopt the Eastward position as the right interpretation of the rubric and as more convenient, without for one moment associating it with a *sacrificial* act. I made not a few alterations in the Services, which were generally appreciated. The Chapter gladly consented to my having the beautiful Lady Chapel fitted up for Divine Service. In it we had our early Celebrations, Children's Services, Bible Readings, and other special Services, as on Quiet Days, Retreats, etc. I had a Quiet Day for Women, and so little was the purport of these Quiet Days known, that a lady in Chichester asked '*if she would be locked up all day.*'

I recall two grand gatherings in Chichester Cathedral when it was filled to its utmost capacity. One was of Sunday School Teachers throughout the Diocese, the other when Dean Farrar preached on the occasion of the Church of England Temperance Society's anniversary. Such is the power and commanding influence of my friend Dean Farrar, that, though it was a week-day, people came from Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, as well as from adjoining towns and villages, to hear him. The Cathedral was packed.

I found the Cloisters in a ruinous condition, and was instrumental in having them perfectly and thoroughly restored. Had I remained at Chichester, I had set my heart on having its eight or nine side Chapels restored. This would be a feature of great interest in the Cathedral. I did not propose to have anything more done than that the Chapels should be marked off with rails, and only such fittings put into them as might serve to indicate their use. Mrs. Crosse very kindly and readily acted on my suggestion, and restored one in the East End of the South Choir Aisle, as a Memorial to her husband, Canon Crosse. Some day, perhaps, these Chapels will be restored at a less cost

than that by Mrs. Crosse, which was far beyond anything I had contemplated, and which would, I think, effectually prevent the rest being restored. The handsome screen to the memory of Archdeacon Walker was erected while I was Dean. I hope that some day something more worthy of Chichester Cathedral may take the place of its present Reredos.

My appointment as Dean gave me my seat in Convocation. I am afraid that, with many others, I am not in Convocation as often as I should be, notwithstanding the remonstrance of our good Prolocutor, Bishop Sumner, under whose roof I have lately been staying in Winchester when preaching at the Cathedral at the Anniversary of the Mothers' Union. It was really worth while going up to Convocation to have been present at a most amusing scene, which seriously disturbed the gravity of that august assembly. The discussion was on 'Brotherhoods.' Farrar had made a magnificent and memorable speech in favour of establishing Brotherhoods in poor parts of our cities, bound together by the three vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience. A clergyman who had lately been returned by his brethren, evidently hailing from some remote country parish, and as evidently without any sense of humour, rose to speak. He said: 'I for one cannot understand the objection to vows, vows, vows. To my mind, if a clergyman chooses—chooses, of his own free will, *to live a life of poverty at his own expense*, I, for one, see no possible objection to his doing so.' Quite unaware of what he had said, he was much surprised to find us all laughing. Recovering himself, he said: 'I am aware, Mr. Prolocutor, that this is my first appearance in Convocation, and my maiden speech, but, notwithstanding the merriment which my remarks have occasioned, I must still express my own conviction that if a clergyman chooses—chooses, of his own free will, to live a life of poverty at his own expense, I for one can see no objection to his doing so.' Again we burst out laughing. When 'Order, order' was restored, Hole, sitting next to me, rose, and, with the utmost gravity said: 'We have all

listened, I am sure, with great interest to the remarks of the last speaker. I think I can assure him that the House agrees with him, that there can be no objection to a man living a life of poverty, *strictly at his own personal expense.* 'Aye, Aye!' was heard all over the Jerusalem Chamber. 'Now,' said Hole, 'let us consider the next vow, "Celibacy." But it is necessary to know what is meant by "Celibacy." A friend of mine was going over a Church, and on leaving it, said to the Verger: "Is your Vicar married or unmarried?" To this he replied: "Please, sir, he's what you call a *chalybeate*." Let us hope that this question of celibacy is as far removed from Rome as Dean's Yard is from Harrogate.' Our country friend listened with evident approval, and I am not sure if he appreciated the difference between a *celibate* and a *chalybeate*.

How deficient some are in a sense of humour! I remember hearing of a matter-of-fact old gentleman presiding at a large political gathering where party feeling ran high. After a speech bristling with burning questions, he rose and said, 'I do not know if any gentleman present would wish to offer a few remarks.' A wild Irishman rose, and had not proceeded far before he was knocked over the platform by a heavy blow, which broke his nose and disestablished several front teeth. After the uproar and tumult which followed on this display of feeling had ceased and some order was restored, the Chairman rose and said, as if nothing uncommon had happened, '*I do not know if there is any gentleman present who would like to make some further observations.*'

My health being indifferent, I took charge for three months one winter, the most severe known for many years in Chichester, of St. John's, San Remo. Would that there were less unholy rivalry amongst the Churchmen in the Riviera! This competition for congregations is fostered and promoted to a large extent by local medical practitioners, who act as Churchwardens and Sidesmen. My friend Lord Normanby, who was ordained at Doncaster during my Vicariate, was in charge of one of the two

churches at San Remo, and on my arrival I heard it said 'they were going to run the Dean against the Marquis.' Had I known this I would not have gone, for in my three months' residence I had abundant evidence of this rivalry. It is so creeping into our Churches that 'Hospital Sunday' in London is now called the 'clerical Derby,' because of the rivalry to be advertised as having got the largest collection. I was the guest for some time of a valued friend, Miss Donaldson Lockhart, well known at her Villa Theresa as a great 'stay' to San Remo, making her home the centre of much spiritual influence amongst the English residents. We had many interesting Evangelistic gatherings in the large room she has constructed for the purpose.

A short time ago I was visiting some friends at Clevedon, whom I had met at San Remo, and we were talking over the days spent there. A certain lady of rank had lately died. I happened to say that I knew her well, and that she always attended my ministry at San Remo. A lady present said: '*Ah, yes, poor lady, she was always known to be a person of weak intellect!*' Worthy of *Punch*! I don't know how or why it is that I come in for these remarks. I was travelling with a lady from the North to London. We were speaking about London. She asked me if I knew St. Peter's, Eaton Square. I said, 'Yes, well. The former Vicar and I were fellow-curates at Kensington. It is curious you should ask me, as I am to preach the sermon at the Harvest Festival there in October.' '*Oh, indeed!*' she said; '*then it will be empty.*' In her distress she saw what she had said, and began vehemently to apologize. 'Oh, I meant London would be empty.' But it was too late. I threatened her with *Punch*. On another occasion my only travelling companion was a lady, evidently a 'blue-stocking.' Suddenly laying down her book, she looked intensely at me, and said: '*I beg your pardon, sir, but do you like dates?*' I pretended not to see the kind of date she meant, and discoursed generally on all dried fruits: 'how they lost their aroma by being dried;' suffered by being packed and pressed in boxes. I



instanced apricots, plums, etc., and assured her that a date fresh gathered at San Remo was something to live for! She could bear it no longer. The more dried fruits I mentioned, the greater her evident disgust. 'You are a clergyman, are you not?' she said. 'Yes,' I replied, 'but the privilege of being a clergyman does not affect my opinion about *dates* as we know them in England.' 'Oh, I do not mean fruits, I mean *dates*—one, two, three.' 'Well,' I said, 'I do not know that I care about them, my memory is not sufficiently retentive; do you like them?' 'Yes,' she said; 'and when I hear in Church, "In the tenth year, in the tenth month, in the tenth day of the month," oh,' clasping her hands fervently, and looking skyward, 'I am so—so happy!' The story I think most worth telling is of what happened to me at Epworth. I was preaching at the Harvest Festival, and staying with the Rector (Mr. Dundas) and his charming family. The offertory was for the widows and orphans of the poor fellows who perished when the *Captain* heeled over. I spoke of their privations, and appealed to the congregation on their behalf. The local paper the next morning gave this account of me and of my sermon. I have it in print, and can vouch for its accuracy: '*The preacher concluded a most eloquent discourse with an affecting description of the sufferings entailed thereby.*' Of course it was out of the question I could ever again preach at Epworth to a suffering congregation. However, the Vicar and people begged of me to come again, as I did the year following. The drive from the station is about six miles; I sat beside one of the very dullest of drivers. I threw every fly over his head, but to none did he rise. At last, as we neared Epworth, and remembering that Wesley was born there, I said, 'Have you many Wesleys here?' To this he rose: '*Oh, there's a deal on 'em, and about this time they keep dropping off the trees.*' 'Dropping off the trees!' I said. 'Yes, when the leaves turn yellow, they *drops.*' He thought I had been asking about walnuts. A friend wrote to me a short time ago: 'Dear Dean, my son

is seeking a Title, and fancies Epworth ; do you happen to know Epworth ?' I said I had every reason to remember Epworth. I felt very much for a lady at San Remo. It was a lovely morning. Sauntering leisurely to Church, she sat down on one of the benches facing the blue Mediterranean. Someone had written in chalk on the bench, 'Souvenir de San Remo.' She rose, and, quite unconscious of it, went to Church, and walked up the aisle with 'Souvenir de San Remo' very clearly recorded *somewhere*, the 'inscription,' of course, reversed, and people were twisting their necks and doing their best to read it. I have preached and held meetings at Cannes, Mentone, Nice, and Bordighera, and on the whole prefer Bordighera. It is more quiet and less vulgar than some of the resorts of the Riviera. English visitors are fortunate in having so charming a Church under the excellent ministry of the present Chaplain, Mr. Barnett, seconded in all his good work by his amiable wife.

I congratulate a particular firm on a sharp and clever use it made of a letter of which I now confess I was the guilty writer. One morning during my residence in Chichester I received a circular about sperm candles. Happening to have no letters that morning, I amused myself with reading the circular, and was struck with its bad English. For pure fun I wrote at the back of it : 'Gentlemen, if your sperm candles are as bad as your English, I fear you will not have many orders for them.' I posted it in the nearest pillar-box. Imagine my feelings when, a few days afterwards, I received another circular from the same firm. They had had printed at the top, in red letters, '*Please correct the Company's English.*' Of course I had received one of perhaps thousands. Nine men out of ten would be rather flattered, as if they were authorities, at being asked to correct the English, and would read the circular. *This was exactly what the firm wanted, so I unwittingly did them a good turn.*

It was when living in Chichester that I lost a favourite Skye terrier. I bethought me, in advertising my loss, to

add: 'N.B.—*He has very dirty habits.*' My dog was found by two elderly ladies, who, reading my advertisement, lost no time in returning my dog.

As my health was fully restored and pulse once more strong, I yearned for a fuller life and for more opportunity than Chichester afforded. The Chichester people were impatient of their Dean's frequent absence, but I felt that more was left in me than to be a figure-head and dummy. Something told me they did not care for any serious effort to put more life into the Cathedral, and for anything they had not been accustomed to. Some few, I hear, thought differently, and I know I have not a few friends left in Chichester; but I was conscious of but little *response* to any added effort, and a want of sympathy with anything that disturbed the serene placidity and content. I honestly do not know what would quite suit dear old Chichester. I used to say, 'You ought to have an old man for your Dean,' to which the reply generally was, 'No, we have had enough of old men.' Of a younger like myself they were impatient, for they were content that things should be 'as it was in the beginning.' I am going to say something very, very shocking, but I sometimes thought that *a large Dissenting Chapel with a first-rate preacher* would rouse Chichester more than anything else, for wherever Dissent is active the Church is 'alive.'

I hope Chichester people will not take umbrage at what I have written. I have said nothing that many of them have not, over and over again, said to me, deploring the general stagnation and casting about how it might be remedied. The City affords quiet for the students of the Theological College, but lacks opportunity for their training in parochial work. The fact of there being nine Parish Churches is not favourable to the spiritual life of the people, but the parishioners are so Conservative that they will not hear of the removal of any of the Churches, or of the union of Benefices.

The neighbourhood of Goodwood and of the Races to a

certain extent has the same effect as it has at Doncaster. Mindful of my experience at Doncaster, and of our liability to be arrested as pickpockets, I invited the Inspector and posse of detectives to come and see me at the Deanery at the commencement of the Goodwood week. They came, expecting a luncheon. To their disappointment and no little amazement I told them that I had asked them to come that they might see the photographs of the Bishop, Dean, Canons, and Priest-Vicars, and not mistake any one of us for pickpockets during the Race week. I am thankful to say that no violent hands were laid on any one of the Cathedral body. I am afraid I am not forgiven for disallowing the use of the Cathedral bells on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to open the races.

The soft air of Sussex has also its soothing and debilitating effect. But for all that there is a certain grace and charm about the 'City of Gardens,' and though, from a ministerial point of view, it does not offer much opportunity, yet I owe Chichester a debt of gratitude which I never can pay. My general health was re-established; I gained an insight into Cathedral life of the 'Old Foundation' that was of great value to me. It brought me into contact with many throughout the diocese, whose friendship I cherish. It brought happiness to one of my dear children in her married life. It enlarged my experience. And so, Chichester Citizens, forgive me for saying anything you do not quite like, and think kindly of your quondam Dean, who thinks kindly of you, and who, on leaving, received this letter from the aged and revered Diocesan—now with God—which your late Dean highly valued :

'THE PALACE,  
'December 5, 1891.

'MY DEAR DEAN,

'I fully enter into your wish to be the Celebrant at the early service to-morrow, and only regret the cause which makes your officiating on that day and hour so natural and becoming.

'I have had the singular happiness of living on the best possible relations with three Deans, each very dissimilar, but with none more pleasantly than with yourself. I shall accept your successor, whoever he may be, as sent hither by Providence, and confidently hope that the harmony so long existing between the Dean and the Bishop will be continued.

'Accept my best wishes for your future happiness and success, and rest assured I shall never be indifferent to the welfare of the Cathedral of Bristol and its Dean.

'Sincerely yours,

'R. CICESTER.'

## CHAPTER XV

BRISTOL, 1891; 'USQUE AD FINEM'

Offer and acceptance of the Deanery—Bristol Cathedral—Previous acquaintance with Clifton and Bristol—Archdeacon Norris offered Chichester Deanery—Restoration work—Conclusion.

SITTING by my fire one October evening, wondering, as I had wondered years ago in my first curacy, if God would call me to any higher work in His Church, my wife said to me: 'If God were to say to you, "Ask what I shall give thee," what would you ask for?' I replied: '*Send me to Bristol.*' It seemed to me to combine and to offer, as 'the Metropolis of the West,' so much of opportunity for which my previous ministry had prepared me. I had had three years' experience as a Dean, and though parochial work was no more to be mine, there was a Cathedral, almost exceptionally well situated, in the very heart of the City. There was the more cultured life of Clifton; there was all that a great centre of commercial activity and of industrial interest represents.

Shortly after our conversation I went to Dartford to preach on the occasion of some work of restoration to its

Parish Church, where I had a short time previously conducted a Mission. I took Gen. xii. 6-9. I was pointing out that wherever Abraham pitched his tent, he also erected an altar beside it. Together with other lessons to be drawn from it, I said, 'What a comfort it was to trace the hand of God all throughout our life, and to follow the leadings of His good Providence!' I came after Service to Bignores, where I was staying with my cousin, Frederick Pigou, and found a telegram awaiting me from my wife, bidding me return home as soon as possible, as Lord Salisbury had written, offering me the Deanery of Bristol. My name had never been mentioned by local conjecture in connection with this Deanery. It is rarely that a Dean is transferred from one Cathedral to another.

I need not say that I could have no doubt it was the will of God that I should accept it. I was duly installed at a memorable service in the presence of a large representative gathering on December 11, 1891, amidst every token of goodwill and everything that could confirm me in my happy conviction that this was yet again of God's ordering for me. I was at once at home with the members of the Chapter. Canon, now Archdeacon, Robeson, and I were school-fellows at Cheltenham. Archdeacon Norris I had often met, as also Canons Ainger and Wade, in London days.\* I came down incog. to Bristol, and went into the noble Cathedral on a very lull, wet morning. Looking round, as I sat, a stranger, in the Choir stalls, I felt there was room for improvement—'the largest room,' as some say, 'in the world.' A very good story is told of Bristol Cathedral in bygone days. Someone went to the Service, and though there was abounding accommodation, he was not shown by the Verger into any seat. Seeing someone else accommodated, he divined the reason, not far to find. He put his finger into his waistcoat pocket. Immediately the Verger came to him, and received the munificent sum of *one halfpenny* for his

\* Canons Tetley and Barnett were of subsequent appointment.

attention. \* After service the Verger accosted him and said: 'I hope, Sir, you liked the Service.' 'Yes, thank you.' 'I hope you will come again.' 'Yes, I hope to do so.' 'You are not perhaps aware, sir, that you gave me a *halfpenny*.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I was perfectly aware of what I was doing, for *I have made it a rule never to give fellows like you less than a halfpenny!*'

I preached my farewell sermon at Chichester, December 6, 1891, from St. John xv. 16. Having no Deanery, we moved temporarily into Great George Street. How little, as a lad at Cheltenham College, could I have realized that I should one day be Dean of Bristol! I remember Park Street when it was more precipitous even than it is now. As a boy I used to pass through Bristol every year on my way to spend my Christmas holidays at my uncle's Vicarage of Sancreed, near Penzance. I have often sailed down the Avon to Hayle. How commonly it is remarked that it is rare to see the Avon full. I sometimes think the tide only flows in at night, as that boy told me on the top of Snowdon that the sun always rose punctually at five a.m. Speaking for the first time at the Colston Banquet, I told the assembled company that I was not a stranger to Bristol. My dear mother and sisters lived for some time in Pembroke Road. I was sent to Clifton after my grave illness of typhus fever to recruit my strength and inhale the soft air on Clifton Downs. But my recollections go further back than this. I was on my way to Cornwall with my cousin, and we were hospitably entertained by a Bristol sugar-merchant, whose name I have forgotten. We slept over his bedroom. Very early next morning, about 4 a.m., we awoke, and felt that the room was admirably adapted for a bolster match. In the midst of our contest a very irascible old gentleman appeared in dressing-gown and night-cap (I see him now), carrying in his hand the symbol of his trade—a sugar-cane. 'You young scoundrels,' he said, 'how dare you make such a noise at this hour!' He applied the sugar-cane to me, *very lightly clad!* I told the company at dinner that I had

an early experience of two things: first, of Bristol hospitality, and secondly, not to take liberties with a Bristol sugar-refiner. Several people met me in Park Street next morning, anxious to know who it was that castigated the future Dean of Bristol.

The Deanery of Chichester was first offered to Mr. Glyn, my successor at Doncaster. I dissuaded him from accepting it. A larger sphere was in store for him, as he was too full of energy to have it otherwise than fully exercised. Personally, I had hoped it would have been offered to one whose appointment would have given universal satisfaction—the present Archdeacon Mount. As it was not offered to him, I wrote to Lord Salisbury, urgently pressing on him the claims of the late Archdeacon Norris, who had done such good work in Bristol, and would have been admirably suited to it. I had the satisfaction of knowing that this offer was made, though it came to Archdeacon Norris on his death-bed.

I found that the house we now occupy was the property of the Dean and Chapter; and after due arrangements made with Mr. Gilmore Barnett by way of compensation, we established ourselves in what, I hope, will always, with all its great advantages, be occupied as 'the Deanery.' Personally, I felt I could not have accepted this important post had I had to live, as my predecessor Dean Elliot did, far from the Cathedral. The Deanery has its advantages as contiguous with the Cloisters, but I regret that we have no Close, and that none of our Canons reside within Cathedral Precincts. We miss our delightful garden at Chichester; but 'you cannot have everything.' My study looks out on a small plot of grass. I received a letter addressed to 'the Head Gamekeeper, the Deanery, Bristol,' written, I imagine, under the idiotic impression that I had large estates, parks, and deer roaming throughout them. The letter contained an advertisement about wire-netting for pheasants, rabbits, and other ground game. No notice being taken of what much amused me, I received a few days afterwards a box



with compartments, containing different kinds of seeds and food for pheasants. I accordingly addressed the following letter to the Firm:

'SIR,

'THE DEANERY,  
'BRISTOL.

'It will save both you and me much trouble if you will kindly discontinue sending me any more advertisements about wire-netting for hares and rabbits and any more food for pheasants. The only available place I have for hares and rabbits is about thirty feet long by twenty broad. The food you have sent would last any pheasant, should it honour me with a visit, to the age of Methuselah. Should the bird and I live so long, which is extremely improbable, I will write again to you. Meanwhile, please wait until you hear from me.

'Yours faithfully,  
'HEAD GAMEKEEPER.'

The following day I received this letter:

'SIR,

'As it is evident from your letter received by our Firm this morning that you do not keep pheasants, *we beg to recommend our dog-biscuits*,' etc.

The *Daily Telegraph* honoured me with a leader. I was congratulating Bristol postmen on finding me out, considering how my name was mutilated. The writer of the article, who had read my after-dinner speech, says that 'the reverend gentleman must allow that his name lends itself to variations,' but he was at a loss to conceive how I 'came to be addressed as "Head Gamekeeper."'

Bristol abounds in Churches, Charities, and Benevolent Institutions. It is noted deservedly for its philanthropy. Compared with cities of the same population, from a moral and religious point of view, it compares favourably. There is a real 'leaven' in it of vital, practical religion. I addressed shortly after my appointment, in the Colston Hall, 3,500 men and youths, all and each of whom belonged to Bible-

classes. I felt that much could not go amiss with a City that had in it so many devout students of God's Word. Nonconformity largely prevails, but, so far as I have had experience of Bristol, 'godly concord' prevails also amongst Churchmen and Nonconformists. There is none of the acrimony and hostility of West Riding Dissent. Considering the many and constant appeals, Bristol folk are very generous.

My experience here in raising money is much the same as elsewhere; that people who *make* give more freely than those who *inherit* money. There is not amongst us at Bristol the 'go' of Yorkshire. We raised £20,000 in Halifax in two years for the restoration of the Parish Church. It has taken me seven years here to raise the same amount for the restoration of the Cathedral. Of course the Bishopric Fund severely taxed local resources, and the number of Bazaars and kindred spurious incentives to give, kill *charity* at its very root; but, take it as a whole, Bristol is not only wealthy, but large-hearted, and as occasion presents itself, responsive, generous, and very hospitable. Of all this I have had abundant proof. It was on the day of my Installation that the then High Sheriff, Mr. Arthur Baker, said to me in our beautiful Chapter Room immediately after Service: 'You have, Dean, the ball at your feet, and if you move to get our Cathedral restored, the Churchmen and citizens of Bristol will support you.' I took him at his word, and have lived to see the Cathedral so restored that many who have resided here from their childhood can even yet hardly realize the change for good. The Tower and Cloisters, the exquisite Lady Chapel, which I found almost in ruins, and the whole of the eastern part of the Fabric are restored through the generous aid of public or individual contributions. Our Choir is now as it should be, and our beautiful marble pavement was the late Mr. Pearson's *chef d'œuvre*. The truth is that the fire was laid in Bristol. It only needed someone to put the match to what was ready to be kindled. We all rejoice not only in a Cathedral internally renovated and outwardly restored, the mother church of the revived diocese enriched with many costly

gifts and in every detail cared for, but we rejoice to see our Cathedral *used*, lending itself by its restored Choir, Lady Chapel, Retro Choir, to different purposes and for occasional services. The Nave is now so utilized that from Sunday to Sunday it is more or less thronged, especially at our Sunday evening Service, with devout worshippers. It is a joy and happiness to know that our Cathedral is a centre of interest, and I hope of increased spiritual power, in our midst.

We parted company with good Bishop Ellicott with not a few and genuine regrets. We hope he may be spared to live to see the Reredos, designed by Mr. Pearson, dedicated, as a memorial of his valued episcopate. Bristol is fortunate in his successor, Dr. Forrest Browne, who within a very short time has impressed all classes with his energy and ability. My hope is that I may be spared to see all I would fain see accomplished, the Cathedral restoration completed. At my age there is no prospect, even if I desired it, and that I do not, of any removal save one. If, when I shall be under the green sod, the citizens of Bristol should care to perpetuate the memory of their present Dean, I would say, 'Bristol Cathedral ought not to be without its peal of Bells, which could now be safely put into its solid centre tower, and there duly rung, even though my ears should never hear their peal or chime.'

Meanwhile I await my time, until, after a ministerial life of perhaps unique variety and experience, I be laid to rest with others who have gone before under the shadow of a Cathedral which has been my constant thought and care, and in the midst of a people I have loved and humbly sought in the Master's name, and for His sake, to serve.

As I look back on my chequered life drawing to its close, and trace so clearly all throughout it the guiding Hand of God, I feel I may quote the well-known lines :

'So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
     Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
     The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'



## APPENDIX

*The following are amongst my various Preaching Experiences.*

I HAVE preached several times in every Cathedral except those of Ely, Norwich, Oxford, Peterborough, St. David's, Southwell, and Truro, though I have received invitations to preach in the above named.

I have conducted Parochial Missions spread, as a rule, over ten days, at Huddersfield, Woodlesford, Liverpool, Sunderland, Northampton, Tiverton, Dublin, Edinburgh, London, Paris, Croydon, Boston, Bournemouth, Rastrick, Haslingden, New York, Beckenham, Bangor, Cawthorne, Southsea, Blacklands, Dartford, Walmer, Taunton, Balderstone.

I have conducted Retreats or Quiet Days for Clergy, Lay Helpers, Women, and Laity generally, as also for Day-school Teachers, in the following places. I do not give dates.

Appleby.  
Aston, Birmingham.  
Balderstone.  
Bangor.  
Beckenham.  
Bishop's Waltham.  
Blackburn.  
Bordighera.  
Boston.  
Bowdon.

Brecon.  
Bristol.  
Broughton-in-Furness.  
Cheltenham.  
Chester.  
Chichester.  
Chislehurst.  
Clapham.  
Clifton.  
Croydon.

Derby. . .	Portsea.
Doncaster.	Preston.
East of London Clergy.	Pyrton.
Gedling.	Reading.
Gloucester Cathedral.	Rochester.
Godstone.	Rotherham.
Groombridge.	Ryde.
Halifax.	Sittingbourne.
Haslingden.	Southsea.
Holy Trinity, Paddington.	St. Asaph.
Homburg.	Stoke-upon-Trent.
Ilsham.	Stow-on-the-Wold.
Ivegill.	Sunderland.
Kensington.	Swansea.
Lakenham.	Tunbridge Wells.
Leeds.	Wakefield.
Llandaff.	West Dartford.
Lytham.	Weston-super-Mare.
Macclesfield.	Whalley.
Nottingham.	Whitby.
Otley.	Wolverhampton.
Pevensey.	

Looking over my drawer which is set apart for Notes for Sermons, I doubt whether many clergy have, throughout their ministry, advocated from time to time more charitable objects than the following :

S.P.G., C.M.S., S.P.C.K., C.A.F., C.P.A., A.C.S., and many Public and Local Funds for the assistance of the Clergy, *e.g.*, Friend of Clergy Corporation, St. John's School for Orphans of Clergy, Hospitals, Infirmaries, Special Institutes for the Blind, Mutes, Crippled, Incurable, Consumptive, Penitentiaries, Reformatories, Industrial Schools, Missions for Seamen, Navvies, Foreign Missions ; of these some special, *e.g.*, Zenana Mission, Mission to Jews, Temperance, Rescue Work, Prison Gate Mission, Harvest Festivals, Sermons at Rogationtide for God's blessing on

the seed sown; Sunday-school Festivals, Choir Festivals, Church Guilds, Nurses, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Festival of Church Guilds, Waifs and Strays, Assize Sermon, Parochial Gatherings, Ancient Order of Foresters, Loyal Shepherds, Cyclists, Circus Company, Addresses to Old Boys and Masters, Addresses in Public School Chapels, British and Foreign Bible Society, Religious Tract Society, Volunteers, Yeomanry, Militia, Church Restoration; and upon special occasions, *e.g.*, Dedication of Chancel, Tower Bells, Windows, Frescoes, Opening of Nave, Cloisters, Lady Chapel, Special Subjects of Set Courses.

I think I may say with truth I have preached to all sorts and conditions of men, from 'before the Queen' down to slums and in thieves' kitchens; in Cathedrals and Theatres; to the many in a crowded Church; to workmen and navvies in their pauses from work; rarely have I had to say 'No' to an invitation. I was asked to preach the sermon on the occasion of the closing of the Parish Church of Haworth, when so much hostility was manifested because it was the resting-place of Charlotte Brontë. I preached at the re-opening of the Church when the storm had ceased, and there was a great calm. Again I declined when asked to preach on the occasion of new flues in connection with a heating apparatus being put into a Church. Had I consented I am afraid I should have been sore tempted to take as my text, 'Aha! I have seen the fire.'

FINIS